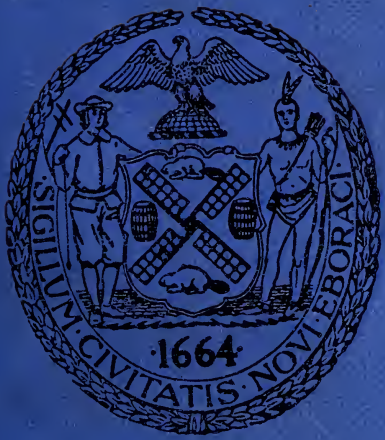
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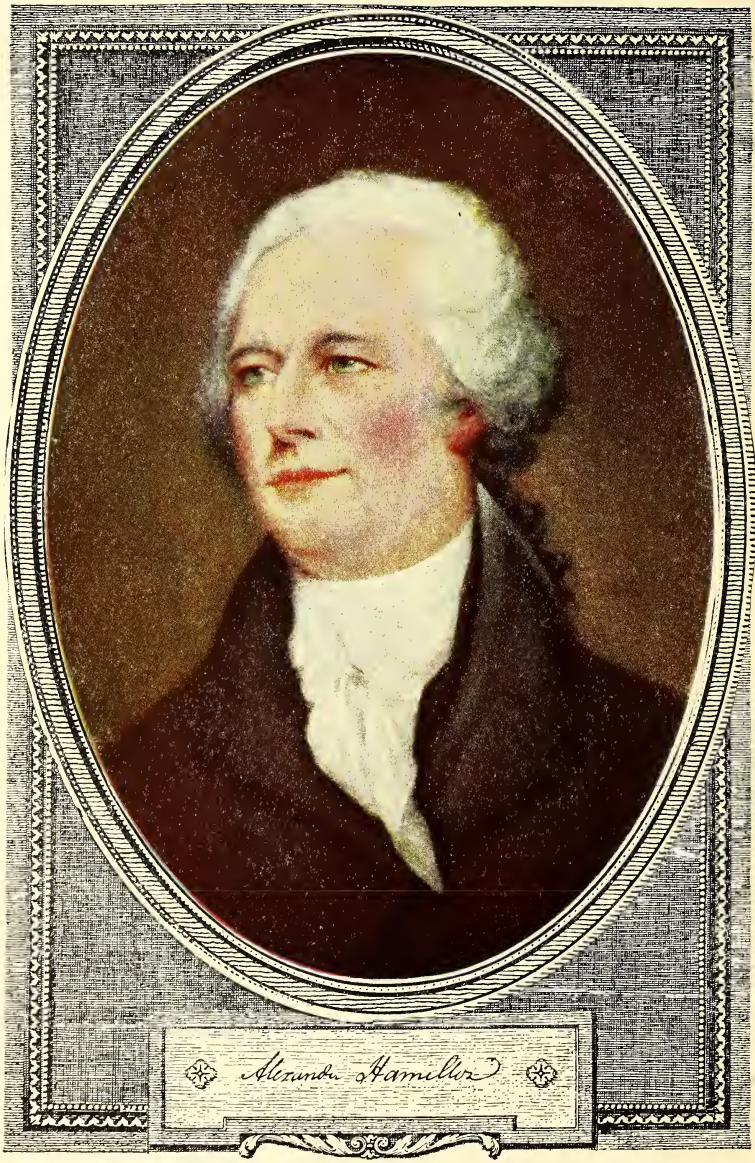

From the painting by Trumbull in the Metropolitan Museum.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

BORN IN NEVIS, WEST INDIES, 1757; DIED IN NEW YORK, 1804. MAJOR-GENERAL IN THE CONTINENTAL ARMY; CREATOR OF THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION; FIRST SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY; AND TO-DAY JUSTLY REGARDED AS THE GREATEST AMERICAN STATESMAN.

Valentine's Manual OF Old New York

No. 7, New Series
1923

EDITED BY
HENRY COLLINS BROWN

"I PRAY YOU LET US SATISFY
OUR EYES—
WITH THE MEMORIALS AND
THE THINGS OF FAME
THAT DO RENOWN THIS CITY"

Shakespeare.

NEW YORK
VALENTINE'S MANUAL INC.
15 EAST 40TH ST.

WM. S. EDDY.

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by
Henry Collins Brown

301063

To the Walloon families in America, whose
ancestors were the Vanguard (1623) of
the Dutch Occupation of New York

JUL 17 1936

CONTENTS

PAGE

THE FLASH AGE OF NEW YORK 1
James L. Ford.

NATHAN HALE, ANDRE AND ARNOLD 30
George A. Zabriskie.

A MEMORY OF OLD HARLEM 42
Laura Dayton Fessenden.

STREET NAMES WHICH HAVE BEEN CHANGED 65
George Stegman.

WHEN THE GAY WHITE WAY WAS DARK 114
S. Rosenbaum.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF BOOZE 126
Wm. F. Mulhall.

EDITORIAL 138
Removal of Old Post Office.
A Photo-Biography of New York 141
The Ter-Centenary of New York 145
Concerning Tablets 146

EVOLUTION OF THE FERRY-BOAT 157
Double-screw Ferry-boats 162
Fletcher DuBois.

FAMOUS HUDSON RIVER STEAMBOATS 170

PAGE

PASSENGER BARGES ON THE HUDSON 179

ST. MARK'S PLACE, MANHATTAN 184
William J. Urchs.

UNION SQUARE 194
George DeForest Barton.

NEW YORK'S WASHINGTON MEMORIALS 214
Albert Ullman.

OLD MANSIONS OF THE WEST BRONX 241
Randall Comfort.

The Briggs Mansion 241
The William H. Morris Mansion 242
The Zborowski Mansion 242
The Old Bathgate Homestead 243
The De Voe Residence 244
The Rose Hill Manor Houses 245
The Poe Cottage 246
The Jacob Lorillard Mansion 247
The Isaac Varian Homestead 248
The Macomb Mansion 249
The Lewis G. Morris Mansion 250
The Old Hadley House 251
Berrian Farm House 252
The Canal Street Cottage 253
The Strang Mansion 254
The Sage Mansion 254
The Bowie Dash Mansion 255
The Old Giles Mansion 255
The Schwab Mansion 256
The Van Cortlandt Mansion 257

EDGAR ALLAN POE IN NEW YORK 263
Dr. Appleton Morgan.

PAGE

DOOR PLATES—POEM 319
Harold Seton.

ORIGIN OF THE MOVEMENT WHICH RESULTED IN THE PRESERVATION OF THE PALISADES OF THE HUDSON 320
S. Wood McClave.

OLD DOORWAYS IN GREENWICH VILLAGE 335

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND 352

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

ALEXANDER HAMILTON (IN COLORS) ..... Frontispiece

UNION SQUARE, 1880 3

ATLANTIC GARDEN ON THE BOWERY, 1880 7

PROGRAMME, ARTEMUS WARD LECTURE 11

VIEW NORTH AND WEST FROM 54TH STREET, 1871 15

NORTH AND EAST FROM 54TH STREET, 1871 19

THIRTY-FOURTH STREET EAST FROM FIFTH AVENUE, 1876 23

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC IN FOURTEENTH STREET 27

EXECUTION OF NATHAN HALE 31

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT TAPPAN 35

CAPTURE OF MAJOR ANDRE 39

NIEUW HARLAEM, 1765 43

MANHATTANVILLE, 1825 47

FIRE TOWER AND BELL, MT. MORRIS PARK 51

PARK AVENUE AND 125TH STREET 55

FIFTH AVENUE NORTH FROM 120TH STREET, 1880 59

FIFTH AVENUE NORTH FROM 120TH STREET, 1922 63

VAUXHALL GARDENS, ASTOR PLACE, 1803 67

MAJOR DANIEL F. TIEMANN'S RESIDENCE, 1859 71

BROAD STREET NEAR BEAVER 75

BROAD STREET NORTH FROM PEARL STREET, 1869 79

UNVEILING OF NATHAN HALE STATUE, 1922 83

PINE STREET EAST FROM BROADWAY, 1880 87

BROADWAY AT GRAND STREET, 1840 91

WILLIAM AND JOHN STREETS, 1897 95

WALL STREET WEST TO TRINITY CHURCH, 1881 99

WALL STREET WEST TO TRINITY CHURCH, 1922 103

BROADWAY AT WALL STREET, 1885 107

SOUTH ON NASSAU STREET FROM NEW FEDERAL RESERVE BANK 111

BROADWAY AT THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, 1880 115

BROADWAY AT THIRTY-SIXTH STREET, 1882 119

FORTY-SECOND STREET, SITE OF TIMES BUILDING, 1880 123

HANSOM CABS ON BROADWAY 127

BROADWAY SOUTH FROM LIBERTY ST., 1848 (IN COLORS) 129

GARIBALDI STATUE, WASHINGTON SQUARE 139

CITY HALL PARK, FLAG DAY, JUNE 14, 1922 143

WALL STREET, NORTH SIDE, BROADWAY TO NASSAU ST., 1816 (IN COLORS) 144

RE-DEDICATION OF NATHAN HALE STATUE 147

CROTON RESERVOIR, FIFTH AVENUE, 1850 151

TRANSPORTATION ADVERTISEMENT 155

EAST RIVER AND BLACKWELL'S ISLAND, 1850 159

EAST RIVER AND FIFTIETH STREET, 1835 163

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND FROM BATTERY, 1829 167

THE MARY POWELL 171

THE CENTURY HOUSE, SPUYTEN DUYVIL, 1861 173

THE AUDUBON HOUSE 177

LAFAYETTE STATUE, UNION SQUARE 181

CLINTON HALL, ASTOR PLACE 185

UNION SQUARE, EAST SIDE, 1880 195

MANHATTAN WATER WORKS RESERVOIR, 1825 199

ST. JOHN'S CHURCHYARD, VARICK STREET 203

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN—THE ORIGINAL BUILDING 207

BROADWAY AT CORTLANDT STREET, 1848 (IN COLORS) 209

ARMISTICE DAY CROWD, MADISON SQUARE 211

WASHINGTON ENTERING NEW YORK, 1783 215

BROADSIDE—WASHINGTON'S ENTRY INTO NEW YORK 219

THE BULL'S HEAD TAVERN 223

CASPAR SAMLER FARMHOUSE, 1867 (IN COLORS) 224

THE "PHOENIX" AND THE "ROSE," 1776 227

BOWLING GREEN, 1869 231

THE ZBOROWSKI MANSION 239

AN OLD TIME TAVERN SIGN 261

HUDSON PARK AND PLAYGROUND 265

MACOMB'S DAM BRIDGE, 1864 269

THE APTHORP MANSION, 1764 273

MOUNT TOM 277

LENOX AVENUE NORTH FROM 110TH STREET, 1869 281

DANTE STATUE, BROADWAY AT 63RD STREET 285

BROADWAY AND ANN STREET 289

PARK ROW SOUTH FROM READE STREET, 1880 293

HARLEM RAILROAD VIADUCT FROM 110TH STREET 297

COLUMBUS MONUMENT 301

BROADWAY FROM BARCLAY STREET TO PARK PLACE, 1825 305

ELEVATED RAILROAD TRAIN, 1876 309

NO. 26 BROADWAY AND ADJOINING BUILDING 313

THE NEW STANDARD OIL BUILDING 317

FORTY-SECOND STREET EAST FROM FIFTH AVENUE 321

FORTY-SECOND STREET WEST FROM FIFTH AVENUE, 1880 325

PLAYGROUND OF BOWLING GREEN NEIGHBORHOOD 329

AN OLD DOORWAY IN GREENWICH VILLAGE, 1909 333

PERRY STREET AND WAVERLY PLACE 337

A CAPTAIN OF 60TH FOOT REGIMENT, 1750 (IN COLORS) 338

DOORWAY OF 82 PERRY STREET, 1907 341

TWO VIEWS OF KING STREET NEAR HUDSON, 1909 345

PUSH CART ALLEY, 1909 349

AUNT SALLY OF MINETTA LANE, 1909 349

REGIMENTAL COLOURS OF 60th FOOT REGIMENT (IN COLORS) 352

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, 1750 353

SPORTING ADVERTISEMENT, 1761 355

GENERAL SIR JEFFREY AMHERST 357

VALENTINE'S MANUAL
of OLD NEW YORK

No. 7 FOR 1923 New Series

THE FLASH AGE OF NEW YORK

By James L. Ford

Author of "Forty-odd Years in a Literary Shop"

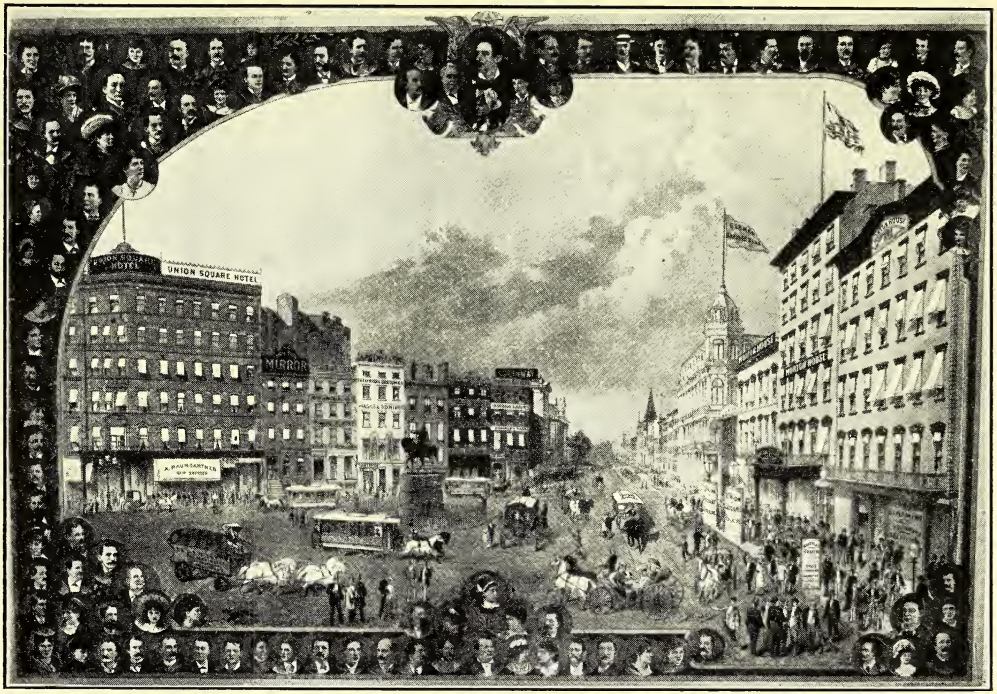
The period of readjustment that followed the Great War has been likened by many students of local history and economics to that which came after the Civil War, but there is a wide difference between the two. Each one was the inevitable result of the disorganization that always succeeds a great national struggle, but the nation is saner now than it was half a century ago and the guiding strings that control its commerce and finance are, for the most part, in firmer, more conservative hands.

The era of municipal corruption, rash speculation, crime and general demoralization that began before peace was signed at Appomattox and ended suddenly with the panic of 1873 lives in the history of the town as the Flash Age of New York and well deserves the title. Marked by the outrageous rule of the Tweed Ring, the venality of the courts of justice, the daring financial operations of Fisk and Gould and their associates and imitators, the amazing series of murders, bank robberies and jail deliveries and the sensational production of the Black Crook, the earliest of the "leg dramas," the history of those few years reads to us of the present generation

like that of a civilization far removed, by conditions as well as time, from our own. Tweed's nonchalant, "What are you going to do about it?" and murder's insolent boast that "hanging was played out in New York," touched sympathetic chords in the hearts of a very large element in the city's population.

Domestic architecture of ante-bellum days, of which a few fine examples may still be found on and near Washington Square, had gone into eclipse under the onslaught of contractors enriched by the war who left their crumbling mark on the town in the shape of rows of "jerry-built" brownstone fronts, all alike in appearance and internal arrangement and all destined to decay like the fortunes that created them. At this time the architect's calling ranked but little higher than that of the bricklayer.

One cannot consider this period without taking into account the spell cast by the meretricious splendor of the Second Empire, whose glamor had a strong fascination for those whose eyes were blinded by it. No successful charlatan is without a certain quality of greatness, and few great men of success have been wholly destitute of charlatanism. The French Emperor, charlatan that he was, was in reality a greater man than history writes him, and it is undeniable that the mixture of the two elements in his character caught the fancy of an adventurous people as, according to Mr. Strachey, they did that of England's Queen. That a former resident of the despised town of Hoboken should make himself so powerful that a single sentence from his lips addressed to the Austrian ambassador was sufficient to upset the tranquillity of Europe, proved his greatness to a city dwelling under the rule of a corrupt ring. The old slogan of



Collection J. Clarence Davies.

UNION SQUARE IN MID-SUMMER, 1880, THEN THE CENTRE OF THEATRICAL ACTIVITY. THE VIGNETTES FORMING THE BORDER OF THIS RARE LITHOGRAPH ARE ACTUAL PORTRAITS OF FAMOUS MEMBERS OF THE PROFESSION.

"From the Log Cabin to the White House" that had swayed the nation in an elder day faded before that of "From Hoboken to the Tuileries."

No less potent than the Emperor in dazzling the American public was his consort, to whose beauty and grace all returning travellers bore eager testimony. From her came the hoop-skirts that flooded the town until the seventies, and the fashions that she set were slavishly copied by a generation of women who, having less to occupy their minds, gave more consideration to dress than is accorded to it to-day. European trips were of less frequent occurrence then than now, and Miss Flora McFlimsey, who made three consecutive voyages to Paris and there spent six delicious weeks in one continuous round of shopping, was the envy of her sex. Not until after the Franco-Prussian War did London styles for either men or women acquire any vogue.

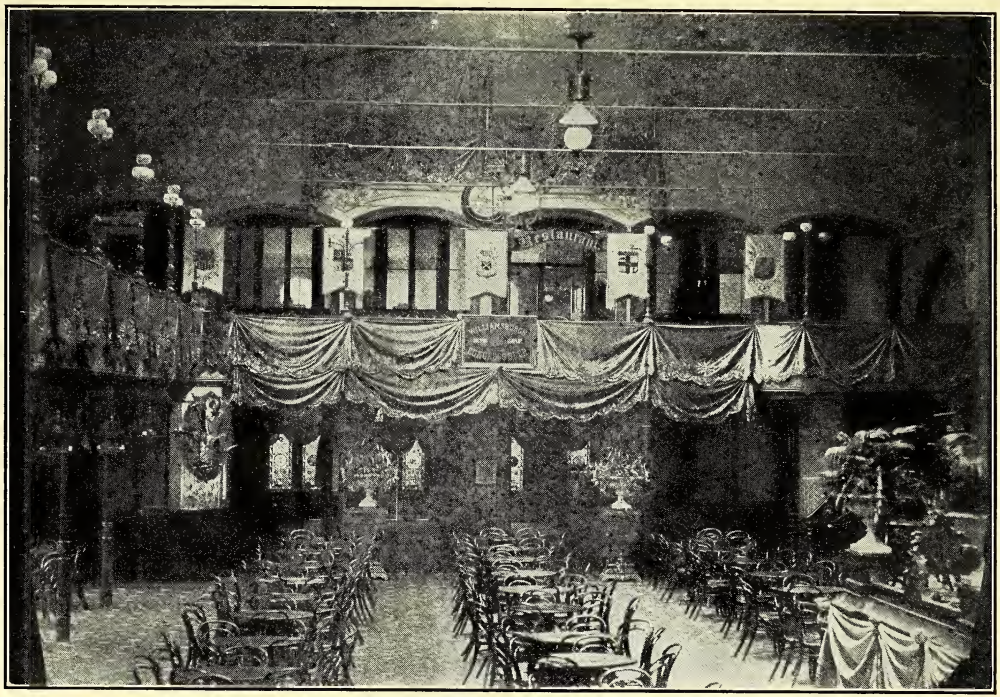
The crinoline brought in the stockings with horizontal stripes, and later the solid colors that still endure. Other sartorial memories of that era are the absurd posture called the Grecian Bend, and an arrangement of the hair, termed the waterfall, that travellers observe to this day on the heads of English barmaids. There was also a substance called golddust, possibly the forerunner of the gold brick of later days, with which young women sprinkled their hair for evening parties. These and other freaks of fashion inspired such popular songs as "Those tassels on her boots" and "the Grecian Bend which I now do show, you must acknowledge is all the go."

In its endeavor to keep pace with the Second Empire the Flash Age took note only of the superficial and, like all imitators, failed in the matter of good taste, a quality inherent in the French. The march of the Prussian

troops through the Arc de Triomphe brought New York's era of extravagance and false prosperity to its close, but it staggered on for two years without a guide, then collapsed with equal suddenness.

There were many Frenchmen wise in finance and statesmanship who had foreseen the coming storm that was destined to sweep the Napoleonic dynasty from the face of the earth, and there were also men of affairs in New York who knew that the end of the Flash Age was drawing near and took measures to save themselves from the wreck. Meanwhile, with Hortense Schneider leading, and Offenbach holding the baton, Paris, light-hearted as ever, had gone, singing and dancing to her *débâcle,* and *"Dites-lui"* and *"Voici le sabre de mon père"* were filling the air of New York with their catching melody. In my ears the music of *"La Grande Duchesse"* sounds more like a funeral march than the song of reckless gayety. It was in the late sixties that H. L. Bateman placed in the Fourteenth Street Theatre a circle of boxes wisely designed to display evening costumes to the best advantage and introduced French opera-bouffe to a public that gave it a hearty welcome as the embodiment in musical form of the spirit of the age. Tostée was the leading artist of the company, and many others followed her with varying success until Aimée achieved national popularity.

"Jim Fisk," in whose rotund person were blended all the elements from which heroes were made in the Flash Age, was quick to follow where Bateman had led, and brought over a company of French singers whom he installed in the Grand Opera House, the *avant-scène* of which he had fitted up with a large green-room designed



Interior of Atlantic Garden on the Bowery, next door to the Bowery Theatre, about 1880.

for the entertainment of his political and financial accomplices.

It is impossible to treat of this era without taking into account the personality and career of this Yankee soldier of fortune who tried to re-create on Eighth Avenue the green-room of David Garrick's time. The son of a New England pedlar whose cart, drawn by four fine horses, caused a sensation in every village in which it appeared, James Fisk Junior early tasted the joys of publicity, and it was in this gorgeously painted vehicle, while watching his father's transactions with village folk as keen as himself, that he acquired the rudiments of the commercial education that eventually won him a lucrative position with the Boston firm of Jordan, Marsh and Company. But either the Hub was too slow for him or he was too fast for the Hub, for he soon gave up his post and entered upon his spectacular career in Wall Street. I recall him as of stout, rather short build with a face of porcine contour from which projected moustaches waxed to a point after the fashion sset by the Emperor Louis Napoleon. His wardrobe contained two striking uniforms, one that of the Ninth Regiment, of which he was Colonel, the other that of an admiral, which he assumed in starting the steamboats of the Fall River line. His afternoon progress up Fifth Avenue in an open carriage with one or more women of vivid complexion beside him won for him the respectful salutations of admiring beholders. On one of these trips his companion was Celine de Montaland, a French opera-bouffe singer whom he had engaged for the Grand Opera House. As they drove through Central Park, Fisk told her that they were in the grounds of his New York estate, and the singer, greatly impressed by the grandeur of the property de-

clared that a man of such prodigious wealth could well afford a higher salary than he was paying her and demanded a new contract.

The events leading up to the disaster that lives in the financial annals of the town as "Black Friday" throw a light on Fisk's methods and on the frenzied speculation in gold that was one of the distinguishing marks of the Flash Age. In the hope of creating a panic and gathering up the wreckage, Fisk and Jay Gould bought seven or eight millions of gold, and loaned it out on demand notes, a transaction far in excess of the actual supply outside of the U. S. Treasury. Both men had paid diligent court to President Grant, as credulous then as in later years, and were doing their best to prevent him from throwing the Treasury gold on the market. He seemed to yield and the two speculators brought heavily until Gould became wary and began to unload without telling his partner, whom he urged to keep on buying. Ignorant of his partner's treachery, Fisk continued to buy, offering to bet that he would force the price up to two hundred, and no one would take his bet. A group of moneyed men combined on the bear side of the market and bought until the price reached one hundred and sixty-three and one-half, when a stranger smashed the corner with a sale of five millions. That stranger was Jay Gould, and the rout of the bulls was completed by the Secretary of the Treasury, who let loose four millions more, which forced the price down to one hundred and thirty-three. Gould showed Fisk how to repudiate his contracts, and the two conspirators, fearing death at the hands of those they had ruined, retreated to the Grand Opera House, barricaded it, and with a force of armed ruffians defied all comers.

ST. JAMES HALL.

POSITIVELY THE LAST THREE DAYS.

Tuesday, Wednesd'y & Thursd'y, May 16, 17, 18

ARTEMUS WARD

AMONG THE MORMONS.

HIS PROGRAMME.

I.

The Music on the Grand Piano will comprise selections from "Don Sebastian;" "Mary had a Little Lamb," (with mint sauce variations;) "Dearest, whenest thou slumberest dostest thou dreamest of me?" "Dear Mother, I've come Home to Die by request;" and the entirely new Opera of "Faust."

II.

A light and airy Preamble by the Lecturer, with some jokes. (N. B. ARTEMUS WARD will call on citizens at their private residences and explain these jokes, if necessary.)

III.

At Sea—The Steamer Ariel. Disgraceful treatment of the passengers, who are obliged to go forward to smoke pipes, while the steamer herself is allowed two Smoke Pipes amid-ships. Isthmus of Panama. Interesting interview with old Panama himself, who makes all the hats. Old Pan is a likely sort of man.

IV.

The Land of Gold—San Francisco. City with a vigilant government. Miners allowed to vote. Old inhabitants so rich that they have legs with golden calves to them.

V.

Washoe, the Land of Silver—Good quarters to be found there. Playful population, fond of high-low-jack and homicide. Silver lying around loose. Thefts of it termed silver-guilt.

VI.

The Desert—In the act of howling. Wild goats abound on the desert, however. Their kids are white, and Artemus will wear a pair of them.

VII.

Great Salt Lake City—A Bird's-eye view, with some entirely serious descriptive talk.

VIII.

The West Side of Main Street—The Salt Lake Hotel, etc. Stage just come in from its overland route and retreat from the Indians. Temperance House. No bar nearer than Salt Lake sand bars. Miners in shirts like Artemus Ward his Programme—they are read and will wash.

IX.

The East Side of Main Street—The State House and things. The Post Office also. A few years ago an enterprising Mormon started an opposition Post Office, and by selling three cent stamps for two cents, tried to run the regular Post Office out of town. He is now a flourishing outcast in Pennsylvania, and owns Oil Wells.

X.

The Mormon Theatre—By the kind consent of many families, Artemus Ward acted Richard III, or Old Dick the Three, at this Theatre one night, and so brilliant was his success—so grand and moving was the

PROGRAMME OF A POPULAR ENTERTAINMENT OF THE SEVENTIES.

These ruffians were recruited from the group of so-called "retainers" who were on the city's payrolls for no appreciable services and were expected to answer the call of Tweed, Fisk, Wood, Genet or whosoever might require them. Fisk had a number of these men always at hand in case of need. Their hangout was a restaurant called the "Old Homestead," which is still standing on the west side of Eighth Avenue between 22nd and 23rd Streets, and they appeared at all Erie controversies. As they were known to receive a regular weekly wage for scarcely any work, their fortunate estate did much to spread Fisk's fame as an open-handed philanthropist. More than once, while the offices of the Erie Railway were in the Grand Opera House, did these "handy men," as they were called, help to repel the officers of the law. I may add that the high esteem in which Fisk was held as the giver of good to those who least deserved it found moving expression in a lyric very popular in its day, entitled "He Never Went Back on the Poor."

During the infamous rule of the Tweed Ring crimes were frequent and many criminals were known by sight to the average well-informed citizen. The most sensational of these crimes, and one that still remains a mystery, was the murder of Benjamin Nathan in his house, No. 12 West 23rd Street, on the night of July 28, 1870. Mr. Nathan was an elderly and highly respected Jewish gentleman connected by blood and marriage with the most distinguished families of his race that the town contained. He was a banker and broker, a member of exclusive clubs and a person of influence in public affairs.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 29th a policeman passing the house was summoned by cries from two young men standing on the stoop, who told him that their

father had been murdered in the night. These young men were Frederic and Washington Nathan, and the night-clothes of the former, as well as his feet and hands, were smeared with blood, the result, as he afterward explained, of kneeling beside the body of his father. The unfortunate gentleman had been attacked while seated in his night-dress at a desk, the instrument used being an iron "dog" about eighteen inches long, of a kind used by carpenters and frequently found in a burglar's kit. This weapon was found lying in the vestibule covered with blood on both of its sharpened ends. No less than fifteen blows, chiefly on the head, had been inflicted with this "dog," and there were evidences that the victim had not given up his life without a struggle. The door of a safe that stood in the room was wide open, its key missing, and on the bed was a small drawer containing only a few copper cents. Mr. Nathan had been staying at his country house near Morristown, but, detained by business, had determined to spend the night in town. It was apparent to the police that his habits were known to the men or man who killed him and that they had not expected to find him in the house.

The announcement of the crime caused an excitement that has no parallel in the city's history. For days Twenty-third Street was blocked with masses of people who came to gaze at the windows of the room on the second floor in which the murder had taken place. Stage-drivers drove slowly past the house or else pulled up altogether to give passengers and driver a chance to stare at the spot. Even private carriages passed through the block all day in endless procession, their occupants leaning out of the windows to catch a glimpse of the scene. This excitement was prolonged and intensified by the

Collection Geo. S. Weston.

VIEW LOOKING NORTH AND WEST FROM NO. 53 EAST FIFTY-FOURTH STREET, MAY 5, 1871. MADISON AVENUE CONSISTS OF VACANT LOTS ONLY EXCEPT FOR DR. LLOYD'S CHURCH AT FORTY-SEVENTH STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE; MRS. OELRICH'S HOUSE, CORNER OF FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET, IS THE FIRST OF THE MODERN RESIDENCES TO BE SEEN IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE PLAZA.

revelations that followed in swift succession. The Stock Exchange instantly offered a reward of $10,000 for the apprehension of the murderer, and this amount was quickly swelled five-fold by offers from other sources. The excitement verged on public hysteria when the rumor spread, gathering credence as it flew, that Washington Nathan was not guiltless of his father's blood. To those who know the veneration in which a parent is held by Jews of Mr. Nathan's high caste, such a thing is unbelievable, and many years later I learned from an authoritative source how the story originated. A sensational reporter in search of a "story" intruded on the members of the family when engaged in bewailing their loss in the devout fashion demanded by ancient orthodox custom, and the visitor was turned from the door without ceremony. Incensed by this treatment he wrote an article calling attention to the young man's rather dissipated habits and his immediate need of money as motives for the crime.

The inevitable woman in the case made her first appearance on the scene at the inquest, whither she was summoned to give testimony in support of Washington's alibi. As she took the stand she gave a decided impression of beauty, refinement and good taste, and great was the sensation among the spectators when she declared that she was an inmate of a notorious house kept by one Irene McCready at No. 4 East Fourteenth Street, and that "Wash," as he was known there, had spent the greater part of the night in question in her company.

Shortly after this a man named George Ellis wrote to Superintendent of Police Jourdan saying that if brought down from Sing Sing he would name the murderer. Brought with great secrecy to the city, he was shown

more than a score of iron "dogs" of all shapes and sizes, and all smeared with blood, from which he at once selected the one with which the crime had been accomplished. Ellis said that he and a man named George Forrester had planned to rob the house during its owner's absence, but that murder was not contemplated, and on the strength of this statement a hunt was begun for Forrester, who had meanwhile disappeared from his usual haunts, and it was not until two years later that he was found in Texas and brought to New York, to be held for trial. Many years later Abe Hummell told me that Forrester then sent for him, confessed that he owed fifteen years to Joliet prison and asked to be sent there without delay.

"I have often been paid to save a man from prison," said Hummell, "but this was the first time I ever received a fee to send a man there, and I have never seen a happier face than that of Forrester when he set out to fulfill his long term."

Irene McCready retired from business and betook herself to the New Hampshire home of her childhood, where she died in 1899. After her death her two nieces revived interest in the crime by relating what she had told them about a visit she received the morning after the affair from a woman who kept an establishment in 27th Street similar to her own and who told her that one of her girls, a Spaniard of great beauty who had a key to the Nathan house, had been away the night before between ten and three. "There was murder done in that house last night," she added; "what shall I do about it?"

"Keep quiet," was the other woman's advice. "Wash Nathan can prove an alibi by Clara Dale," the name by which the witness at the inquest was known.

Collection Geo. S. Weston.

VIEW LOOKING NORTH AND EAST FROM THE SAME PLACE AS THE PRECEDING. PARK AVENUE AND THE HARLEM RAILROAD OCCUPY THE CENTRE. THE GROUP OF SHANTIES SHOW THE CHARACTER OF THE LOCALITY NORTH OF THE GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL AT THIS PERIOD, OF WHICH PHOTOGRAPHS ARE VERY UNUSUAL AND WHEN BUILDING LOTS COULD BE PURCHASED FOR A SONG IF YOU WERE IN GOOD VOICE.

To gain an idea of New York society of an elder day one should read the "Diary of Philip Hone," and the customs and conditions there recorded continued until the newly made fortunes of the Civil War gave sudden prominence to their possessors and a distinct vogue to conspicuous vulgarity. The well-bred, dignified families refrained from putting themselves in competition with the new element and the city assumed an aspect of general looseness that was deplorable in its effect on the young. Vice was open and unashamed in those days. Gambling houses flourished without restraint in the neighborhood of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and there were many "day games" in Ann Street and other localities downtown. Scattered all about the city were dives of a kind that happily do not exist now. In Water Street and vicinity were so-called sailors' boarding houses where mariners were shanghaied when drunk and awoke to find that they had been robbed and shipped aboard for a long whaling cruise. There were other evil resorts along the Bowery, and even in the basements of great Broadway business houses. Dance halls frequented by the better dressed but equally vicious element did business on Sixth Avenue near 34th Street, and a notorious abortionist, calling herself Madame Restelle, occupied a house on a conspicuous Fifth Avenue corner.

With the exception of the Astors, who had been from the first heavy investors in real estate, very few of the wealthy class were acute enough to foresee the enormous growth of the town toward the north. All distinction as a place of fashionable residence had not departed from Bleecker Street, where the present site of the Mills Hotel was occupied by the great house built by one of the Bonaparte princes. The ironwork and doorways

still visible on some of the old houses in this and nearby streets tell the tale of old-time fashion. There was not much on Fifth Avenue above 34th Street, where A. T. Stewart had begun work on the huge marble structure that in later years shared the fate of the Jerome mansion on Madison Square by sheltering the Manhattan Club. Not until long after the Flash Age did the development of the upper west side begin. "Shanty-town" covered an enormous area east and west of Central Park.

So much for the physical aspects of the town in those days. In many other respects the contrast between then and now is equally marked. There was a dignified and conservative group to whom the vulgarity and general demoralization of the times was a source of regret and disgust, but a still larger element regarded the operations of such men as Fisk and Gould and Tweed with tolerance, if not with approval, and in the eyes of many of these the first-named loomed large as a popular hero.

It is pleasant to note, in the midst of so much that was meretricious, the beginnings of better things and indications of a demand on the part of a small element in the public for artistic enlightenment. Theodore Thomas was endeavoring to improve musical taste by devoting two evenings each week to the best modern music, notably that of Wagner, aided in his effort by a group of German and Jewish enthusiasts who turned out in full force on those nights. The Central Park Garden, at which these concerts, alternating with others more easily understood, were given, was one of the most delightful places of entertainment that the city has ever known. Never before or since, so far as my knowledge goes, has better music been given in association with superior beer at five cents a glass, than that directed by Theodore

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THIRTY-FOURTH STREET EAST FROM FIFTH AVENUE, IN 1876. SITE OF B. ALTMAN STORE, THEN PRIVATE RESIDENCES. STREET CARS HAD NOT YET ARRIVED.

Thomas in his cool and airy resort. At the same time, Tony Pastor at his theater on the Bowery was rescuing the variety stage from its former low estate and engaging performers who later won fame in the legitimate.

It is greatly to the credit of the professions of arts and letters that they escaped the demoralizing influences of the Flash Age and preserved their self-respect through it all. Artists of the North River school that "modernists" affect to despise were doing honest work on very scant commons, and such writers as William Cullen Bryant, Bayard Taylor, George William Curtis, Donald G. Mitchell and F. S. Cozzens were at least upholding the dignity of their calling. Nor should we forget that the "Pfaff crowd," who called themselves "bohemians," numbered among its members George Arnold, E. C. Stedman, Fitz James O'Brien and Artemus Ward. Journalism was dominated by Henry J. Raymond, Horace Greeley and the elder Bennett, and, following the trail already blazed by Margaret Fuller, were those early disciples of the "chatty" school who sported alliterative cognomens like Jennie June, Grace Greenwood, Sophie Sparkle and Fanny Fern. Whatever may be said of these writers and painters, pretense and vulgarity could not be numbered among their faults. It was at this time, too, that Thomas Nast, Bavarian by birth but American in sympathy, entered upon the work that contributed so largely to the overthrow of the Tweed Ring and gave him lasting fame as a cartoonist of tremendous power.

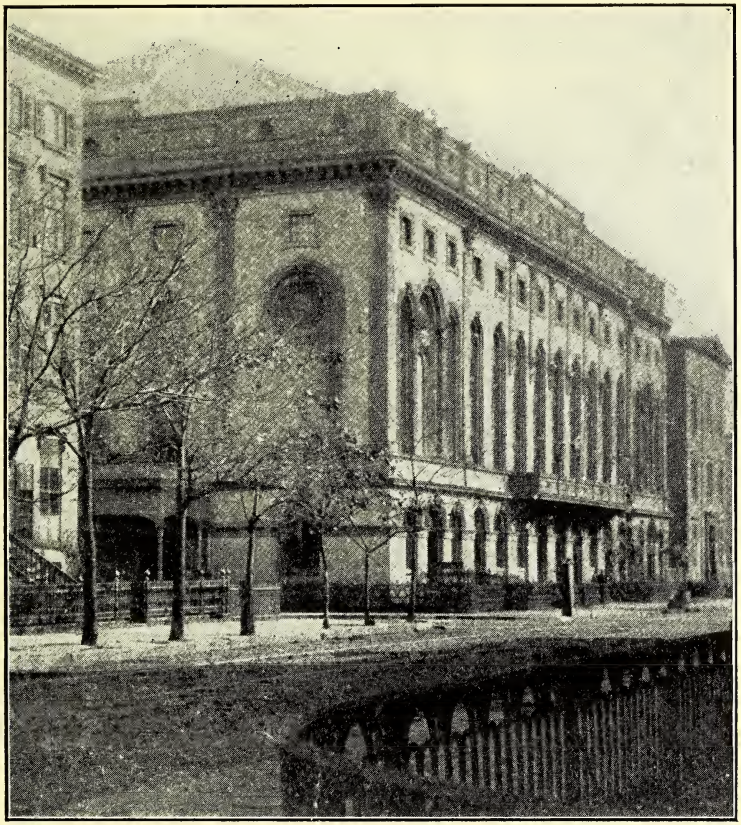
The close of the Flash Age found the city freed from the clutches of the Tweed Ring and the possessor of a Paid Fire Department which has rendered gallant service ever since. The old Volunteer Department was so strongly intrenched in the hearts of the citizens that the

change had been effected in the face of strong opposition. The old system went out of service in the summer of 1866, and it is interesting to note that its last official act was to play on the smoking ruins of Barnum's Museum.

The Pennsylvania oil-fields attracted much attention during this era, but none among the many who invested money in them realized the importance of oil in the world's future development. The attention of the unthinking element was for a time occupied with the exploits of one "Coal Oil Johnny," who became suddenly rich through the inheritance of his grandmother's farm in the centre of the oil-fields, and proceeded to waste his money as fast as it came to him in the shape of royalties paid daily. He gratified his inordinate delight for negro minstrelsy by constant attendance at such entertainments and even backed several himself. Lighting cigars with twenty-dollar bills was another of his favorite pastimes, and at the time of his death in 1922 he was employed as station agent in a small mid-Western village.

The Flash Age came to a sudden and unexpected end in the autumn of 1873, after an existence of a little more than ten years. It was followed by an era of commercial depression, the logical result of mad speculation and the over-building of railroads, in the midst of which the great Moody and Sankey revival gave time and thought for serious matters. A complete history of the period I have inadequately sketched in these pages should be written by some trustworthy chronicler, that the present and future generations may know what New York was at its worst.

The city has undergone many changes since the Flash Age came to an end in a single night, and in that half-century of material growth and moral and social better-



The old Academy of Music in Fourteenth Street, in its palmy days of Grand Opera and the ball given to the Prince of Wales, 1861.

ment, commerce and finance have played a more important part than is generally understood. Streets from which decent families had been driven by vicious neighbors are now the centre of the silk or dry-goods trades and great loft buildings stand where disreputable houses once flaunted their loathsome business in the faces of passers-by. The mad speculation of the gold board has to a great extent been replaced by the business-like methods of men rated high in Bradstreet's. Wall Street, once regarded as a mere gambling establishment in which fortunes were made and lost in a day, has become a clearing house doing more business with investors than with those who speculate on a margin. Commerce has reared the huge buildings that have given to the city its wonderful sky-line, and the same resistless force has pushed the area of paved streets and sewers farther north than even the original Astors ever dreamed of. Men of genius, energy and vision have accumulated through commercial undertakings great fortunes, and they have given of their wealth for charitable and educational purposes to an extent of which the world has no previous record.

NATHAN HALE AND SOME REMARKS ABOUT MAJOR ANDRE

By George A. Zabriskie

The rededication of the NATHAN HALE statue at City Hall Park, under the auspices of the Sons of the Revolution on Flag Day, recalls to mind his prototype in the English Army—Major André—whose capture disclosed the perfidy of Benedict Arnold and saved West Point to the Americans.

It is unfortunate that we have not the clear record of Captain Hale's last undertaking, that we have of Major André's, for it is not possible to reflect upon his early life and achievements without feeling that it would have contributed much to patriotic interest.

All we know positively is that after the battle of Long Island, General Washington, intrenched in what is now uptown New York, was in great need of information as to the probable next move of the British, and Nathan Hale volunteered to try and obtain it. At this time the British Main Army occupied lower New York, with the Beekman House, 51st Street and First Avenue, serving as the Headquarters of General Howe. A strong force was also located on Long Island, and their fleet was actively engaged in patrolling the waters all about. It was necessary, therefore, for Hale to proceed as far east as Norwalk, where, changing his uniform for civilian clothes and assuming the rôle of a Dutch schoolmaster, he arranged wth one of our sloops of war—probably the Schuyler—to take him across the Long Island Sound to

Collection G. A. Zabriskie.

EXECUTION OF NATHAN HALE.

Huntington. Here we lose all track of him for a week--September 15th to September 22nd—and then the tidings from Howe's Headquarters: "A spy from the enemy (by his own full confession), apprehended last night, was this day executed at eleven o'clock in front of the Artillery Park."

What did Captain Hale accomplish during his week as spy? Where did he go? What did he do? Where was he captured and how? All this is clouded in uncertainty, although the fact that he had made "Minutes" which were found upon him after his capture, shows that he had not been inactive. There is nothing uncertain, however, as to his farewell utterance, bespeaking the highest, manliest and noblest of characters—one willing to lose his life and his good name in his country's service.

Major André's last undertaking carried with it the hopes of the British Crown of ending the Revolution. Linked with the treason of Benedict Arnold, it stands out as one of its most important features, but whether he should have been hanged as a spy for his connection in the matter has always been a subject of discussion.

Captain Hale admitted his occupation, gloried in it, and would do it all over again without hesitation: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." Major André protested against the charge of spying, offered no objection to his execution, but did oppose the manner of it.

André and Arnold

Let us see. Benedict Arnold had been an intrepid soldier, had rendered efficient service and distinguished himself on more than one battlefield; he had the faculty also of running into debt, and wasn't particular to keep his

transactions above suspicion. He got into trouble on several occasions, once in Philadelphia because of Army Stores irregularities, but notwithstanding this, he seems to have enjoyed the confidence of Washington, and when he asked for the command of West Point his request was complied with.

Now, the need to keep communication open between New England and New Jersey was obvious, and the possession of West Point by the Americans assured this, while the loss of it meant disaster.

André and Arnold were acquainted—they corresponded with each other—Arnold, always in need of money, had a grievance to back it up, he didn't think he was appreciated by the American Army. Would the surrender of West Point to the British mean anything? Would it be worth £10,000 and a commission? It would, and the details were to be worked out by him in conjunction with Major André. And so we find André aboard the British sloop Vulture, sailing up the Hudson from New York, and anchoring off Long Cove, a little south of Haverstraw, to await the coming of Arnold. A hitch in the arrangement, however, necessitated André's going ashore at Long Cove, being met there by Arnold and Joshua Hett Smith, at whose home in West Haverstraw Arnold and André completed negotiations for the turning over of West Point to the British, with the chance also of capturing General Washington, who was expected there shortly.

Up to this time André surely was no spy—he wore the full uniform of a British officer, and had he been taken then would unquestionably have been treated as a prisoner of war. The negotiations took a longer time than was expected, and the Vulture, being discovered and fired

Courtesy of Mr. Wm. Rogers.

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT TAPPAN, AT THE TIME OF CAPTURE OF ANDRÉ. NOW THE RESIDENCE OF MR. WM. ROGERS.

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upon from the shore, decided to drop down the stream out of range. André, whose intention had been to return to New York, as he had come, was forced to consider another route, and, acting upon Arnold's advice, changed his clothing, so as to hide his identity, and with the plans of West Point on his person crossed the Hudson from King's Ferry to Verplanck's Point, in company with Smith, expecting to reach New York *via* White Plains. All went well until he reached Pines Bridge—there Smith informed him of his intention to part—and it was not long after that he concluded to change his route, believing that the river road would be safer for his enterprise, and at Tarrytown was intercepted by the three American militiamen, John Paulding, Isaac Van Wart and David Williams. A great deal has been said about these men being Skinners—out for what they could get, regardless of how—but anyway they held him up, searched him, discovered the papers secreted upon him, and Paulding at least said he was a spy and would not listen to overtures for freedom.

Then the march, single file, to North Castle, the Camp of Lieutenant-Colonel John Jameson, where Arnold's pass, in André's possession, convinced Jameson that General Arnold had been imposed upon, and that the proper thing to do was to send him to West Point, under guard, for Arnold's decision as to punishment. The plan was changed, however, when one of Jameson's staff, Major Tallmadge, came in from a reconnoitering expedition, and had been apprised of the capture. This young man (a classmate of Nathan Hale's, by the way) had some misgivings about Arnold, and at any rate the whole matter looked important enough to warrant its report direct to Washington, whose Headquarters were then at Tappan.

And so it was that a detachment was hurried off to overtake and bring back André, who then for the first time disclosed his identity, asked for writing materials, and presented his case to Washington.

In the meantime, with André captured, what was happening to Arnold? While Commandant at West Point his personal headquarters were in the home of Beverly Robinson, a Tory, at Garrison, across the river from West Point, and there he was expecting to meet Washington, Hamilton, Lafayette and other American generals, returning from a conference at Hartford. Shortly before their arrival, however, word came that André had been captured, and instantly realizing the full force of the failure of his scheme, and that the game was up, he leaped upon the horse of one of his aides, made for the river, where his barge was in waiting, and had his men row with all haste to the Vulture, which was anchored some fifteen miles down stream. He received his commission in the British Army, also in all probability the £10,000, and earned the contempt of all mankind.

André was tried, convicted and executed as a spy. The Examining Board, consisting of some fourteen generals, included Green, Steuben, Lafayette, Knox and Stirling. The findings were:

First. That he came on shore from the Vulture, sloop of war, in the *night* of the 21st of September, and on an interview with General Arnold, *in a private and secret manner.*

Secondly. That *he changed his dress within our lines and under a feigned name, and in a disguised habit, passed our works at Stony and Verplank's Points* the evening of the 22nd of September inst. and was taken the morning of the 23rd of September inst. *at Tarrytown in a disguised habit* being on his way to New York, and *when taken* he had in his possession several papers, which contained *intelligence for the enemy.*

Collection G. A. Zabriskie.

Capture of Major André, Tarrytown, New York, September 23, 1780. The captors, John Paulding, David William and Isaac Van Wart.

"The Board having maturely considered these facts, do also report to His Excellency, General Washington, that Major André, Adjutant General to the British Army, ought to be considered as a spy from the enemy; and that, agreeable to the law and usage of nations, it is their opinion he ought to suffer death."

On the next day Washington approved it thus:

"Headquarters, September 30th, 1780.

"The Commander in Chief approves of the opinion of the Board of General Officers, respecting Major André, and orders that the execution of Major André take place tomorrow at five o'clock P. M."

The execution, however, was delayed and on the morning of October 1st André wrote Washington, asking that the mode of his death be adapted to the feelings of a man of honor, but in view of his inability to accede to this request, Washington did not reply, apparently unwilling to wound his feelings by a refusal.

This course has frequently been wondered at, and in some quarters has been commented upon, as indicating a feeling of hostility toward André. Nothing, however, is farther from the truth—in fact, there is every reason to believe that Washington sympathized with him in his distress, and would have been glad to have exchanged him, at the time of his capture, for Arnold, and this was intimated to General Clinton. Between the two men, Arnold and André—there certainly could have been no room for choice; Arnold was a traitor to his country, while André was loyal to his, and carried with him to his grave heartfelt expressions of sympathy from Americans and British alike.

A MEMORY OF OLD HARLEM

By Laura Dayton Fessenden

I am going to talk about a New York Sunday (a Sabbath day, not a soda water confection).

When I was a little girl, in 1867-1868, the upper part of Manhattan Island, on the west or Hudson River side and north of 59th Street, was suburban.

There was one line of street cars that penetrated "through the quiet" at stated intervals (but never on schedule time) to the jingling of not unmusical harness bells. The route was up Eighth Avenue, and Eighth Avenue skirted the west side of Central Park, as it does to-day, and Central Park was in 1867 a comparatively new city acquisition.

There was also once in every two or three hours (I think it was from six in the morning until six at night) a stage line that followed the windings of the Bloomingdale Road (now Broadway) through Bloomingdale, Manhattanville, Carmansville and on to Washington Heights.

It might be interesting to mention *en passant* that the people who used these street cars and stages were mostly known to one another, not perhaps personally, but as belonging to the same country-side neighborhood.

As an instance of this fact, I recall a tall, dark, sallow man, who always wore a cloak and who was a tea merchant. He was a brother of Susan B. Anthony and, as Miss Anthony was then considered to be a young woman of startlingly progressive ideas, we children gazed upon her brother with interest.

View of Nieuw Harlaem, 1765. Founded in 1758 by Governor Stuyvesant. From original watercolor drawing in British Museum.

Then along the Bloomingdale Road there lived a colony of actors, and Mr. Joseph Jefferson's little daughter, who afterward married the English novelist, Fairjohn, was almost like going to the theatre to ride beside in the car or the stage.

The stages only ran on week days, for an old observance of the Sabbath was still held in half remembrance in New York. Of course, there had been a great change since 1830, for in his book, "The Last Days of Knickerbocker Life in New York," my father says: "When the church bells had ceased tolling and services were about to commence, heavy iron chains were drawn tightly across the streets containing the 'Houses of Worship' and only the doctor's gig, on an errand of mercy, was allowed to pass through the barred roadway"; and again he says: "Sometimes on a lovely summer afternoon a brave sinner would get out his carriage and pair for a drive from town into the country, knowing that for this *lapse,* and an indefinite period thereafter, he would be a subject for intercession at family evening prayers."

To go back to the stage route in 1867, by the time 60th Street was reached the Bloomingdale Road and the contiguous neighborhood became country stretches of land, filled with lovely homes, many of them like Marshall Hall at 92nd Street, having been the country seats of representative New York families since pre-Revolutionary times.

Will you go back with me to a June Sunday morning in 1867? When the bell in the tower on Mt. Morris Hill in Harlem rang out a quarter to nine, we children, arrayed in our best "bibs and tuckers," started churchward. Oh! that old tower bell, let it tell us the story of its life: "I was cast in Holland over the sea in Sixteen Hundred

and Thirty-three. Centuries have passed over me since first I was rocked in the tall belfry of St. Nicholas' Church by the Zuyder Zee." We must not let the garrulous old bell take too much of our time and so we must pass by the incidents of many years until we come to the portion of the narrative which says:

"On Whitehall Street, there once did stand a quaint Dutch house that did command much praise for its garden that seems to be a regular bit of old Hollandrie, with its clipped box border and cedar tree and its tulips galore of gaudy hues, but the humble bees did always choose the Clover Inns for their gossip and news.

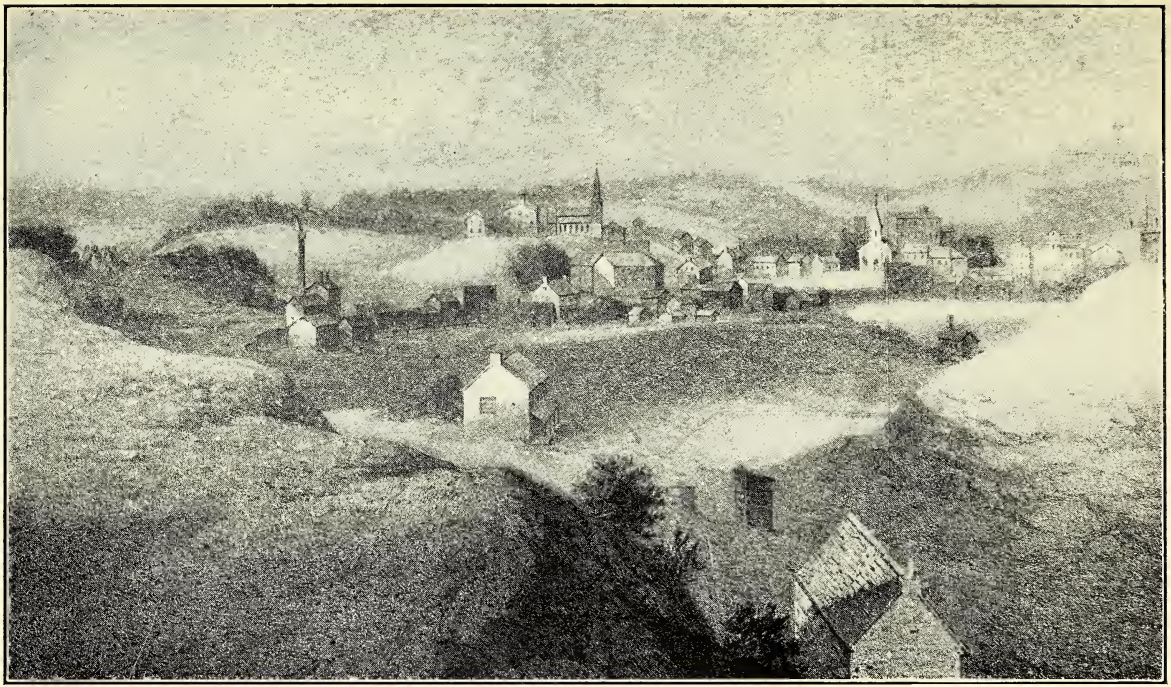
"A parsonage wedding it was, that set the Burghers thinking that they must get a proper place to worship and pray. It was upon this bridal day that the Dominie's daughter, young and fair, pink of cheek and sunny of hair, said to the guests assembled there: 'Friends, I now before you stand, and ask a gift from every hand. Come, build you a church in this new land.' So the Burghers opened their pouches to pay for a church named St. Nicholas on that day."

The legend goes on to tell how, when the news reached Holland, it was decided to send as a gift to the new church in the new world, the bell from the mother church of St. Nicholas by the Zuyder Zee.

Then the bell goes on to say: "So they sent me from Holland to toll the knell of souls that had departed well, to wake the sleepers at break of day, to sound the curfew, to call to the fray, but most to sing out for one and all: 'To worship!! To worship come! Heed my call!' "

More years rolled away and the little cluster of houses along the Battery's Stockade had grown from a village and spread out into a thriving town, and away up northward a colony of adventurous Holland folk had formed a new settlement and called it by a beloved home name—Harlem.

It was then that this bell was taken down from the



View of Manhattanville and St. Mary's Church, 1825. Scene of Battle of Harlem Heights.

steeple of the abandoned St. Nicholas' Church on the Bay and placed in the tower that had been built on the top of the highest hill on Manhattan Island, and there for many life generations it had hung, doing faithful duty through spring time and autumn, through summer and winter. It kept the village clock in accord. It woke the sleepers (far and near) at dawn. It sent the good folk to bed on the stroke of nine (the hour prescribed for each thrifty house frau to sprinkle ashes over the red hearth logs, and then to blow out the candle). The bell warned strolling sweethearts to speed home (ere the "watch," solemnly twirling his huge wooden rattle, should fulfill his bounden duty and drive them before him). It commanded mein Host of the Tavern to send into the night the village Rip Van Winkles and it bade the one general shopkeeper to put up the shutters. When the tower clock tolled nine, the grand dame stopped the whirring of her wheel and all was still, save mayhap the voice of some mother singing a wakeful child to sleep:

"Trip a trop a traunches,
De varken in de braunches,
De conjes in de claver,
De pardens in de harver,
De enjes in de vater plass,
So gute mein klina joris vass;"

and this old bed-time lullaby was sung to generations of New York children.

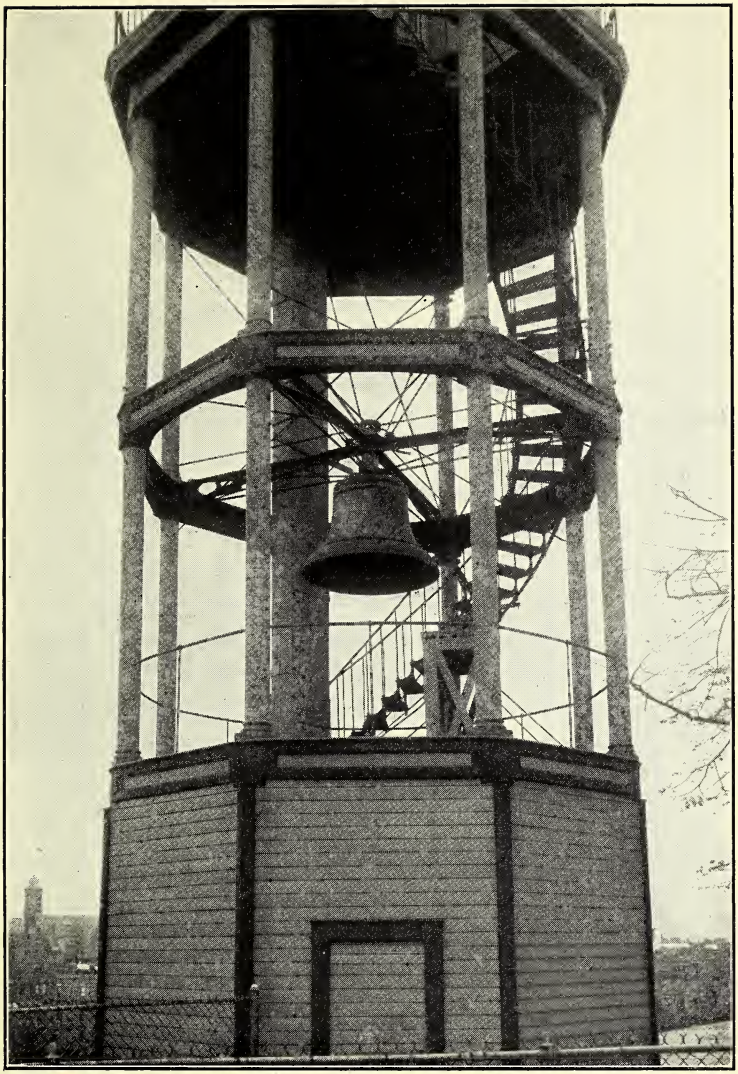
In his autobiography, our Theodore Roosevelt says: "My grandmother taught me the only Dutch I ever knew, a baby song, of which the first line ran: 'Trippe Troppa tronches.' I always remembered it and when I was in East Africa, it proved a bond of union between me and the Boer settlers, not a few of whom knew it,

although at first they always had difficulty in understanding my pronunciation, at which I do not wonder. It was interesting to meet these men, whose ancestors had gone to the Cape about the time that mine went to America (two centuries and a half previously) and to find that the descendants of these two streams of emigrants still crooned to their children the same nursery song."

This was one of my nursery songs, and the translation that I, as a little child, gave to my mind, I think was about as follows:

"Rock a bye my baby,
And into dreamland go.
The birdies on the branches
Have gone to sleep I know.
The calf amid the clover
Has fallen fast asleep.
The coaltie in the barn yard
Is wrapped in slumber deep,
And even the little fishes
Are dreaming peacefully
In their houses in the water
That no body can see.
So bye lo precious baby,
My own dear little boy,
Your mother's precious darling,
Your father's greatest joy."

It must be realized, after all this detailed explanation, that the old bell up in the Mt. Morris tower, even if its story was but a legend, had a claim to our reverence and was to us children no "Tinkling Symbol." All the way to church, from mild springtime to Indian summer days, we passed along a winding road, holding on either side homes with gardens about them, and the white wooden fence palings were wide enough apart to afford opportunity for the reaching through and touching with gentle hands the petals of the great fragrant roses, the honey-



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The old Fire Tower and Bell, Mt. Morris Park, Fifth Avenue at One Hundred and Twenty-first Street.

suckle cups and the innumerable other fragrant flowers that hedged in each little domain from the outer world.

When the weather was particularly fair and balmy, we took a cross cut through our own and our neighbors' orchards and fields, and so came upon the old battlefield of Harlem Heights, flanking the valley, in which nestled the village of Manhattanville (now west 125th Street).

In 1867 there were no patriotic societies like the Colonial Dames and Colonial Wars—Founders and Patriots—Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution, but we had our Historical Society, and then our grandmothers and grandfathers were alive and they were (many of them) the children of the men and the women who had helped to establish the freedom of the thirteen English colonies and create the United States of America through and by the War of Independence.

Then in 1867 our Civil War was just over and we children had personal knowledge of the sorrow and desolation that Gettysburg and Malvern Hill had meant to many of our relatives and friends, so this old battlefield on Harlem Heights never failed to remind us of that 15th day of September, 1776, when Reed and Knowlton led the attack and gave up their lives with many unnamed heroes to gain the Liberty that was our heritage, so we trod quietly through the long grass and stopped beside the ruins of the rude fort, as before some altar where reverence is due, and then we walked down the hill to St. Mary's.

Our church stood in the middle of a square, the rectory on one side, the graveyard on the other, and just beyond was the new "Sheltering Arms." The "Sheltering Arms" was a home very recently built and now occupied

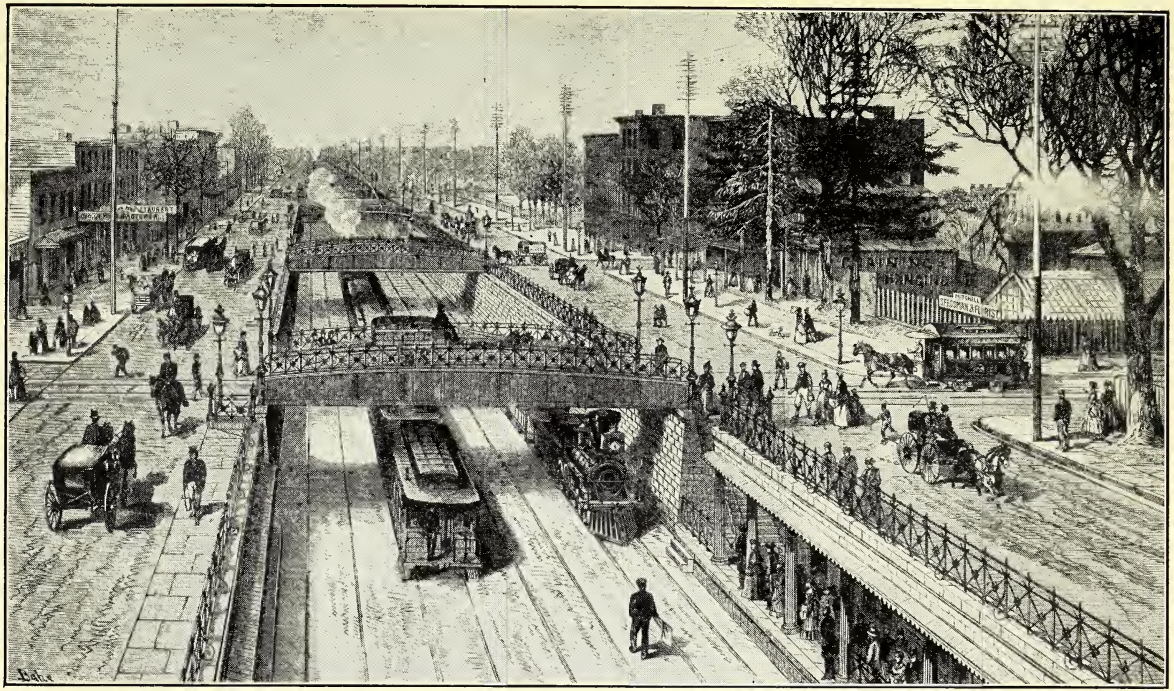
by little boys and girls who had become fatherless and destitute through and by the Civil War.

Through all the warm weather the grass in our churchyard grew up and was unmolested, but in the autumn our sexton cut it down with his scythe, and then we could wander among the gray lichen-covered tombstones and read the many quaint inscriptions, the favorite and predominating declaration being an adverse compliment to the medical profession, the epitaphs announcing that: "Afflictions sore, long time she (or he) bore and physicians were in vain."

St. Mary's was white and severely plain on the outside and square and bare within. The altar was unlike those one sees to-day, in fact, it looked more like an old-fashioned parlor with its table, horsehair sofa and chairs. The communion table was near the altar rail and, of course, there was the reading desk, and our pulpit had winding stairs that led up to it, and there was a top over the pulpit that looked like an opened motherly umbrella, but this pulpit was not used in 1867. Our rector, who had served the parish for many years, had rheumatism and so did not like the climb.

Our dear rector had a grandson, and the boy's father was a missionary, either by "Afric's sunny fountains or India's coral strands" (I have forgotten which), so the boy lived at the rectory with his grandfather and grandmother. It was terribly hard for this boy to keep still during service. His grandmother, who adored him, said he was always an angel up to the Litany, but after that he had to "act up."

Perhaps what I am going to tell you about this boy and his greatest chum will be more interesting if I mention that in after years these two boys became, each in



Collection Pitt B. Hand, N.Y.C.R.R. Co.

Interesting view of Park Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, in the town of Harlem, showing the Harlem Railroad tracks underground, which were later raised to present level. Note the rural aspect of this New York suburb.

his individual way, very distinguished and honored citizens of the United States.

Well, the rector's grandson never could keep his mind on the sermon and so he would drop his prayer book and whittle a stick with his pocket knife, and on desperate occasions he would scrape the toes of his shoes up and down on the lower back of the pew in front of him. (The boys in New York in 1867 wore shoes with brass across the tips of the toes. I think they called them Ned School House Shoes, but I am not quite sure.)

One Sunday the rector's grandson outdid himself in all these mentioned particulars, so his grandfather told him that he was going to take him up in the altar with him on the following Sabbath and that he was to sit in the middle of the horsehair sofa and face the entire congregation. We all knew about it and the service was largely attended.

This grandson had a beautiful face and he really did look angelic that day. He was not a bit flustered and he acted just as if he had been in the habit of sitting there every Sunday since he could walk. He made all the responses very soberly, and when the sermon began, he folded his hands and looked so resigned.

After a while he got restless, then suddenly he became strangely quiet and he leaned away forward, for his best friend was talking to him on his fingers. The boy in the congregation had decided that he could do this with perfect safety, as his father was taking a polite, silent nap and his dear mother was evidently wrapped in the consideration of how she could best turn her solferino poplin and have it remade into a gown like that which the doctor's wife was wearing this morning. (The

doctor's wife was the arbiter of fashion in Bloomingdale society.)

So the boy in the congregation spelled on his fingers to the rector's grandson in the altar: "What is the Text? I have to tell father or get no dinner." And the rector's grandson spelled back: "It is something about making preserves and redeeming us, but I don't know what kind."

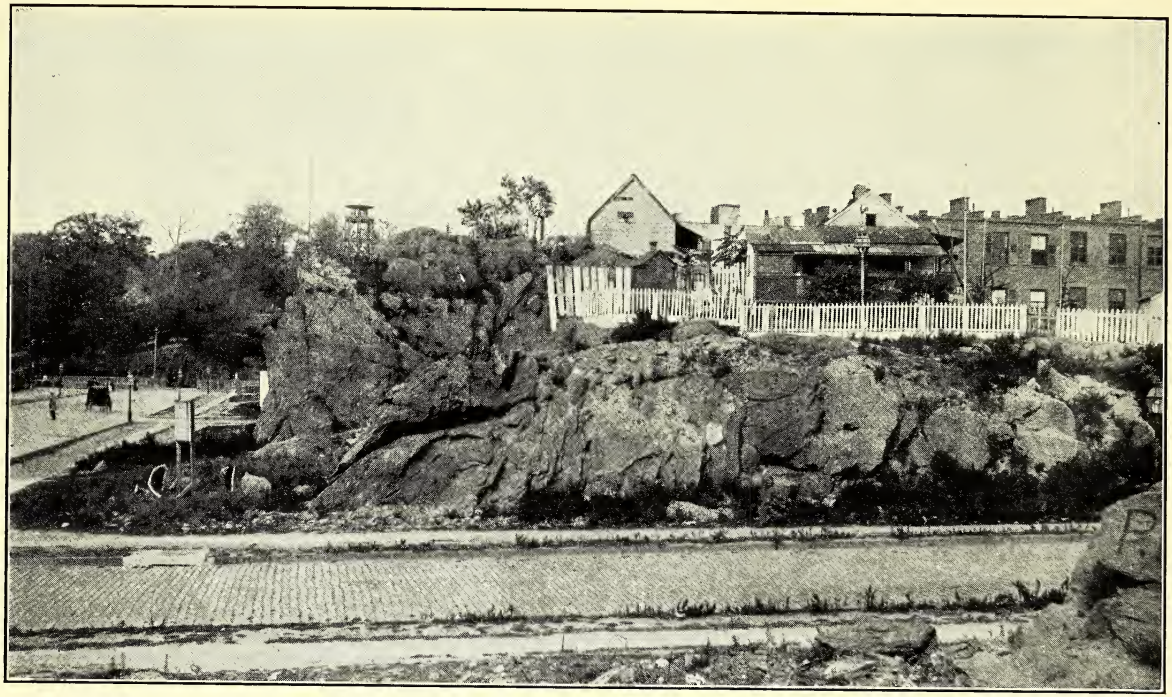
It is needless to say that by this time the congregation was taking notice. Then the rector's grandson spelled: "What are you going to use for bait?" and the boy in the congregation spelled: "Minnies." The boy in the altar replied: "They won't bite."

Then the boy in the congregation grew gesticulatingly excited and he spelled slowly and recklessly: "Oh! won't they? Say!! you hire a hall!! Vote for Horace Greeley and move your family west!!!"

I don't pretend to know what there was in this remark to cause such intense indignation in the rector's grandson's mind, but at all events the boy rose from the sofa and spelled into the very face of the congregation: "You say that again and I'll lick you after service behind the church."

Our dear old rector felt the unusual indifference of his flock and he knew that the boy was the cause. He stopped his sermon, took off his spectacles, laid them on his desk and turned around just in time to witness the challenge. Not a suggestion of anything out of the ordinary was indicated as he walked quietly over to the sofa, took the young hopeful by both shoulders and gave him such a vigorous shaking that he bounced up and down on the seat.

Having fulfilled this duty, the old gentleman returned



FIFTH AVENUE NORTH FROM ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTIETH STREET, 1880. A VIEW OF THIS SAME LOCALITY AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY IS SHOWN ON PAGE 63.

to the reading desk, put on his spectacles and resumed his sermon as if nothing had happened more unusual than his stopping to take a swallow of water.

Away up at the front end of the church, over the front door, was the gallery, where the little organ lived and where the choir sang. Perhaps it was because Miss Audubon, the daughter of the great ornithologist, was the organist, but it seemed to me, as a little girl, a birdlike harmony of notes and voices. I am sure that we children all believed that our music was quite as acceptable to heaven as a great cathedral choir.

The church faded into insignificance beside our Sunday School, which convened after the morning service, and its memories are many.

I recall the little old Englishman in the grown-up people's Bible class, who, when we sang "Chide Mildly the Erring," always rendered it, "Chide Mildly the Herring," which was particularly amusing, because he kept a fish shop in Manhattanville on week days.

Miss Mary was the teacher of the younger children. She had been the one teacher in the Bloomingdale village school since she was fifteen, and when we were children her hair was quite white, but no one thought of Miss Mary as old, because she understood boys' ways and girls' fancies.

The old church has gone its way into memory land. It was not needed any more. Manhattanville has become a congested part of a great city and in place of the fragrance of flowers and the songs of birds, old Bloomingdale has lost itself in the roar of machinery and the ceaseless tread of hurrying feet.

The old families whose summer homes were in Bloomingdale in 1867 have long since answered "Adsum" to

death's roll call and for many years they have been "far beyond the twilight judgment of this world and all its mists and obscurities," but there are many of the yesterday's children left, white-haired men and women now, and although scattered far and wide, I am sure that now and then they wander back to old St. Mary's and recall how the yesterday boys sang:

"Whither, pilgrim, are you going,
Going each with staff in hand?"

and how the yesterday girls answered:

"We are going on a journey,
Going at the King's command;"

and then how the boys and girls made the room jubilant with the chorus:

"Over hill and plain and valley
We are going to His Palace.
We are going to His Palace,
Going to that Better Land."

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Fifth Avenue north from One Hundred and Twentieth Street to Mt. Morris Park to-day. Note contrast with view from same point taken in 1880, shown on page 59.

STREET NAMES WHICH HAVE BEEN CHANGED OR ARE NOW OBSOLETE IN THE BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN, NEW YORK CITY—1922.

By George Henry Stegmann

The following information regarding Old New York Streets was obtained from the following sources:

VALENTINE'S MANUAL
1855; 1860; 1861; 1862; 1864; 1865; 1866.

Haswell—Reminiscences of an Octogenarian.
Hill—Story of a Street (Wall Street).
Historical Guide to the City of New York—.
Innes—New Amsterdam and its People.
Jenkins—The Greatest Street in the World.
Jenkins—The old Boston Post Road.
Lossing—History of New York City.
Lamb—History of New York City.
Mott—New York City of Yesterday.
Pasko—New York Old and New.
Post—Old Streets, Roads, Lanes, etc., of New York.
Riker—History of Harlem.
Valentine—History of New York City.
Wilson—New York Old and New.

Plan of the City of New York, 1665, Duke's Plan.
" " " " " 1695, " "
" " " " " 1728, Jas. Lyne.
" " " " " 1742, D. Grim.
" " " " " 1764, S. Bellini.
" " " " " 1755, F. Maerschaick.
" " " " " 1766, B. Ratzer.
" " " " " 1775, John Montressor.
" " " " " 1797.
" " " " " 1803, Goerck & Mangin.
" " " " " 1807, Wm. Bridges.
" " " " " 1817, T. H. Poppelton.
" " " " " 1851.
" " " " " 1865.
" " " " " 1868.

Bromley's Atlas of the Borough of Manhattan.

[Many street names have been entirely discontinued. Old Love Lane, formerly Twenty-first Street west of Fifth Avenue, is a case in point. And this list might easily be lengthened. We ought to celebrate great Americans when new names are needed, and get away from the tiresome numerical system heretofore slavishly followed.]

Abingdon Place was the former name of West 12th St. between Hudson and Greenwich Sts. It was laid out about 1807; known then as Cornelia St.; in 1817 known as Scott St.

Abingdon Road, see Love Lane.

Abattoir Place was the former name of West 12th St. between 11th Ave. and the Hudson River.

Achmuty Lane was in block bounded by Water, South, Pike and Rutgers Sts.

Adams Place was the former name of West Broadway between Spring and Prince Sts.

Albany Avenue formerly ran from 26th St. between 5th and Madison Ave. northwesterly, crossing 5th Ave. between 29th and 30th St. to the corner of 6th Ave. and 42nd St., then northerly on the present line of 6th Ave. to 93rd St.

Albion Place was the former name of East 4th St. between 2nd Ave. and the Bowery.

Amity Alley (or Amity Place) was formerly in the rear of No. 216 Wooster St.

Amity Lane was a country lane which commenced at Broadway, about fifty feet north of Bleecker St. and ran northwesterly to 6th Ave. just south of 4th St.

Amity Street was the former name of West 3rd St. between Broadway and 6th Ave.

Amos Street was the former name of West 10th St. between Greenwich Ave. and the Hudson River.

Ann Street was the former name of Grand St. between Broadway and the Bowery. It was laid out in 1797 and its name was changed to Grand St. in 1807.

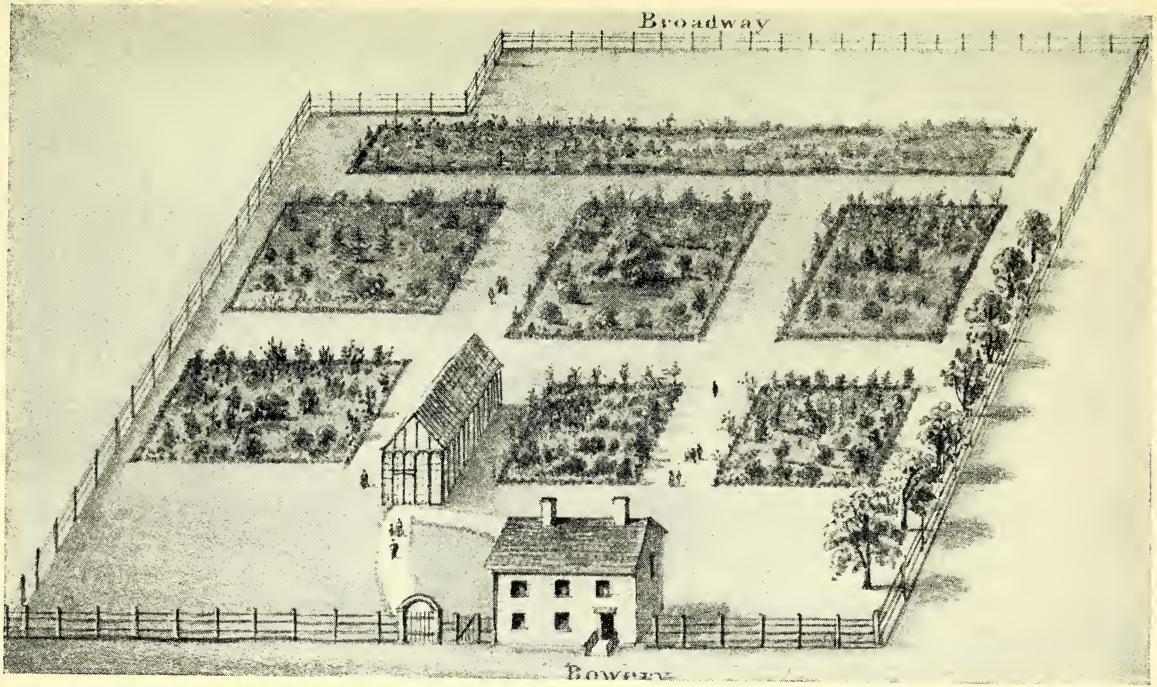
Ann Street was the former name of Elm St. between Reade and Franklin Sts. Name was changed in 1807.

Anthony Street, Duane St. was called by this name at one time.

Anthony Street was the former name of Worth St. between Hudson and Baxter Sts. It was laid out in 1795; known in 1797 as Catherine St.; known in 1807 as Anthony St.

Arch Place was in the rear of No. 109 Canal St., between Church St. and West Broadway.

Arden Street was the former name of Morton St. between Varrick and Bleecker St.; name was changed in 1829. It was also called Eden St.



VAUXHALL GARDENS, ASTOR PLACE FROM BROADWAY TO THE BOWERY. ORIGINAL HOME OF JACOB SPERRY (1750). SOLD TO JOHN JACOB ASTOR IN 1803 FOR $45,000, WHO THEN LEASED IT FOR TWENTY-ONE YEARS TO DELACROIX, WHO MAINTAINED IT AS A VERY POPULAR PLACE FOR OLD NEW YORKERS.

Arundel Street was the former name of Clinton St. from Division to Houston Sts. It was laid out about 1760; name changed to Clinton St. in 1828.

Art Street was the former name of Astor Place. Originally it was a lane leading from the Bowery to a part of the Stuyvesant Farm. It was known as Art St. in 1807.

Ashland Place was the former name of Perry St. between Waverly Place and Greenwich Ave.

Asylum Street was the former name of West 4th St., between 6th Ave. and 13th St.

Augustus Street was the former name of City Hall Place. It was laid out about 1795; known as Augustus St. in 1797.

Bache Street, Beach St. was called by this name at one time.

Bailey Street was laid out through the New York Common Lands, it ran from Broadway to Albany Ave. between 25th and 26th Sts.

Bancker Street, Duane St. was at one time called by this name.

Bancker Street was the former name of Madison St. between Catherine and Pearl Sts. It was projected about 1750; known as Bancker St. in 1755; known as Madison St. since.

Bannon Street was the former name of Spring St.

Bar Street as laid out, ran from Grand St. to the East River between Scammel and Jackson Sts. It was also called Fir St.

Barley Street was the former name of Duane St. from Rose to Hudson Sts. It was laid out in 1791; name changed to Duane St. in 1807.

Barrack Street was the former name of Tyron Row (now obsolete); known by this name in 1766.

Barrick Street; Exchange Place was known by this name at one time.

Barrow Street, West Washington Place, between Macdougal and West 4th St. was known by this name at one time.

Batavia Lane was name of Batavia Street.

Battoe Street; Dey St. was so called at one time.

Bayard Place, now called Charles Lane; a narrow street running from Washington West St. between Charles and Perry Sts.

Bayard Street, Stone St. was so called at one time .

Beaver Lane was the first name of Morris St.

Bedlow Street was the former name of Madison St. between Catherine and Montgomery Sts. It was known by this name in 1797; known as Bancker St. in 1817.

Belevedere Place was the former name of West 10th St.

Benson's Lane was the former name of Elm St.

Bever Graft, Bever Straat, Bever Paatjie, were the Dutch names of Beaver St. from Broadway to Broad St.

Beurs Straat was the Dutch name of Whitehall St.

Bloomfield Street formerly ran from No. 7 10th Ave. to the Hudson River (now closed).

Bloomingdale Road started at 23rd St., being the continuation of Broadway at that point. It followed the present Broadway as far as 86th St., where it veered easterly, running between Broadway and Amsterdam Ave. At 104th St. it again followed the line of Broadway until reaching 107th St., where it turned slightly westerly until it met the present easterly roadway of Riverside Drive, following it to 116th St., where it turned easterly, crossing Broadway at 126th St. and meeting Old Broadway at Manhattan St. (the present Old Broadway between Manhattan St. and 133rd St. is a part of the original road). From 133rd St. it ran slightly east of the present Broadway into Hamilton Place at 138th St., following Hamilton Pl. to its termination at Amsterdam Ave. and 144th St., from there running northeasterly and ending at the junction of Kingsbridge Road, just east of St. Nicholas Ave. and 147th St.

Bogart Street formerly ran from No. 539 West St. west to the Hudson River.

Boorman Terrace, West 32nd St. between 8th and 9th Ave.

Boston Post Road, see Eastern Post Road.

Bott Street was the former name of Elm St.

Boulevard, The, was the former name of Broadway from 59th to 155th St., it was opened in 1868 and name changed to Broadway on Jan. 1, 1899.

Boulevard Place was the former name of West 130th St. from 5th to Lenox Ave.

Bowery Lane. The Bowery was called by this name in 1760; since 1807 known as the Bowery.

Bowery Place was in the rear of No. 49 Christie St., between Canal and Hester Sts.

Bowling Green, Cherry St. was called by this name at one time.

Breedweg, Breedwegh. Broadway between Bowling Green and Park Row was known by these names during the Dutch occupancy of the City.

Brevoort Place was the former name of West 10th St. between Broadway and University Place.

Brewers Hill was the former name of Gold St.

Bride Street was the former name of Minetta St. from Bleecker St. to the bend in the street.

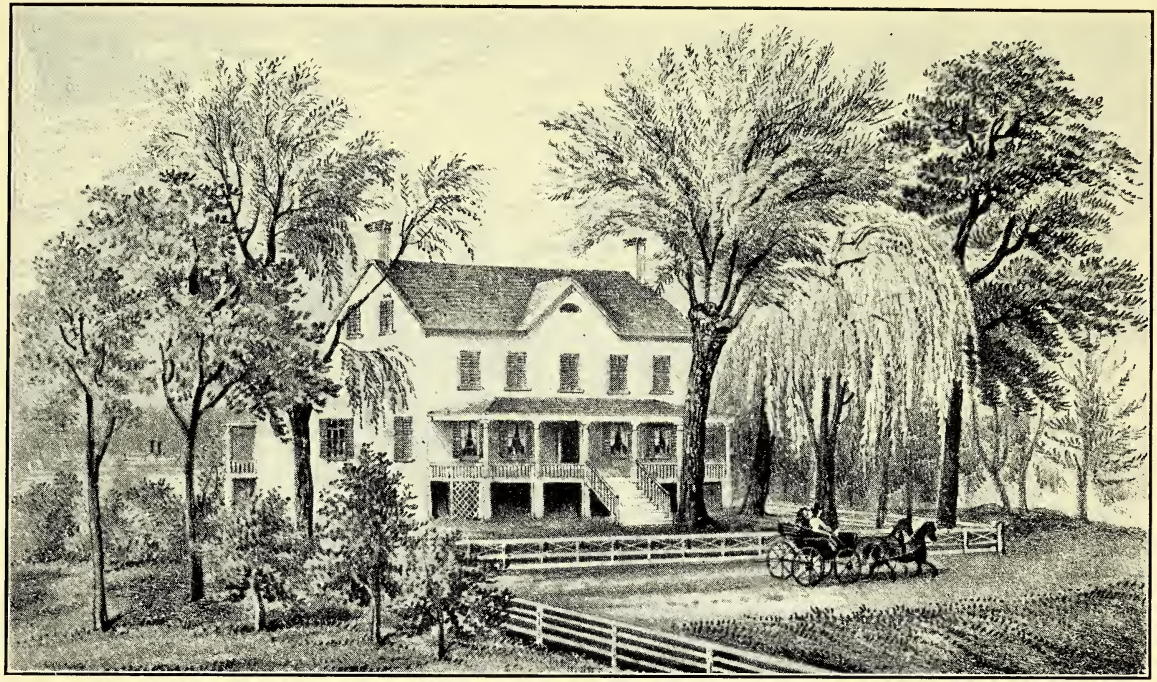
Bridge Street was one of the former names of Elm St.

Broad Wagon Way, The, was the name of Broadway in 1670.

Broadway Alley formerly ran from No. 153 East 26th St. north to 27th St.

Brook Street was the former name of Hancock St.

Brouwer Straat (Brewer's St.) was the name of the Dutch first gave to the present Stone St. It was one of the earliest streets laid out by them and received this name on account of the Brewery of the West India Co. being located on it.



Residence of Mayor Daniel F. Tiemann, Manhattanville, 1859.

Since 1797 has been known as Stone St., having been called High St. in 1674, and Duke St. in 1691.

Brugh Straet (Bridge Street) was one of the early Dutch Streets and received this name on account of it being the street which led to the bridge over the Canal in Broad St.; known as Bridge St. in 1674; as Hull St. in 1691; and as Bridge St. since 1728.

Brugh Steegh (Bridge Lane) was a narrow street, about twenty-two feet wide, which ran between Bridge and Stone Sts. It was closed about 1674.

Budd Street was the former name of Van Dam St.

Bullock Street was the former name of Broome St.; known by this name in 1766; since 1807 known as Broome St.

Burgers Path was the Dutch name of a part of William St.

Burling Lane was a country road which commenced at the present Broadway, between 17th and 18th Sts., and ran southwesterly, meeting the Southampton Road at about the present 6th Ave. and 16th St.

Burnet Street was the former name of Water St. between Wall St. and Maiden Lane.

Burr Street was the former name of Charlton St.

Burrows Street was the former name of Grove St. In 1807 was known as Columbia St. and since 1817 as Burrows St.

Burton Street was the former name of LeRoy St. from Varrick to Bleecker Sts.

Bushwick Street was the former name of Tompkins St.

Camden Place was the former name of East 11th St. between Avenue B and C.

Caroline Street was at the head of Duane St. Slip.

Carroll Place was the former name of Bleecker St. between West Broadway and Thompson St.

Cartmans Arcade was an Alley which ran south at No. 171 Delancey St., now closed.

Catherine Place was the former name of Catherine Lane.

Catherine Street was the former name of Worth St.; known in 1797 as Catherine St.; in 1807 as Anthony St.

Catherine Street was the former name of Waverly Pl. between Christopher and West 12th St.; known by this name in 1807.

Catherine Street was the former name of Mulberry St. between Bayard and Bleecker St.; known by this name in 1797.

Catherine Street was the former name of Pearl St. between Broadway and Elm St.; was also called Magazine St.

Cato's Lane started at the Eastern Post Road, about the present 2nd Ave. between 52nd and 53rd St., and ran southeasterly to the East River at Ave. A between 50th and 51st Sts.

Chapel Street was the former name of West Broadway from Murray to Canal St.; known by this name in 1797; name changed to College Place in 1830.

Chappel Street was the former name of Beekman St.

Charles Alley was the former name of Charles Lane.

Charlotte Street was the former name of Pike St. between Cherry and Division Sts.; was known by this name in 1791.

Chatham Street was the former name of Park Row. This street was originally part of the Bowery; called Chatham St. in 1774, changed to Park Row in 1886.

Cheapside was the former name of Hamilton St. between Catherine and Market Sts.; was known by this name in 1797; name changed to Hamilton St. on Aug. 27, 1827.

Chestnut Street was the former name of Howard St. between Broadway and Mercer Sts.; known in 1807 as Hester St.

Chester Street was the former name of West 4th St. between Bank and Christopher Sts.

Chrystie Street was the former name of Cherry St.

Church Lane was one of the first streets laid out in the village of Harlem, it ran from 117th St. between 3rd and 4th Aves. northerly to 120th St., then northeasterly, crossing 3rd Ave. at 121st St., 2nd Ave. at 123rd St. and ending at the Harlem River between 125th and 126th Sts.

Church Street was the former name of Exchange Place between Broadway and William St.

Clenderring's Lane was a country road which started in Central Park about on line with 6th Ave. and 105th St. and ran westerly along the southerly side of 105th St. to the middle of the block between Columbus and Amesterdam Ave., then southwesterly to the Bloomingdale Road, at about a point fifty feet south of 103rd St.

Clermont Street was the former name of Mercer St.; known in 1797 as First St. and since 1807 as Mercer St.

Clermont Street was the former name of Hester St. between Center St. and Broadway and of Howard St. between Broadway and Mercer St.

Clinton Place was the former name of West 8th St., from Broadway to 6th Ave.

Colden Street was the former name of Duane St., from Lafayette to Rose St.; known by this name in 1803.

College Place was the former name of West Broadway from Barclay to Warren Sts.; known in 1755 as Chapel St.; name changed to College Pl. in 1830.

Collet Street was the former name of Center St. from Hester to Pearl Sts.; known by this name in 1807 to 1817.

Columbia Place was the former name of a part of 8th St.

Columbia Street was the former name of Grove St.; was also called Burrows and Cozine Sts.

Columbia Street was the former name of Jersey St.

Commerce Street was the former name of Barrow St.

Commons Street. Park Row was so called at one time.

Broad Street near Beaver, showing old Dutch cottages built in 1698; destroyed in the fire of 1835.

Concord Street was the former name of West Broadway from Canal to 4th Sts.

Congress Place was the former name of an Alley in the rear of No. 4 Congress St.

Coopers Street was the former name of Fletcher St.

Cop Street was the former name of State St.

Cornelia Street was the former name of West 12th St. between Greenwich Ave. and Hudson St.

Cottage Place was the former name of East 3rd St. between Avenue B and C.

Cottage Row was the former name of 4th Ave. between 18th and 19th Sts.

Crabapple Street was the former name of Pike St.

Cropsie Street was the former name of State St.

Cozine Street was the former name of Grove St.

Cross Street was the former name of Park St.

Crown Point Street was the former name of Grand St. from the Bowery to the East River.

Crown Point Street was the former name of Corlears St.

Crown Point Street was the former name of Water St. between Montgomery St. and the East River.

Crown Street was the former name of Park St.; known in 1797 as Cross St.

Crown Street was the former name of Liberty St.; it was laid out about 1690; at one time called Tienhoven St.; name changed to Liberty St. in 1783.

Custom House St. was the former name of Pearl St., between Whitehall St. and Hanover Square.

David Street was the former name of Bleecker St., between Broadway and Hancock St.; name changed in 1829.

David Street was the former name of Clarkson St. between Varrick and Hudson Sts.

Decatur Place was the former name of 7th St. between 1st Ave. and Avenue A.

Depau Row was the former name of Bleecker St. between Thompson and Sullivan Sts.

Desbrosses Street was the former name of Grand St. between Broadway and Varrick St.

Dirty Lane was the former name of South William St. This street was opened about 1656 and was called by the Dutch Slyck Steegh, meaning Dirty Lane. In 1674 it was called Mill Street Lane; name changed to South William St. about 1832.

Division Street was the former name of Fulton St. between Broadway and West. St.

Dixson's Row was the name given to a part of 110th St. between 8th and Columbus Ave.

Dock Street was the former name of Pearl St. between Whitehall St. and Hanover Square.

Dock Street was the former name of Water St. between Coenties Slip and Beekman St.

Dommic Street was the former name of Dowling St.

Donovan's Lane was near No. 474 Pearl St.

Duggan Street was the former name of Canal St. between Center and West Sts.

Duke Street was the former name of Stone St. During the Dutch times a part was known as Brouwers Straet, and another part as Hoogh Straet; in 1674 was known as High St. and a part as Stone St. In 1691 it was called Duke St. and since 1797 has been known as Stone St. This street was the first to be paved with stone in the City.

Duke Street was the former name of Vanderwater St.; it was known by this name in 1755.

Duncomb Place was the former name of East 128th St. between 2nd and 3rd Aves.

Dunscombe Place was the former name of East 50th St. between 1st Ave. and Beekman Place.

Dunham Place was the former name of an Alley running south from 142 West 33rd St., now closed.

Dwar's Street was the former name of Exchange Place between Broadway and Broad St.

Dyes Street. Dey Street was so called in 1767.

Eagle Street was the former name of Hester St.; it was laid out about 1750; known in 1755 as Hester St.; in 1766 as Eagle St., and since 1807 as Eagle St.

East Bank Street was an old road in Greenwich Village; it ran from 7th and Greenwich Ave. northeasterly to the Union Road in the block now bounded by 6th and 7th Aves., 13th and 14th Sts.

East Court was in West 22nd St. near 6th Ave.; now closed.

East George Street was the former name of Market St.

Eastern Post Road started at the present Broadway and 23rd St. and ran northeasterly across Madison Square to about 30th St. just west of Lexington Ave.; it then ran northerly, parallel to Lexington Ave. to 36th St., there veering easterly, crossing 3rd Ave. at 45th St. and then running northerly, midway between 2nd and 3rd Ave. to 50th St., where it turned northeasterly. Crossing 2nd Ave. at 52nd St., from there it ran northerly, midway between 1st and 2nd Aves. At 57th St. it turned slightly westerly, crossing 2nd Ave. at 62nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, and Lexington Ave. at 76th St. It then ran northerly and northeasterly, recrossing Lexington Ave. at 77th St., then northeasterly, northerly and northwesterly, crossing 5th Ave. at 90th St., then northerly through

Broad Street from Pearl north to the Sub-Treasury, 1869.

Central Park, recrossing 5th Ave. at 109th St., 4th Ave. at 115th St., then northeasterly between 3rd and 4th Ave. to the Harlem River at 130th St. and 3rd Ave. This road was also called the Boston Post Road. It was closed in 1839.

East Place formerly ran in the rear of Nos. 184-186 East 3rd St., between Avenue B and C.

East Road was the former name of 4th Ave. between 37th and 90th Sts.

East Street was the former name of Mangin St.

East Tompkins Place was the former name of East 11th St. between Ave. A and B.

Eden Street was the former name of Morton St. between Bedford and Bleeker Sts. It was also called Arden St.

Eden's Alley; see Ryder's Alley.

Edgar Street was the former name of Morris St.

Edgars Alley was the former name of Exchange Alley.

Eighth Street was the former name of Hancock St.

Elbow Street was the former name of Cliff St.

Eliza Street was the former name of Waverly Place.

Eliza Street was a country road on the Kips Bay Farm. It started in the block bounded by 2nd and 3rd Aves., 28th and 29th Sts., and ran northeasterly, crossing 2nd Ave. at 35th St. and ended at 39th St., between 1st and 2nd Aves. It ran at right angle to two other old roads; Kips Bay St. and Maria St.

Ellet's or Elliotts Alley was the name by which Mill Lane was known in about 1664.

Elm Street was the former name of Lafayette St. between Worth and Spring Sts.

Erie Place was the former name of Duane St. between Washington and West Sts.

Exchange Court was in the rear of No. 74 Exchange Place.

Exchange Street was the former name of Beaver St. between William and Pearl Sts.

Exchange Street was the former name of Whitehall St.

Exchange Street was the former name of Marketfield St. In 1791 was called Petticoat Lane.

Extra Place was an alley which ran north from 1st St. between the Bowery and 2nd Ave.

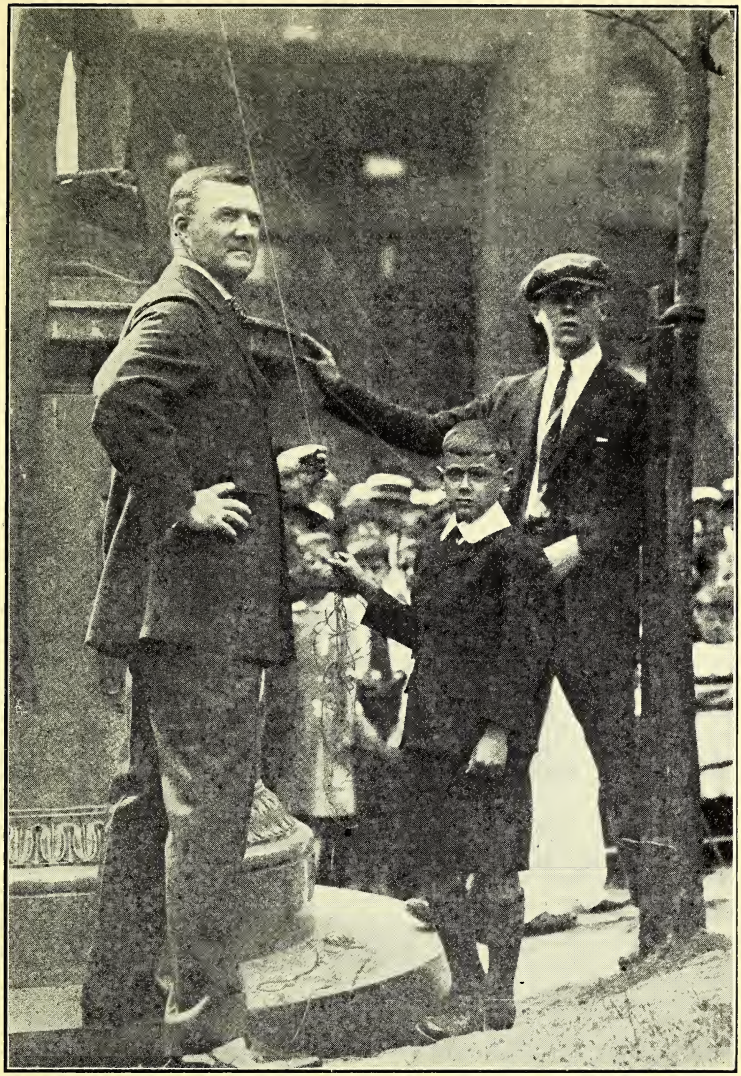
Factory Street was the former name of Waverly Place between Christopher and Bank Sts. It was also called Catherine St.

Fair Street was the former name of Fulton St. from Broadway to the Hudson River, east of Broadway it was called Partition St. It was laid out about 1720.

Farlow's Court was formerly in the rear of Nos. 153, 155, 157, 159 and 161 Worth St.

Fayette Street was the former name of Oliver St. It was known as Oliver St. since 1825. From Park Row to Madison Sts.

Feitner's Lane, see Verdant Lane.
Ferry Street was the former name of Bayard St.
Ferry Street was the former name of Peck Slip.
Ferry Street was the former name of Jackson St. between Division and Cherry Sts.; was known by this name in 1807; was also called Ferry Place.
Ferry Street was the former name of Scamel St.
Field Street, Fieldmarket Street were the former names of Marketfield St.
Fir Street ran from Grand St. to the East River between Scammel and Jackson Sts., now closed, it was also called Bar St.
Fifth Street was the former name of Orchard St.
Fifth Street was the former name of Thompson St.
Fifth Street was the former name of Washington St.
First Street was the former name of Christie St. from Division to Houston St. was known by this name in 1766.
First Street was the former name of Merces St. was called Clermont St. in 1797; since 1807 known as Mercer St.
First Street was a former name of Greenwich St.
Fisher's Court was in the rear of Nos. 22, 24 and 26 Oak Street, between Roosevelt and James Sts.
Fisher Street was the former name of Bayard St., from the Bowery to Division St., known by this name in 1755; since 1807 known as Bayard St.
Fitzroy Place was the former name of West 28th St. between 8th and 9th Aves.
Fitzroy Road, see Roy Road.
Flattenbarrack Street was one of the former names of Exchange Place, between Broadway and Broad St., it was known by this name in 1728.
Fourth Street was the former name of Allen St. between Division and Houston Sts.
Fourth Street was the former name of West Broadway between Canal and West 4th Streets.
Franklin Terrace was in the rear of No. 364 West 36th St.
French Church Street was the former name of Pine Street between Broadway and William St.
Front Street was the former name of Greenwich St.
Fulton Street was a former name of Nassau St.
Garden Lane was the former name of Exchange Alley; was also known as Tin Pot Alley.
Garden Row was the former name of Nos. 140 to 158 West 11th St.
Garden Street was one of the former names of Exchange Place. This Street was laid out during the Dutch rule and was called by them Tuyn (Garden) Straet; in 1691 it was known as Church St., in 1728 as Garden St. and a part as Flattenbarrack; in 1797 it was all called Garden St.



Unveiling of re-located statue of Nathan Hale, City Hall Park, June 14, 1922. From the left, George A. Zabriskie, John Hone Bartol, grandson of John Hone, great-great-nephew of Philip Hone, Gouverneur Kimball Depeyster.

Garden Street was the former name of Cherry St. from Montgomery to Corlaers Sts.

Gardiner Street was the former name of Tompkins St.

Gen. Greene Street was the former name of Governeur St.

George Street was the former name of Beekman St.

George Street was the former name of Bleeker St. between Hancock and Bank Sts.

George Street was the former name of Hudson St.

George Street was the former name of Market St. between Division and Cherry Sts. It was known by this name in 1791.

George Street was the former name of Park St.

George Street was the former name of Rose St.

George Street was the former name of Spruce St. It was laid out about 1725 as George St.; in 1817 it was known as Little George St.

Germain Street was the former name of Carmine St.

Gibb Alley ran from Madison St., between Oliver and James Sts., northwesterly about one-half a block.

Gilbert Street was the former name of Barrow St. between Bleeker and West 4th Sts.

Gilford Place was the former name of East 44th St. between 3rd and Lexington Ave.

Glassmakers Street, Glazier Street, was a former name of William St. between Pearl and Wall Sts.

Glover Place was one of the former names of Thompson St. between Spring and Prince Sts.

Golden Hill was the former name of John St. between William and Pearl Sts.

Grand Avenue was the former name of 125th St.

Great Dock Street was one of the former names of Pearl St. This street was known in 1657 as Pearl St.; in the same year was also known as Hoogh St. and the Waal; in 1691 as Great Dock and Great Queen Sts.; in 1728 as Queen St.; in 1728 as Queen St. in 1797 it was known as Pearl St. as far north as Park Row, the rest being called Magazine St. Since 1807 the entire street has been known as Pearl St.

Great George Street was the name Broadway, north of the City Hall Park, was known by in 1791.

Great Kiln Road see Southampton Road.

Green Alley or Lane was the former name of Liberty Place.

Greenwich Lane was the former name of Gansevoort and Greenwich Ave.

Greenwich Street, Washington St. was called by this name at one time.

Green Street was a former name of Liberty St.

Garry Place was the former name of West 35th St. between 7th and 8th Aves.

Hamilton Place was the former name of West 51st St. between Broadway and 8th Ave.

Hammersly Street was the former name of West Houston Street between Macdougal St. and the Hudson River.

Hammond Street was the former name of West 11th St. between Greenwich Ave. and the Hudson River.

Hanson Place was the former name of 2nd Ave. between 124th and 125th Sts.

Harlem Lane. The present St. Nicholas Ave. from 110th to 123rd Sts. was called by this name; it was part of the Kingsbridge Road.

Harlem Road (The Old) was a country road leading to the Village of Harlem; it started at the junction of the Eastern Post Road in the Central Park about on a line of 108th St. and between 5th and Lenox Ave. running northeasterly; crossing Madison Ave. at between 113th and 114th Sts., Park Ave. between 115th and 116th Sts., Lexington Ave. between 117th and 118th Sts.; 2nd Ave. at 123rd St.; 1st Ave. at 125th St., and ending at the Harlem River at the foot of 126th St.

Harlem Road started at the Eastern Post Road, about the present 95th St. between Madison and 5th Ave. and ran northeasterly, crossing Madison Ave. at 99th St.; Park Ave. at 108th St., Lexington Ave. at 116th St. and ending at the Harlem River at 129th St.

Harmon Street was the former name of East Broadway; it was originally a lane, known as Love Lane that led to the Rutger's Farm.

Harsen's Lane was a country road which connected the Village of Harsenville (70th St. & Broadway) with the eastern part of the Island; it commenced at the Bloomingdale Road (the present Broadway) between 71st and 72nd Sts. and ran easterly about on line of the present 71st and ended at the Middle Road; the present 5th Ave. and 71st St.

Hazard Street was the former name of King St.

Heer Graft (High Ditch) was the name given by the Dutch to the present Broad St. between Beaver and Pearl Sts. in 1657; it was one of the earliest streets laid out in the City, and received its name on account of the narrow Canal which ran through the center. This canal was filled in about 1676 and the street was called Broad St.; it was sometimes spelled Heeren Gracht.

Heere Straet, Heere Wegh, Heere Waage Wegh, were the Dutch names for the present Broadway between Bowling Green and the City Hall Park.

Hell Gate Ferry Road was a country road which ran from the East River at the foot of 90th St. southwesterly, joining the Eastern Post Road at Madison Ave. and 82nd St.

PINE STREET EAST FROM BROADWAY, 1880. NOW SITE OF EQUITABLE BUILDING.

Hereweg. The Dutch name of the present Park Row from Broadway to Chambers St.

Herman Place was in the rear of Nos. 194, 196, 198 Fourth St. between Avenues A and B.

Henry Street was the former name of Perry St.

Herring Street was the former name of Bleecker St. between Carmine and Banks Sts.; known by this name in 1817; name changed to Bleecker St. in 1829.

Herring Street was the former name of Mercer St.

Hester Court was formerly in the rear of No. 101 Hester St.

Hester Street was the former name of Howard St.

Hett Street, Hetty Street, were the former names of Charlton St.

Hevins Street was the former name of Broome St. between Broadway and Hudson Sts.; was also known as St. Hevins St.

High Street was the former name of Madison St. from Montgomery to Grand Sts.

High Street was the former name of Stone St.; known by this name in 1674.

Hoboken Street formerly ran from No. 474 Washington St. west to West St., now a part of Canal St.

Hoogh Straet (High Street) was the name of Stone St. east of Broad St. prior to 1664.

Hoppers Lane was a country road which ran from the Bloomingdale Road (the present Broadway), just south of 51st St. westerly to the Hudson River at the foot of 53rd St.

Horse and Cart Lane was the name of part of William St.

Houston Street was the former name of Prince St. between Broadway and Hancock St.

Hubert Street was the former name of York St.

Hudson Place was the former name of West 24th St. between 8th and 9th Aves.

Hudson Street was the former name of West Houston Street between Broadway and Hancock St.

Hull Street was the former name of Bridge St. between Whitehall and Broad Sts.; known as Bridge St. in 1676; Hull St. in 1681; and Bridge St. since 1728.

Jackson Avenue was the former name of University Place.

Jackson Place was an alley which ran north from No. 16 Downing St.; now called Downing Place.

Jauncey Lane was a country road which started between 93rd and 94th Sts., just west of West End Ave., and ran easterly crossing 8th Ave. at 94th St. and ending at the Eastern Post Road; about the present line of 96th St. between 5th and 6th Aves.

Jauncey Court was in the rear of Nos. 37, 39 and 41 Wall St.

Jew's Alley was the former name of South William St. between Broad Street and Mill Lane.

Jew's Alley formerly ran from Madison St. between Oliver and James Sts.

Jone's Court was in the rear of Nos. 48, 50 Wall St.

Jones Street was the former name of Great Jones St.

Judith Street was the former name of Grand St. between the Bowery and Center St.

King Street was the former name of Pine St. It was laid out about 1691 and was known as Queen St.; known in 1728 as King St.; name changed to Pine St. in 1793.

King Street was the former name of William St. between Hanover Square and Wall St.

King George Street was the former name of William St. from Frankfort St. easterly to Pearl St.; known by this name in 1755.

Kingsbridge Road branched off from the Eastern Post Road a little north of McGowns Pass, about the present line of 108th St. between 5th and Lenox Aves., and ran northwesterly along the present St. Nicholas Ave. to 169th St., from there it followed along the present Broadway to the Harlem River, crossing the river on the old Kingsbridge.

Kingsbridge Road. There was a second road known by this name which started in the Village of Harlem; about the present Sylvian Place, between 3rd and Lexington Aves., 120th and 121st Sts., and ran northwesterly to 124th St. and Park Ave., then along 124th St. to the west line of Mount Morris Park, continuing northwesterly to 127th St. between Lenox and 7th Aves., then southwesterly to a point in the block bounded by Lenox and 7th Aves., 126th and 127th Sts., then northwesterly to St. Nicholas Ave. between 131st and 132nd Sts., where it joined the other Kingsbridge Road.

Kings Road was the former name of Pearl St. between Franklin Square and Park Row.

Kings Highway was one of the former names of Park Row and the Bowery.

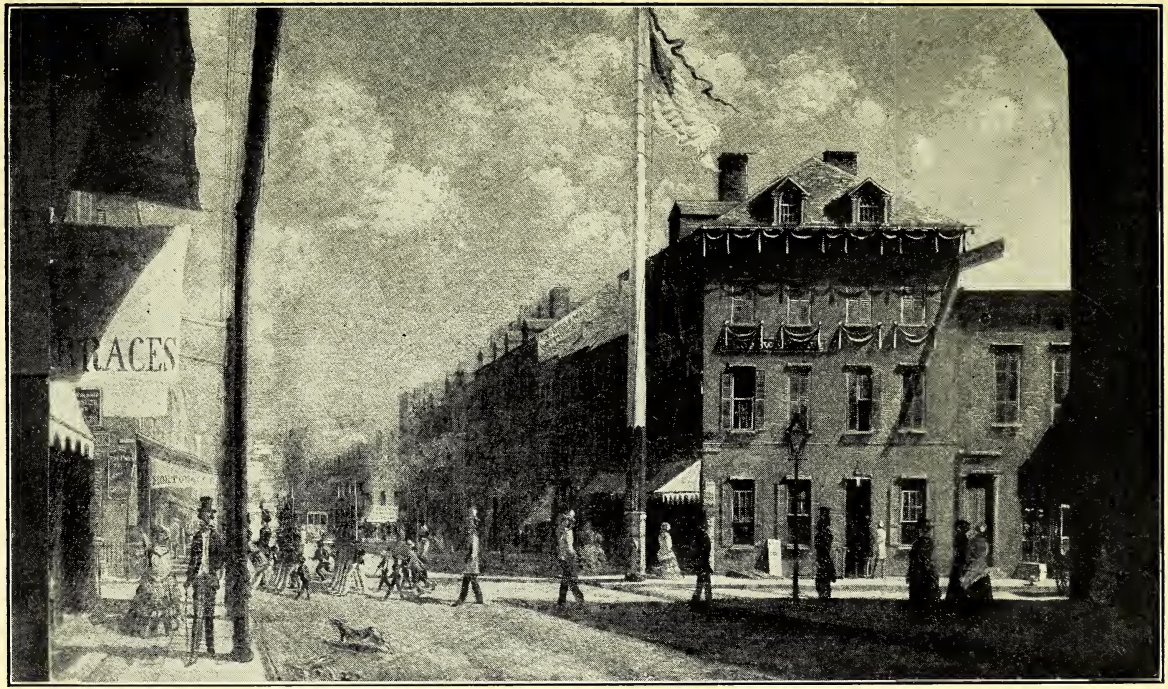
Kip Street was the former name of Nassau St. between Maiden Lane and Spruce St.

Kips Bay Street was a country road which started at the Eastern Post Road, the present Madison Ave. and 35th St. and ran southeasterly, crossing 2nd Ave. at 34th St. and ended at the East River at the foot of 34th St.

Knapp Place was formerly in the rear of No. 412 East 10th St. between Avenue C and Dry Dock Street.

Koninck Street was a former name of Pine St.

Lafayette Place was the former name of Lafayette Street, between Great Jones St. and 8th St. It was opened July 4, 1826.



Collection New York Historical Society.

Broadway House, Broadway at Grand Street, about 1840.

Lamartine Place was the former name of West 29th St. between 8th and 9th Aves.

Lambert Street was the former name of Church St. between Edgar and Liberty Sts.

Laurens Street was the former name of West Broadway, between Canal and 4th Sts.

Leandert's Place was formerly in the rear of No. 147 Seventh St., between Avenues A and B.

Leary Street was a former name of Cortlandt St.

Leather Street was the former name of Jacob St.

Lenox Place was the former name of 22nd St. between 8th and 9th Aves.

Leroy Place was the former name of Bleeker St. between Mercer and Greene Sts.

Leyden Place was the former name of Fourth Ave. between 11th and 13th Sts.

Liberty Court was formerly in the rear of Nos. 4 and 6 Liberty Place.

Little Street was the former name of Cedar St. between Broadway and the Hudson River.

Little Aim Street was the former name of Elm St. (now Lafayette St.) between Reade and Franklin Sts.

Little Chappel Street was the former name of College Place (now West Broadway) between Barclay and Warren Sts.

Little Division Street was the former name of Church St.

Little Division Street was the former name of Montgomery St.; known by this name in 1766-1767.

Little Dock Street was the former name of Water St. between Broad St. and Old Slip.

Little Dock Street was the former name of South St. between Whitehall St. and Old Slip.

Little George Street was the former name of Spruce St.; known by this name in 1725.

Little Greene St. was the former name of Liberty Place.

Little Queen Street was the former name of Cedar St. It was laid out about 1690 and was known as Smith St.; known in 1728 as Little Queen St.; known since 1793 as Cedar St.

Little Stone Street was the former name of Thames St.; known by this name in 1766; known since 1791 as Thames St.

Little Water Street was the former name of Mission Place.

Locust Street was the former name of Sullivan St.

Lombard Street, Lombardy Street, were the former names of Monroe St.; known in 1791 as Rutgers St.; name changed to Monroe St. Jan. 10, 1831.

London Terrace was the former name of the north side of 23rd St. between 9th and 10th Aves.

Lorillard Place was the former name of Washington St. between Charles and Perry Sts.

Louisa Street. Kips Bay Farm was a country road which rna from the Eastern Post Road about the present Lexington Ave. and 32nd St. southeasterly, crossing 2nd Ave. at 31st St. and ending at the East River at the foot of 30th St.

Love Lane, also called the Abingdon Road, was a country road which commenced at the Roy Road; about the present 8th Ave. and 21st St. and ran easterly on about the line of the Eastern Post Road at the present 3rd Ave. and 23rd St.

Love Lane was a country road which ran from Chatham Square easterly to the Rutgers Farm, about the line of the present West Broadway.

Lowe's Lane was a country road which commenced at the Eastern Post Road about the present 41st St., slightly east of Lexington Ave. and ran westerly crossing the Middle Road (5th Ave.) at 42nd St. and ending at the Bloomingdale Road (present Broadway), between 43rd and 44th Sts.

Low Water Street was the former name of Washington St. between Battery Place and West Houston St.

Low Water Street was the former name of Water St. between Broad and Wall Sts.

Ludlow Place was the former name of West Houston St. between Sullvan and Macdougal Sts.

Lumber Street was the former name of Trinity Place between Morris and Liberty Sts.

Lumber Street was the former name of Monroe St.

Maagde Paetge (Maidens Path) was the name of Maiden Lane during the time of the Dutch.

Madison Court was formerly in the rear of No. 219 Madison St.

Maiden Lane was a country lane in the block now bounded by Broadway, Amsterdam Ave., 160th and 161st St.

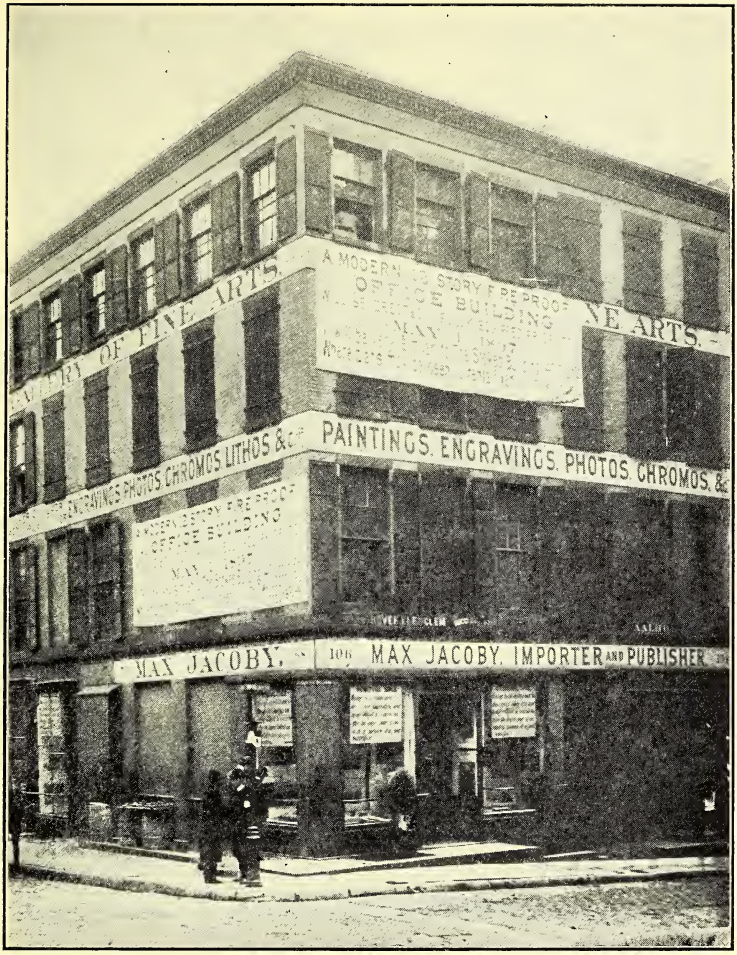
Magazine Street was the former name of Pearl St. between Park Row and Broadway.

Manhattan Avenue was the former name of 5th Ave.

Manhattan Road was a country road which commenced at the Kingsbridge Road; about the present Lexington Ave. and 121st St. and ran southwesterly to a point in the block bounded by Park and Madison Aves., 118th and 119th Sts., then northwesterly, crossing 5th Ave. at 119th St., 6th Ave. between 120th and 121st Sts., 7th Ave. between 121st and 122nd Sts., to a point on the north side of 122nd St. about 200 ft. east of 8th Ave., then southwesterly to 8th Ave. about one-half way between 121st and 122nd Sts.

Mansfield Place was the former name of West 51st St. between 8th and 9th Aves.

Margaret Street was the former name of Cherry St.



William and John Streets, 1897, showing the establishment of a well-known publisher and dealer in engravings, water colors, etc. Site of the present Woodbridge Building, No. 100 William Street, centre of the insurance district.

Margaret Street was the former name of Willett St.

Maria Street. Kips Bay Farm was the name of a country road which started from a point in the block bounded by 2nd and 3rd Aves., 29th and 30th Sts., and ran southeasterly to the East River between 28th and 29th Sts.

Marion Street was the former name of Cleveland Place and Lafayette St. between Broome and Prince Sts.

Market Street was the former name of South William St.

Marketfield Street was the former name of Battery Place between Broadway and Hudson River.

Martin Terrace was the former name of East 30th St. between 2nd and 3rd Aves.

Mary Street was the former name of Christopher St. between Greenwich Ave. and Waverly Pl.

Mary Street was the former name of Baxter St. between Leonard and Grand Sts.

Mary Street was the former name of Cleveland Pl. and Lafayette St. between Broome and Prince Sts.

Meadow Street was the former name of Grand St. between Broadway and Sullivan St.

Mechanics Alley formerly ran from No. 72 Monroe St. south to Cherry St. between Market and Pike Sts.; now the site of the Brooklyn Bridge approach.

Mechanics Place formerly ran from the east side of Avenue A, between 2nd and 3rd Sts.

Meek's Court was formerly in the rear of 55 Broad St.

Merchants Court was in the rear of No. 48 Broad St.

Merchants Place formerly ran in the rear of No. 28 Avenue A. between 2nd and 3rd Sts.

Mechanics Place formerly ran in the rear of Rivington St. between Lewis and Goerck Sts.

Merchant Street was the former name of Beaver St.

Messier's Alley was the former name of Cuyler's Alley.

Middle Road was a country road which started at the Eastern Post Road, about the present 4th Ave., between 28th and 29th Sts., and ran northwesterly, crossing Madison Ave. at 35th St. At 5th Ave. and 42nd St. (Burr's Corners) it turned northerly along the line of 5th Ave. to 90th St., where it terminated at the Eastern Post Road.

Middle Street was the former name of Monroe St. from Montgomery to Corlaer Sts.

Mill Street was the former name of Stone St.

Mill Street was the former name of South William St. between Broad St. and Mill Lane.

Miller Place was formerly in the rear of No. 4 Macdougal St.

Milligan Place was formerly in the rear of No. 139 Sixth Ave. between 10th and 11th Sts.

Millward Place was formerly the name of West 31st St. between 8th and 9th Aves.

Mitchell Place was the former name of the north side of East 49th St. between 1st Ave. and Beekman Place.

Monroe Place was the former name of Monroe St. between Montgomery and Gouverneur Sts.

Moore's Row was formerly between Catherine and Market Sts. and ran from Henry to Madison Sts.

Monument Lane was a country road leading to Greenwich Village. It started at the Bowery and Astor Place and ran easterly, then northeasterly, following the present Greenwich Ave.; which is a part of the old road; and ended at Ganse-voort St.

Mortkile Street was the former name of Barclay St.

Morton Street was the former name of Clarkson St. between Varrick and Hudson Sts.

Mott's Lane, see Hopper's Lane.

Mustary Street was the former name of Mulberry St. between Park Row and Park St.

Neilson Place was the former name of Mercer St. between Waverly Place and 8th St.

New Street was the former name of Nassau St.

New Street was the former name of Staple St.

Nicholas Street was the former name of Walker St. between Canal St. and West Broadway.

Nicholas Street was the former name of Canal St. between Baxter and Division Sts.

Nieuw Straet was the Dutch name of New Street.

North Street was the former name of East Houston St. between the Bowery and the East River; name was changed in 1833.

Nyack Place was formerly in the rear of No. 31 Bethune St.

Ogden Street was the former name of Perry St.

Old Street was former name of Mott St. between Park Row and Park St.

Old Kiln Road, see Southampton Road.

Old Windmill Lane, see Windmill Lane.

Oliver Street was the former name of Spring St. between the Bowery and Broadway.

Orange Street was the former name of Baxter St. between Park Row and Grand St.

Orange Street was the former name of Cliff St.

Orchard Street was the former name of Broome St. west of Broadway.

Otters Alley formerly ran from Thompson to Sullivan Sts. between Broome and Grand Sts.

Oyster Pasty Alley was the former name of Exchange Alley, was also known as Tin Pot Alley.

WALL STREET LOOKING UP FROM PEARL STREET TO TRINITY CHURCH IN 1881. ALMOST EVERY BUILDING HAS NOW BEEN DEMOLISHED AND REPLACED BY IMPOSING NEW BUILDINGS.

Pacific Place was formerly in the rear of No. 133 West 39th St.

Park Street was the former name of Park Row between Ann and Beekman Sts.

Passage Place was the former name of Peck Slip.

Partition Street was the former name of Fulton St. between Broadway to the Hudson River; east of Broadway this street was called Fair St.

Patchin Place was an Alley in the rear of No. 111 West 10th St.

Petticoat Lane was the former name of Marketfield St.; it was known by this name in 1791.

Penn Street was the former name of Pell St.

Petersfield Street was a country road on the Stuyvesant Farm; it started about the present 4th Ave. between 11th and 12th Sts., crossing 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th Sts., 2nd Ave. between 13th and 14th Sts., 1st Ave. at 15th St. and ended in the center of the block bounded by 1st Ave., Ave. A, 15th and 16th Sts.

Pitt Street was the former name of Elm St. (now Lafayette St.) between Hester and Spring St.; known by this name in 1797.

Prince Street was the former name of Rose St.; known by this name in 1766.

Princess Street was the former name of Beaver St. between William and Wall Sts. During the time of the Dutch it was known as Prinsen Straet.

Prospect Street was the former name of Thompson St.

Provost Street was the former name of Franklin St.; known by this name in 1797; known as Sugar Loaf St. in 1807; name changed to Franklin St. in 1833.

Pump Street was the former name of Canal St. It was known by this name in 1797.

Pye Womans Lane, Pie Womans Lane, was the former name of Nassau St. between Wall St. and Maiden Lane.

Quay Street was the former name of Water St. between Whitehall St. and Coenties Slip.

Queen Street was the former name of Pearl St. between Wall St. and Park Row. This street was known by various names at different periods; known in 1657 as Pearl Street; and in part Hoogh Straet and the Waal; in 1691 as Dock St.; and Great Queen St.; in 1728 as Queen St., and since 1797 as Pearl St.

Queene Street was the former name of Cedar St. between William and West Sts.

Queene Street was the former name of Pine St.; was known by this name in 1691; known as King St. in 1728; name changed to Pine St. in 1794.

Quick Street was the former name of East Broadway.

Raison Street, see Reason St.

Randall Place was the former name of West 9th St. between Broadway and University Pl.

Reason Street was the former name of Barrow St. between Bleeker and Bedford Sts.; name changed in 1828.

Renwick Street was the former name of Baxter St. between Canal and Grand Sts.

Rhinelander Alley formerly ran from Greenwich to Washington Sts. between Beach and Hubert Sts.

Rhinelander Lane was a country road which ran from the Hell Gate Ferry Road at the present 2nd Ave. between 86th and 87th St. northeasterly to the south side of 90th St. between 1st Ave. and Ave. A.

Rider Street, Ridder Street, was the former name of Ryder's Alley.

Riker's Lane was a country road which ran from the Eastern Post Road, about the present 3rd Ave. and 76th St. and ran southeasterly, ending at the East River between 74th and 75th Sts.

Rivington Place was formerly in the rear of No. 316 Rivington St.

Roosevelt Lane was a country road which ran from the Old Harlem Road, about the present Lexington Ave. between 116th and 117th Sts., southeasterly, crossing 3rd Ave. at 115th St., 2nd Ave. at 112th St., then northwesterly to a point in the middle of the block bounded by 1st and 2nd Aves., 114th and 115th Sts., then southeasterly to the Harlem River between 110th and 111th Sts.

Rotten Row, Rough Street, Ruff Street, were the former names of Henry St.

Roy Road, FitzRoy Road, was a country road which ran north from Greenwich Village; it started at the Southampton Road about the present 14th St. between 7th and 8th Aves., and ran northwesterly, crossing 8th Ave. at 22nd St., then north, parallel with and a little west of 8th Ave. and ending at a cross road about the present 42nd St. midway between 8th and 9th Aves. 9th Ave. was closed from 23rd to 42nd Sts. on Oct. 26, 1832.

Robinson Street was the former name of Park Place.

Rosylyn Place was the former name of Greene St. between West 3rd and West 4th Sts.

Rudder Street was the former name of Ryder's Alley.

Russell Place was the former name of Greenwich Avenue between Charles and Perry Sts.

Rutger's Hill was the former name of Gold St. between Maiden Lane and John St.

Rutger's Place was the former name of Monroe St. between Clinton and Jefferson Sts.

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WALL STREET LOOKING WEST FROM HANOVER STREET TO TRINITY CHURCH. MORE PPOMINENT FINANCIAL FIRMS ARE INCLUDED IN THIS SHORT SPACE THAN IN ALMOST ANY OTHER LOCALITY KNOWN. DRAWN FROM LIFE BY J. McA. SMILEY.

Rutgers Street was the former name of Oak St.; known by this name in 1755.

Ryndert Street, Rindert Street, was the former name of Center St. between Canal and Broome St.; known in 1797 as Potters Hill; known in 1807 as Collect St.; known in 1817 as Ryndert St.

Sackett Street was the former name of Cherry St.

St. Clamment's Place was the former name of Macdougal St. between Houston and Bleeker Sts.

St. David Street was one of the former names of Bleeker St.

St. Hevins Street was the former name of Broome St. between Broadway and Hudson St.; was known in 1755 as St. Hevins St.; known in 1766 as Bullock St.; known in 1797 in part as Bullock St. and in part as William St., and in part as Orchard St.; known since 1807 as Broome St.

St. Johns Street was the former name of John St.

St. Marks Place was the former name of East 8th St.

St. Nicholas Street was the former name of Walker St. between Canal St. and West Broadway.

St. Nicholas Street was the former name of Canal St. between Walker St. and the Bowery.

St. Peters Place was the former name of Church St. between Vesey and Barclay St.

Schaape Waytie (The Sheep Pasture) was the Dutch name of Broad St. between Beaver and Wall Sts.

Scott Street was the former name of West 12th St. between Greenwich Ave. and Hudson St.: was also known as Troy St. and Abingdon Place.

Scott's Alley formerly ran south from No. 71 Franklin St. to White St.

Second Street was the former name of Greene St.

Second Street was the former name of Forsythe St.

Seventh Street was the former name of Macdougal St.

Seventh Street Place was a short alley, seven houses long, in the rear of No. 185 Seventh St.

Shinbone Alley was the former name of Washington Mews; was also known as Washington Alley.

Sixth Street was the former name of Sullivan St.

Sixth Street was the former name of Waverly Place, between Broadway and Macdougal St.

Sixth Street was the former name of Ludlow St. It was known by this name in 1797.

Skinner Road was the former name of Christopher St.

Skinner Street was the former name of Cliff St. between Ferry and Hague Sts.; known by this name in 1755; known since 1791 as Cliff St.

Slaughter House Lane, Slaughter House Street, Sloat Lane, were the former names of Beaver St. between William and Pearl Sts.; name changed to Beaver St. Dec. 25, 1825.

Slyck Steegh ("Dirty Lane") was the Dutch name of a lane which was afterwards widened and is now South William St. In 1657 known as Slyck Steegh; in 1674, Mill Street Lane; in 1691, Mill Lane.

Smell Street Lane was the former name of Broad St. between Exchange Place and Wall St.

Smith Court was a short alley which formerly ran from Congress St.

Smith Street, Smee Straet, Smeedes Straet, Smit Street, were the former names of William St. between Wall and Pearl Sts.

Smith Street was the former name of Cedar St. between William and West Sts.; known in 1691 as Smith St.; known in 1728 as Little Queen St.; known since 1794 as Cedar St.

Smith Street was the former name of East Broadway.

Smith Street Lane was the former name of Beaver St. between William and Broad Sts.

Smith Street Valley, Smith's Vall, Smith's Valley, Smith's Vly, were the former names of Pearl St. between Wall St. and Peck Slip.

Southampton Road, Great Kiln Road, was the principal road leading north from Greenwich Village. It started at Gansevoort St., this street being part of the original road; from the present easterly end of Gansevoort St. it ran northeasterly, crossing 8th Ave. at 14th St., 7th Ave. between 15th and 16th Sts., 6th Ave. at 17th St., then running northerly, just east of 6th Ave., and ending at Love Lane, about the present 21st St. a little east of 6th Ave.

South Fifth Avenue was the former name of West Broadway between Canal St. and Washington Sq.

Spencer Place was the former name of West 4th St. between Christopher and West 10th Sts.

Spingler Place was the former name of East 15th St. between Broadway and 5th Ave.

Stadt Huy Lane was the Dutch name of Coenties Alley.

Stanton Place was an alley formerly in the rear of No. 6 Stanton St.

Stewart Street formerly ran from Broadway between 30th and 31st Sts., southwesterly to a point in the block bounded by 6th Ave. and 7th Ave., 28th and 29th Sts.

Stillwell's Lane was a country road which started at the Bloomingdale Road (the present Broadway) and 87th St. and ran easterly, about 150 feet east of Amsterdam Ave. it turned southerly, turning again easterly between 85th and 86th Sts., and ended in the present Central Park on a line with 7th Ave. and 86th St.

Broadway at Wall Street (1885). First National Bank building opposite Trinity Church. A typical quiet Sunday scene, as compared with the turmoil of a busy weekday.

Stone Street was the former name of Pearl St.

Stone Street was the former name of Thames St.

Stone Bridge Street was one of the former names of Broadway.

Strand, The, was the name of the north side of Pearl St. between Broad St. and Old Slip; was known by this name when Pearl St. was fronting on the East River.

Striker's Lane, see Hopper's Lane.

Stueben Street formerly ran from the Eastern Post Road and 41st St. northwesterly to the Albany Road between 43rd and 44th Sts.

Stuyvesant Place was the former name of 2nd Ave. between 7th and 10th Sts.

Stuyvesant Street. The present street of this name, which now ends at 2nd Ave., formerly continued northeasterly, crossing 1st Ave. between 12th and 13th Sts., Ave. A at 14th St., and ended at the East River about the present 15th St. between Avenues A and B.

Sugar Loaf Street was the former name of Franklin St. between Broadway and Baxter St.; was known by this name in 1807.

Suice Straet was the Dutch name of William St. between Hanover Square and William Sts.

Susan Street was a country road in the Kip's Bay Farm. It ran from the Eastern Post Road, the present Lexington Ave., between 38th and 39th Sts. southeasterly, crossing 38th St. between 2nd and 3rd Aves., and ending at the East River between 37th and 38th Sts.

Third Street was the former name of Wooster St.

Third Street was the former name of Eldridge St.

Thomas Street was the former name of Duane St. between Elm and Rose Sts.

Thomas Street was the former name of Pearl St. between Broadway and Park Row.

Thomas Street was the former name of William St. between Frankfort and Pearl Sts.

Thomas Street was the former name of Thames St.

Thompson's Court was an Alley which formerly ran from No. 363 Rivington St.

Tienhoven Street was the former name of Liberty St.; known in 1691 as Crown St.; name changed to Liberty St. in 1794.

Tienhoven Street was the former name of Pine St.

Tin Pot Alley was the former name of Exchange Alley; was also known as Oyster Pasty Alley.

Tompkin's Place was the former name of East 10th St. between Greenwich Ave. and the Hudson River.

Torbet Street was a country road on the Rutger's Farm; it ran from Henry to Madison Sts. between Catherine and Market Sts.

Troy Street was the former name of West 12th St. between Greenwich Ave. and the Hudson River.

Tulip Street was a country road on the Glass House Farm. It ran from 34th St. between 10th and 11th Aves. southerly to a point in the block bounded by 9th and 10th Aves., between 32nd and 33rd Sts.

Turin Lane was a country road which ran from the Bloomingdale Road (Broadway) between 93rd and 94th Sts. and ran easterly, ending at the Eastern Post Road, about the present 96th St.

Tuyn Straet was the name given to the present Exchange Place by the Dutch.

Tyron Row formerly ran from Center St. to Park Row on the ground now occupied by the south end of the Municipal Building.

Union Court was formerly on University Place between 12th and 13th Sts.

Union Place was the former name of the west side of 4th Ave. and the east side of Broadway between 14th and 17th Sts.

Union Road formerly ran from the Skinner Road, in the block bounded by 5th and 6th Aves., 11th and 12th Sts., northwesterly to the Southampton Road at 7th Ave. and 15th St.

Union Street was the former name of Greene St.

Van Bruggen Street was the former name of Pine St.

Van Nest Place was the former name of Charles St. between 4th and Bleeker Sts.

Varrick Place was the former name of Sullivan St. between Houston and Bleeker Sts.

Verdant Lane; also called Feitners Lane; was a country road which started at the Bloomingdale Road (Broadway) between 45th and 46th Sts., and ran northwesterly crossing 8th Ave. between 46th and 47th Sts., 9th Ave. between 47th and 48th Sts., 10th Ave. between 48th and 49th Sts., 11th Ave. between 49th and 50th Sts., and ended at the Hudson River between 49th and 50th Sts.

Village Street was the former name of West Houston St. between Macdougal St. and the East River.

Walker Street was the former name of Canal St. between Baxter and Ludlow Sts.

Warren Place was the former name of Charles St. between Greenwich Ave. and Waverly Place.

Warren Road was a country road in Greenwich Village which ran from the Southampton Road to Love Lane, from the present 16th to 21st Sts. between 6th and 7th Aves.

Warren Street was the former name of Clinton St.

Walnut Street was the former name of Jackson St.

Washington Alley was the former name of Washington Mews.

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Looking south on Nassau Street from new Federal Reserve Bank building, at Maiden Lane. Liberty Tower, National Bank of Commerce, Equitable Building and Hanover Bank shown at right.

Washington Street was the former name of Jefferson St.
Weasver Street was the former name of Vesey St.
Wendel Street was the former name of Oak St.
Wesley Place was the former name of Mulberry St. between Houston and Bleeker Sts.
West Court was formerly in the rear of No. 66 West 22nd St.
West Avenue, see Albany Road.
West Broadway Place was the former name of West Broadway between Canal and Grand Sts.
White Place was formerly in the rear of No. 134 West 18th St.
White Street was the former name of Ann St.
William Street was the former name of Broome St. between the Bowery and Sullivan St.; was known by this name in 1797.
William Street was the former name of West 4th St. between Christopher and West 13th Sts.; known by this name in 1807.
William Street was the former name of Madison St. between Catherine and Montgomery Sts.
Willow Street was the former name of Macdougal St.
Winckel Straet was a short street running north from Bridge St. just east of Whitehall St. It was closed in 1680.
Windmill Lane was a former name of Cortlandt St. Known by this name in 1728.
Winne (or Wynne) Street was the former name of Mott St. between Pell and Bleeker Sts. Known by this name in 1755.
Winthrop Place was the former name of Greene St. between Waverly Place and West 8th St.
Wooster Street was the former name of West Houston St., between Broadway and Macdougal St.
Wooster Street was the former name of University Pl. between Waverly Pl. and West 14th St.
Wynkoop Street was the former name of Bridge St.

WHEN THE GAY WHITE WAY WAS DARK

By S. Rosenbaum

The small beginnings of the "Gay White Way" occurred in the early eighties of the last century. In 1881 the energetic and astute London manager, D'Oyley Carte, introduced the electric light in his newly built Savoy Theatre, the birthplace of most of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas of delectable memory. This was said to be the first building entirely illuminated by electricity. Rudolph Aronson, projector and manager of the New York Casino, recognizing its pronounced advantages in theatre lighting, installed it in his pretty home of light opera on Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street, which opened the following year. It is difficult in this age, when it has become a commonplace, to conceive the charm of the new illuminant. From indoor lighting the incandescent lamp made its way to outdoor uses, and the old wind-blown gas jet gradually found its place usurped by the trim and saucy electric bulb, and flickered to its end. Street signs and entrances to public places became gay with this Promethean gleam, which not wind nor rain might quench, until finally it reached the roofs of the houses bearing the legends of trade. So much for the genesis of our modern pyrotechnic highway.

The heart of the region now known as the "Gay White Way," in the early days spoken of, was to the average playgoer *terra incognita*. Long Acre Square, as it was then designated, was a monotonous open space, bordered by rows of drab apartment houses and dingy dwellings,

Broadway at Thirty-fourth Street in 1880. At left, sites of Saks & Company and R. H. Macy & Co. stores; Broadway Tabernacle at right.

of which latter there are still one or two tenacious survivors. Its most conspicuous buildings were the hotel, still standing, on the northeast corner of Forty-third Street, and the 12th Regiment armory, on the site of which Oscar Hammerstein erected his trail-blazing palace of amusements, "Olympia," now the New York and Criterion Theatres. Northward of the square the huge factory of the famous Brewster carriages introduced the wayfarer to a region chiefly devoted to equine matters. The sound of the blacksmiths' hammer mingled with the tinkle of the horse-car bell. Stables abounded, and here and there a red flag indicated a horse auction. Florid men, wearing white stocks and horseshoe pins, stood about discussing the merits of equine bargains, for in those days my lady drove to the play behind a pair of spanking high-steppers, and horse-sense ruled. By night this district, now ablaze, was as dark as Egypt, save for the dim lights of an occasional livery-stable, a corner saloon, or a city street lamp.

The northern outposts of the drama were marked by the Casino and Metropolitan Opera. True, there existed on the site of the present Broadway Theatre a hybrid institution known as Cosmopolitan Hall, which occasionally sheltered ephemeral companies, besides fulfilling its original functions of skating rink and exhibition hall, but its career was short and inauspicious. Playhouses were sporadic and the dozen first-class theatres of New York were scattered over a larger area than are their five-fold increased numbers of to-day. From Union Square northward they straggled at irregular intervals, chiefly along Broadway, although there were one or two notable houses, such as the Madison Square and the Lyceum, in the gloom of contiguous neighborhoods.

Broadway frontage was not then the precious possession it is to-day.

Thirty-fourth Street, with its junction of traffic lines, was the focus of the playgoing world. Here were grouped a number of famous bars and restaurants, notably Trainor's and Parker's in the shadow of the L station. Here the bedizened way of Sixth Avenue mingled with her less garish sisters of Broadway. Here began the upper reaches of the "Tenderloin," that goal of the ambitious precinct commander, which acquired its sobriquet when Captain Williams, of Japanese building-lot fame, declared on his transference to its command that he had eaten "chuck" steak long enough and would now enjoy some tenderloin.

Broadway from this point north divided two neighborhoods of marked difference. To the east were Fifth and Sixth Avenues, between which were the serried ranks of brownstone fronts in what was known as the "silk stocking" district. Sixth Avenue did service to this section in the way of caterers' shops, confectioners, grocers, druggists, dressmakers and sundry other genteel purveyors to the well bestowed. Fifth Avenue was then innocent of shops. Broadway from Thirty-fourth to Forty-second Streets was a succession of small retail establishments interrupted by chop-houses, restaurants and hotels of a sporting character. The Rossmore and St. Cloud Hotels on opposite sides of Broadway at Forty-second Street marked the end of the world to the sport, the tipster and the chorus-lady of *fin de siècle* Manhattan.

West of Broadway was Seventh Avenue, with its congeries of "old clo's," cobblers' shops and the squalid barracks of "Cullud help"; while farther westward spread a miscellaneous array of theatrical boarding-houses, nonde-

Collection Wm. H. Mayer.

BROADWAY AT THIRTY-SIXTH STREET, 1882. THE BLOCK ON THE EAST SIDE, FROM BROADWAY TO SIXTH AVENUE, IS NOW (1922) BEING IMPROVED WITH THE BUILDING OF THE GREENWICH SAVINGS BANK.

script dwellings and "French" flats of dubious tenantry. Seventh Avenue was musical, summertimes, with the cry of the hot-corn man, and the Pullman whisk-broom artist or the race-horse rubber might often have been seen discussing the succulent kernels on the street corners.

Broadway, of summer nights, was a very pleasant promenade for those whom business or pleasure kept or brought in town. The beaches were not then so easily accessible as to-day, and so its broad pavements were thronged with light-garbed strollers in quest of mild excitement. Most of the theatres closed during the heated term, only performances of a light musical character usually holding the boards. The Casino with its picturesque roof-garden, bordered with varicolored lights, its Hungarian-gipsy band, its little round tables at which were dispensed archaic beverages, *frappé,* to its gay patrons, was the most prominent of these summer evening resorts. Its roof-garden was the first of its kind to open in New York, and for years it had no competitor until the Madison Square Garden and later the American Theatre at Eighth Avenue and Forty-second Street arose in the air.

Some of the minor playhouses along Broadway suffered appalling vicissitudes. A tiny theatre—now obliterated—in the building still standing on the southwest corner of Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street had as many changes of name as a modern divorcee. Its gamut included "The San Francisco Minstrels," "Comedy Theatre," "Dockstader's," "Herrman's," "The New Gaiety," "Savoy," "Theatre Comique," and "Sam Jack's." One lessee, with a grim sense of humor, styled it the "Jonah" Theatre, and found his choice of names justified in a few

disastrous weeks, and when its doors finally closed it was with the aristocratic appellation, "The Princess," blazoned on them.

The Herald Square Theatre at Thirty-fifth Street in its earlier evolution was another of these polyonymous playhouses. It was built as an aquarium and began its career with astonishing success, later became a combination of playhouse and menagerie, and sheltered numberless attractions which ceased attracting in from one night to one week. Some of these productions were not without merit, but were so precariously financed as to be unable to weather untoward circumstances. The financial support that the playhouse enjoys to-day was then unknown. The vagabond taint still clung to the mummer; the educational aspect of the stage was still below the horizon; the "uplift" had not yet begun. The Herald Square, then known as the "Park Theatre," for a few seasons sheltered Edward Harrigan (than whom no playmaker has ever delineated local life with greater realism, until his removal to his own theatre on Thirty-fifth Street, now the Garrick.

The primrose path of Broadway occasionally led down byways into less frequented quarters, in which a number of houses of good cheer were situated. "Burns'" and "Jack's," the latter still flourishing in diminuendo, both on Sixth Avenue above Forty-second Street, will be remembered as the scenes of the revels of the college roysterers on the nights of the great football matches, and there, also, our modern New Year orgies were fostered in their incipiency. Among other resorts of similar character might be mentioned "Sam Martins" on Broadway near Forty-first Street, which on the decease of its genial proprietor discovered what was regarded as the largest

THE ISLAND PLOT AT CORNER OF FORTY-SECOND STREET AND BROADWAY IN 1880, NOW OCCUPIED BY THE "TIMES" BUILDING, AFTER THE DEMOLITION OF THE PABST RESTAURANT AND BROWNSTONE HOUSES.

collection of autographs for unpaid supper bills in the records of the "Rialto."

Extremes met on this same "Rialto," or if not, they faced each other, for on the east side of Broadway, opposite the Metropolitan Opera, there throve, for a number of years, in a one-story tumble-down shanty a German bar which served, in addition to its liberal potations of lager, sundry substantial viands at what would be, to-day, regarded as mythical prices. Here many impecunious player-folk found succor from famine and drought to the eventual enrichment of "Meinherr" and his "Frau," who presided over the mysteries of pig's-knuckles and sauerkraut.

Few of the old landmarks remain. Broadway below Forty-second Street retains not a vestige of its old sporting and theatrical character. Great commercial structures have replaced the haunts of the actor, the pugilist and the turfman. Gone is the Thespian who "knocked 'em cold" in Council Bluffs. Gone the wire-tapper and the tout with the "good thing" in the third race. Gone the card shap, the billiard sharp, and divers others whose exceeding sharpness was no match for the scythe of time. Swarms of industrial workers now tread the stones they trod, and the roar of "Big Business" has drowned the last faint echoes of an earlier and more festive day.

"THE GOLDEN AGE OF BOOZE"

By William F. Mulhall

Note: Now that Prohibition is a fact in our National life, the following account may be placed on record so that the future New Yorker who asks "Papa, what was a bar?" may have his question answered.—Ed.

When I went to the Hoffmann House at the corner of 25th Street and Broadway in September, 1882, there were sixteen good men and true on duty behind the bar and I became the seventeenth. I was also distinguished by being the youngest of the lot—a little over twenty. That bar was known all over the civilized world and became more famous as the years rolled by. It occupied the 24th Street side of the palatial Hoffmann House, running from the corner a matter of seventy-five feet to the rear.

The bar itself was a magnificent structure of carved mahogany, the mirrors that lined the walls were said to be the largest in America—the ceiling was very lofty—and every detail of the furniture and fixtures was of the most elegant and costly kind.

No small part of its fame came from the magnificent paintings on which Edward S. Stokes, one of its proprietors, lavished thousands. It was just about the time I came to the house that he bought the immense picture —the most celebrated work of Bouguereau, a French painter who was then the rage on account of his marvelous painting of the nude figure—at a private auction from the Wolfe estate. He paid exactly ten thousand and ten dollars for "Nymphs and Satyr," and only a few

SHOPPING ON BROADWAY AT THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, THIRTY YEARS AGO, SHOWING THE PREVAILING TYPE OF "HANSOM CAB," THE TAXI OF THAT DAY.

Broadway from Liberty Street South to Rector, 1848.
Trinity Church and Grace Church are seen on the Rector Street corner, where the Empire Building now stands; also, the famous old City Hotel, our first attempt at hotel building (1794), and the New England House adjoining.

years afterward refused thirty thousand dollars for it. The picture brought visitors from all over the country and most foreign visitors came in to see it. It was unquestionably the biggest single advertisement any hotel in this country—probably in the world—ever had during the twenty odd years it hung in the Hoffmann House bar. In addition, there were several other equally fine large paintings, notably the "Narcissus," and a great piece crowded with nude figures by a German painter, "The Vision of Faust."

The place was at once the most palatial drinking-room in the entire world—Mr. Stokes was often told by foreigners that nothing in Europe could approach it—and a magnificent art-gallery. The entire hotel was a showplace, and that bar was its crowning attraction. One day in the week was "Ladies' Day," and any lady calling at the hotel was met by a boy with a printed catalogue describing the house and its works of art. Ladies were escorted through the bar unless they declined, which was always a quiet and orderly place—a resort for gentlemen. The nearest thing I ever saw that looked like a disturbance there was in the days of Billy Edwards, and that all happened and was over so suddenly that it was hardly noticeable. Billy Edwards, contrary to a general idea that he was born in Ireland, was an Englishman who had attained the middleweight championship of the world when he retired. He was a quiet, gentlemanly sort of fellow and Stokes soon picked on him as the ideal man to stay around the bar and exercise just the right sort of influence—if necessary. The very fact that Billy was there, which was recorded and frequently commented on in the papers of the whole country, was enough to keep the rougher element away. He was a very handsome

man, always quietly but extremely well dressed in the latest fashion, and he was on duty all the time during the busy hours from noon to midnight. Visitors who did not know him would suppose he was one of the patrons of the place—although he drank nothing. He was, of course, very popular and was constantly being "treated" —but without declaring his principles, which were absolutely teetotal, he would always get out of it without offending the other fellow. Sometimes a big city man, or a distinguished foreigner who had heard of him, would have him pointed out and ask him up to the bar to have a glass of wine. The wine—champagne was the general name for wine in those days—or *vice versa,* as you will have it, was poured and the stranger and Billy lifted their glasses. But Billy invariably set his down untasted and the bubbles died out one by one as they talked. By this time he had got his visitor on good terms, and when the order came to "fill 'em up again," he would make some quiet excuse, as that he had just taken some medicine before the visitor came in. He never declared simself a teetotaler—that wouldn't have done the house any good—but I never saw him take a drink with anybody. Let me further add to Billy Edwards' record that I never heard him curse or even use an indecent word during all the years he acted as guardian—"bouncer" the public and the papers called him—at the Hoffmann House bar. And he never had to bounce anybody—but just once! A small party came in one evening rather late followed by a big burly cabman insisting on more fare. There was an argument at the bar, and finally the cabman got his extras. Still he hung on and kept on arguing and growing abusive. His fare had settled—but that wasn't enough—he wanted to give them a tongue-lashing for complete satis-

faction. As he stood with both hands flat on the bar swaying his big body back and forth and pouring out a stream of abuse, Billy Edwards stepped over and in a twinkling brought both fists down hard on the man's hands—you could almost hear the bones crack! That was the surprise. Then, before the brute could realize it, he grabbed him and literally ran him out of the side door—I remember distinctly he pushed the man so hard and so swiftly that he had to run to keep up the pace he had made. That was "bouncing" as a fine art—the only time in all those years I ever saw Billy Edwards in action.

But to go back to my first story. It goes almost without saying that that bar was stocked with the very finest wines, liquors and spirits of all kinds that the world had produced or could produce. We had a Rhine wine that we listed at $18.00 a quart (five quarts to the gallon) and which was frequently called for at one of the small tables by a little party of wine-judges. I remember a banquet one winter by a big German Society of New York when one hundred and fifty guests sat down with a bottle of this liquid gold at each plate—and that was only *one* item! Of course, the house was very jealous of its fame in the matter of American whiskey, and the brands though few were always the very best. Mr. Stokes was particularly happy one winter in the late seventies when he succeeded in securing at private sale, from the famous Stewart cellar in Philadelphia, a large lot of American rye that had been in bottle since 1826. Brandy was a great drink of the old days and the call for it did not die out till well along in the 90's. Our ordinary bar brandy, served in a little stone jug labeled S. O. P. (superior old pale), was fifty cents a drink, but for customers who could afford the king of them all, we had an old Hen-

nessy more than fifty years in bottle, that we served at one dollar. That was the highest price ever known for a drink of liquor in America up to that time, and sometimes the check used to "faze" the newcomer who called for "the best." Four ordinary-looking fellows came in to me one day, and one of them said he kept a saloon in Albany, and his friends were Albanians and they wanted the very best in the house. I served them the antique Hennessy—four drinks—with four bottles of C & C ginger ale—the latter 50 cents a bottle—on the side. The Albany saloon-keeper laid down a $2 bill—a good big price in those days, too. I said, "The check is $6." He gasped and stared, but paid without a word. He seemed astounded—almost befuddled—and watched me with a curious eye while I rang up the check, "$6.00." I happened to be in Albany several years after, and, meeting a friend, he asked me into a saloon nearby for a "nip." The proprietor, who was behind the bar, was my old visitor. As we advanced, my friend introduced me by name as an old New York boy and said the Albany man ought to become acquainted with me. "Acquainted!" shouted my friend behind the bar—glaring—"Acquainted! I'll never forget *that* man! Why, he charged me six dollars for four drinks once."

The old Fifth Avenue Hotel, just two blocks below us on Broadway, had one of the grandest bars of its time—and it was very select, too. No person in any condition approaching intoxication could get in, because the bar was in a large room away back from the street and several porters were always on guard. A man had to be a gentleman and in first-rate condition to get into the Fifth Avenue bar. On the way in you passed the famous "Amen Corner" where more state and national politics

were brewed than in any other single spot in this country. On those two maroon-colored plush benches, set triangular, could be seen in those days as the caller passed in for a "ball," ex-presidents, governors, and ex-governors —and regularly the famous boss, Tom Platt. No less than nine presidents of this country are known to have sat in the "Amen Corner." The gents' grill at the old Fifth Avenue was famous and packed every day at the lunch hour, and it was the custom almost without exception for the guest to pass into the bar just for a nip of some sort. "Jim Gray" was the dean of the Fifth Avenue staff, having been twenty-six years behind the bar, and when the great hotel finally closed he went over to the Albemarle, where I had the honor of working with him. Jim was a man of great character, thoroughly honest in the days when bartenders could steal a fortune—the old Fifth Avenue, by the way, never saw a cash register up to the day it closed its doors—and very well known and very popular with a long line of great men, for great men, or nearly all great men, drank in those days. Level-headed, and sturdy in character as "Jim" was, he had yet one peculiar hobby, and that was—vests. He loved flashy patterns which he wore behind the bar, to the great amusement and delight of his patrons, who were all on to his little hobby—and catered to it. Any of his old friends who would chance on a particularly loud pattern would buy it and present it to Jim. Another friend, Jim Bell, the most famous tailor of his day, would as regularly make it up for him. So Jim shone forth gloriously in vest after vest for a number of years—and he never once offended the feelings of his patrons. They were, indeed, part of the joke. The Astor House, away downtown, the oldest hotel but one in New York, had a

famous bar up to the very day it closed. As in all the best places, its chief specialty was American rye and Bourbon whiskey. It is astounding that a people who produced such a wonderful drink should ever have turned prohibition!

The big Continental Hotel, at Broadway and Twentieth Street, made a great reputation for years by its "whiskey-sours." The Manhattan cocktail was invented by a man named Black, who kept a place ten doors below Houston Street on Broadway in the sixties—probably the most famous mixed drink in the world in its time. The cocktail made America famous and there were many varieties of them—in fact, the variety was infinite—I remember at the Hoffmann in the old days a gentleman would come in and sit down to a table with his party and the waiter would come over and order his particular formula for the party. We had many such private formulas for mixed drinks in the Hoffmann and the bartenders had to learn them by memory, too, so that the order could be served quickly. But the most famous cocktails that the *public* called for were, the "Old-fashioned" Whiskey Cocktail, the Absinthe Cocktail, the "Turf-Club"—the Gin Cocktail, the celebrated "Martini"—dry and otherwise, the Vermouth Cocktail, and, last of the great race, the Bronx Cocktail. Absinthe did not become popular till the late nineties. People were afraid of it, and many fearful stories were told of its effects on French drinkers. But it was too seductive to be barred—dis-barred rather—and so, for the last twenty years of the golden age of booze, I served it in a great variety of ways—the most popular of which were Absinthe frappé, Absinthe Panache, Absinthe California, and "drip" Absinthe. Let me not forget, before I close my tally of the great places of

the old days—some people call them the *good* old days—the old Sinclair House at the corner of Eighth Street and Broadway, where E. L. Ashman, who began as a bare-legged boy skinning mules on the towpath of the Erie Canal, became a millionaire; and the Ashland House, on Fourth Avenue at 24th Street, named after the home of Henry Clay in Kentucky and opened about the time he died, which for years upheld the great reputation of the American plan hotel, and whose bar, though small, was a famous resort, equally for strangers and for men about town, for more than half a century.

Some Famous Bars

That was the great day of the wine-buyer, as they used to be called, meaning men that spent money liberally on French champagne. There had been very little champagne drunk in this country in our earlier years—we were too poor. About ten years after the war of the Rebellion closed, when the country was feeling the stir of a new and great prosperity which has kept on increasing ever since, certain men began to buy champagne liberally in public places. It is certainly a glorious wine and it leaped into popularity in this country as quick as we had the money to spare for it. Wine-buyers were of two classes—scions of wealth, including sometimes their wives, but not very often—and the wine-agent, the man who, often from abroad but always with a good working knowledge of English, was introducing some new brand of wine to this country. The young scion of wealth would often spend two or three hundred dollars and more at a bar like the Hoffmann in a single after-

noon, if he were on a wine-spree. Sometimes he would come in alone and order wine to be opened "for the house," meaning all present in the bar at the time—there was no obligation even to touch glasses with him. He would lift his own, standing at the bar generally—making a single slight bow all round, which meant that it was "on him." Strangers would respond by lifting their glasses. There was no noise, no demonstration. It was an era of good feeling and free spending, and such manifestations were accepted for just that and no more in all first-class places. In this way, even in those low-priced times with wine at two and three dollars the pint, and three to five dollars the quart, fifty dollars could be spent in less than five minutes. And often would come the order for another round. Perhaps some good spender in the house would take it up, and another, not to be outdone, would follow him. It was the golden age of "treating"—such "treating" as the world never knew before and never will see again. For most of these men were strangers to each other. It could never have happened anywhere except on American soil in such lavishness. Foolish, extravagant, whatever you may choose to call the custom, it still remains a glorious and a gladsome thing in American annals. Of course it has gone, never to return. Nor do I suppose any of us really want it back. The wine-agent was a different order of being. A shrewd, affable personage, full of good stories and all kinds of social gifts—dressed in the very best of the fashion—capable of absorbing and standing an enormous amount of drink, yet always with an eye to the main chance, knowing that his job depended wholly on the sales account. Personally, he did not seek orders for his brand. His rôle was that of the man-about-town, the

swell "rounder," who dropped into one of the "big" cafés, sat down at a table and ordered a pint of his own brand. Any man he knew who happened in would be very cordially invited over to join him—and another bottle would be ordered. He would sit there for an hour in his elegant leisure, smoking and entertaining his little party—as other friends and their companions dropped in they would be invited to join the party—and what man could refuse a glass of the French champagne in those days—and would saunter up Broadway to the next swell place. He would keep up this life from the hour past noon—generally two or three o'clock—till the places closed.

The method of introducing the French champagne was very simple. Get the bar to stock it on trial—then secure the right type of agent or introducer to buy at those particular bars. At these bars were assembled daily the richest men in town and country, and the new wine soon became known. Many a case was ordered from the agent on trial, which afterward blossomed into a big order under the spell of the agent, who had the freest and most cordial manner with his customer at all the bars. It was a great game, and that was the way champagne, of which we were said to be the largest consumers in the world not long before the war, was introduced in America.

VALENTINE'S MANUAL
of OLD NEW YORK

No. 7 FOR 1923 New Series

EDITORIAL

In the death of John Sanford Saltus of this city, which occurred in London last June, the world of arts and letters has lost a generous benefactor, and the City of New York a valued public-spirited member of the community.

The loss to the MANUAL is a very personal one, and it is with deep regret that we say adieu to our kind friend. A man of the highest character, whose love for New York was deep and abiding and whose many benefactions are known only to his most intimate friends. He leaves a void hard to fill.

* * * *

Progress of the movement to remove the old Post Office from City Hall Park has made a substantial advance since the report in our last number. Most of the readers of the MANUAL have kept track of the details through the columns of the daily press, and the latest information points to a successful conclusion of the project. Great objects move slowly, but the all-pervading sentiment in favor of this great improvement and of the restoration of the Park, may be depended upon to overcome any little obstacles that may in the future present themselves. The Federal Government is at last awake to the strong desire on the part of all our people

Collection Municipal Art Commission.

Giuseppe Garibaldi, 1807-1882. An Italian Patriot. Washington Square. Artist G. Turini.

for the recovery of our Park, and the fight that has been continually waged for nearly twenty years is within reasonable sight of victory.

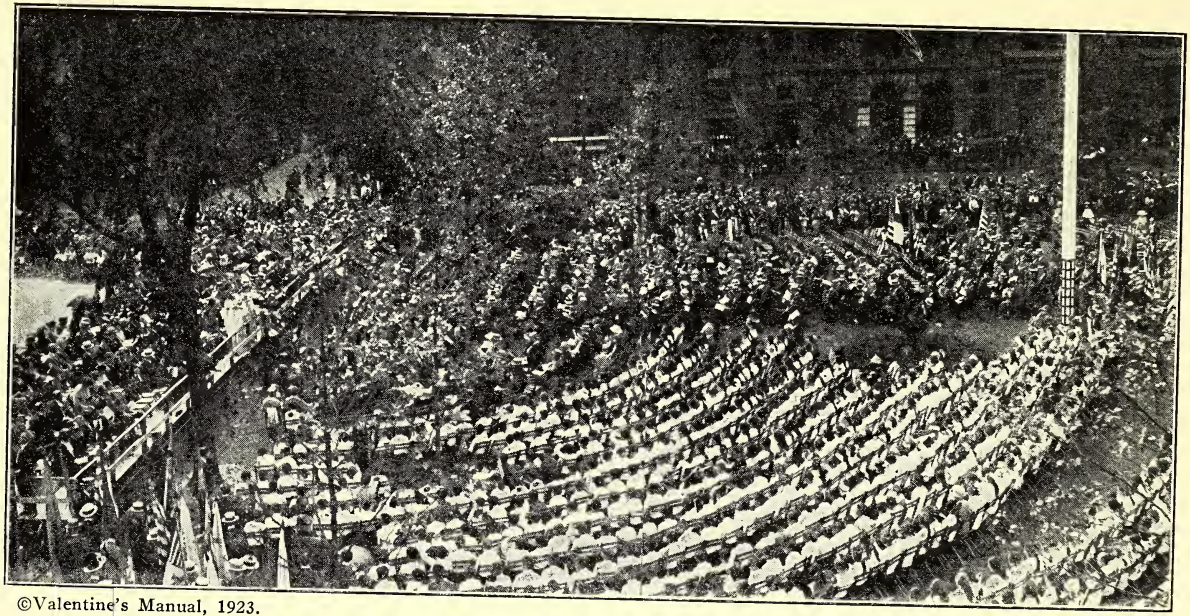
As the MANUAL led in this campaign and is still actively engaged in directing the details, our readers may feel personally entitled to the credit of this public service, as much as we ourselves. Without the support and the encouragement given to us by the subscribers to this journal, we should not have been able to record so substantial a progress.

A PHOTO-BIOGRAPHY OF NEW YORK

The most important work upon which the MANUAL is now engaged is photographing all that now remains of Old New York. In a city like ours, where land values are so tremendously high, there seems little or no possibility of preserving old landmarks, once they happen to be in the path of progress. Scarcely a day passes but some old building with which you have been familiar for many years is suddenly reduced to ruins and the foundations of a new structure rise thereon. This has happened to the writer in so many instances as to make him resolve that, so far as it is possible, the MANUAL will set about the work of securing photographs of all these old places ere it is too late. A committee of leading New York men has been formed, which includes Mr. Arthur Curtiss James, Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, Mr. George A. Zabriskie, Mr. Simeon Ford, Mr. John Howes Burton, Mr. William Rhinelander Stewart, Mr. James Mortimer Montgomery, Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler and Mr. Barron Collier.

This idea is not a new one. Mr. Archer M. Huntington some twenty years ago offered to finance such a pro-

ject to the extent of one hundred thousand dollars. Interest in our city's antiquarian sites was not as keen then as it is to-day, and Mr. Huntington's offer was withdrawn because of the lack of enthusiasm. To-day the situation is different, and we like to think that the revival of the MANUAL has also at the same time created a renaissance of feeling for the ancient history of our city. We shall send out an appeal for funds for this purpose very shortly, and if by any chance one should reach you we shall be glad of any co-operation which you may feel able to give. It is our desire if possible to make an adequate return for any funds received. There will be an immense number of subjects taken in the course of our work, and each subscriber will feel at liberty to select as few or as many as he wants. If he would prefer to have copies of the various books which we publish, we will be glad to do that also. What we would like to make clear is, that any public-spirited citizen sending us money for this photographing of Old New York need not do it on a charitable basis. We have many prints of New York of our own publication—books, photographs and other items of value—so that we should be able to make an adequate return for any contributions advanced. The names of such contributors will be published in the MANUAL, as honorary patrons, in recognition of their public spirit, and will be inscribed on the portfolio of photographs which will be sent to them as soon as ready. The leading public institutions of the country will also be presented with copies, and in the case of subscribers, any particular institution which they so desire will be thus favored. Each contributor may select ten points of interest he would like included for preservation in the series.



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Dedication of tablet at the Liberty Pole in City Hall Park and re-dedication of statue to Nathan Hale, Flag Day, June 14, 1922, by N. Y. Historical Society and Sons of the Revolution.

North Side of Wall Street from Broadway to Nassau.
About 1816, showing Howard, Keeler, drapers, corner of Broadway; the First Presbyterian Church in the centre; and the Tavern of John Simmons on the corner of Nassau Street, where James Duane, first Mayor of New York, was inaugurated. (1784).

We cannot, of course, in the short space now at our disposal go into all the details of this important undertaking, but most of us know how greatly we regret the absence of photographs showing how the city looked in 1870—for instance, before the skyscrapers came—and of the decades immediately preceding. With the exception of such plates as were preserved in the old VALENTINE'S MANUALS, we have no other visual record of how our city looked.

THE TERCENTENARY OF NEW YORK

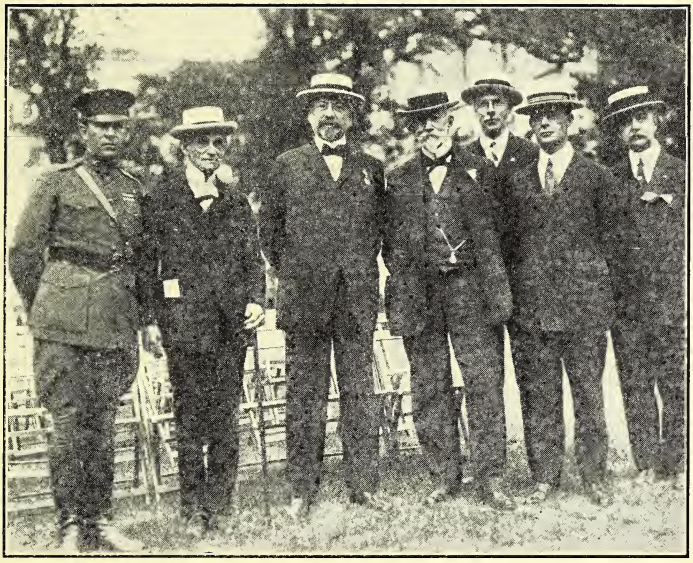
Next year, 1924, marks the anniversary of the arrival of the Walloons in America, the vanguard of the Dutch West India Company, which followed two years later. The formal purchase of Manhattan Island by Peter Minuit, under the direction of the West Indian Company, occurred in May, 1626. The three hundreth anniversary, therefore, of the founding of our great city, will be celebrated in the same year in which Philadelphia celebrates the sesquicentennial of the Independence of America. It is our hope and belief that we shall not only be able to finish this photographing work as a fitting testimonial to the greatness of New York on its Three Hundredth Birthday, but we shall also be able to present the city with its old Common lands as they have existed since the day of the Dutch, in exactly the form in which it was handed down to us by our forefathers. The old Post Office should be removed by that time and built in the new Civic Centre, and velvety lawns, trees and shrubbery should cover the ground south of Mail Street to the end of Broadway opposite Vesey Street.

Every one of our readers can help in this great public service, by advocating it and doing his best to keep alive public sentiment in the matter. As we have already stated, much has been accomplished, but until the Bill is actually passed by Congress appropriating money for the buildings that are needed to replace the old Post Office, we cannot feel comfortable. While no trouble is on the horizon at present, it is just as well so to manage things that we may be prepared for any untoward happening and be in a position to overcome it.

Not only is 1924 the three hundredth anniversary of the arrival of the first Dutch contingent, but the one hundreth anniversary of the opening of the Erie Canal by DeWitt Clinton follows in 1925. It will be seen, therefore, that milestones in the progress of this great city are rapidly being approached, and it is none too early to begin the formation of adequate committees to properly handle the various celebrations. We have brought the matter to the attention of the New York Historical Society, which should be at the head of all committees of whatsoever nature or for whatever purpose, so as to have one directing head. This Society at its next annual meeting will consider the various suggestions, and the announcement of their program will be published in due time in the daily papers.

CONCERNING TABLETS

Our city is singularly lacking in many features that seem to us desirable concerning tablets marking places of interest of the past. This is particularly true of theatres. In London and Paris many old theatres around which gather many pleasant memories are all suitably inscribed



Unveiling of Nathan Hale statue, City Hall Park, June 14, 1922. From left to right, Brig. Gen. George Richards, U.S.M.C., James Mortimer Montgomery, Robert Olyphant, Colonel William Libbey, Major Dudley Davies, W. Hall Harris, Jr., Frederick H. Brooks.

when their sites have at last passed into history. While we have no Globe Theatre connected with Shakespeare, we still have some notable structures of a similar character, and the first theatre opened under the American Government should be so remembered. This is the old Park Theatre, which first opened its doors to the playgoers of New York in 1798. The theatre in John Street passed most of its days under British rule and its career may be said to have ended with that period. There were, of course, some performances given after the new Republic was formed, but the Park Theatre is justly entitled to all the honors we may pay it, as the first real, genuine American Theatre opened in the great City of New York. Steps are now being taken by the MANUAL for the placing of an appropriate tablet on the Park Row Building, on which site it formerly stood. The exercises will be held and the ceremonies conducted by the New York Historical Society, which is the proper organization for a celebration of this kind. There will be an attractive program presented and a dinner in the evening. Leading members of the theatrical profession, artistes, journalists and playgoers, will all be represented on this occasion.

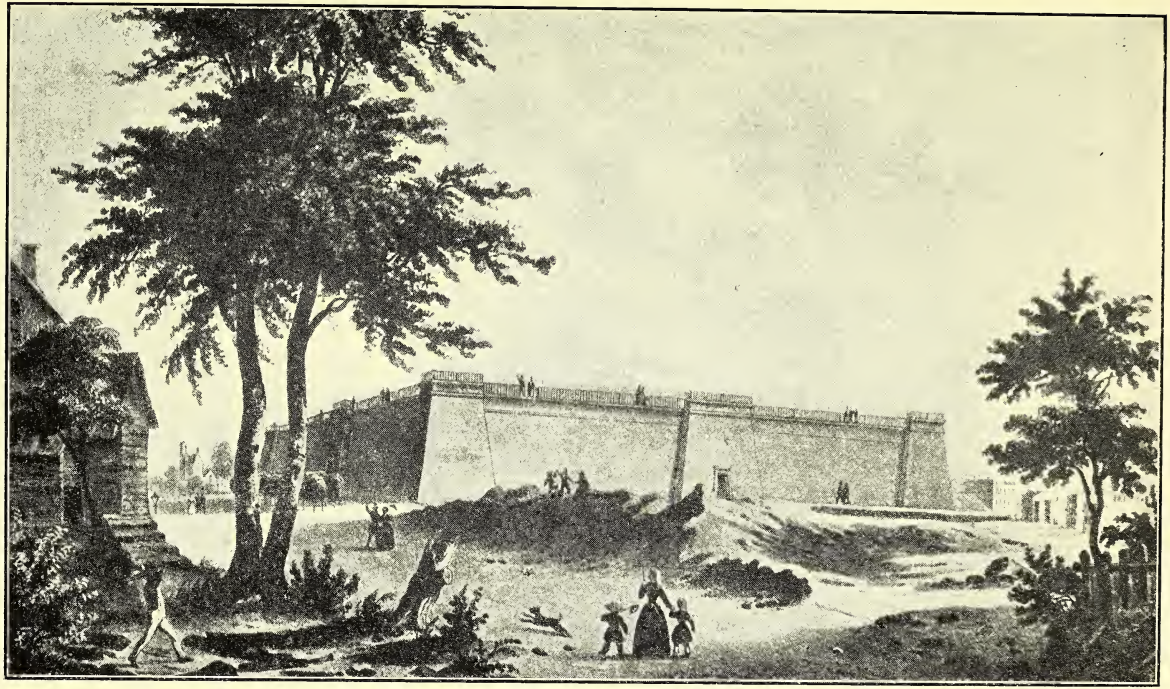
Edmund Simpson was manager of the Park Theatre on Park Row and Ann Street, many, many years ago. His conduct of the famous place of amusement was most exemplary and, although his engagement to the "divine Fannie" Elssler gave a shock to many of the more staid, yet, upon the whole, his career gained for him enviable commendation. I have an old bill of the play by which I set much store. It is about a promised benefit performance complimentary to Mr. Simpson. It is dated for Thursday evening, September 27, 1838, which is nearly

eighty-four years ago. I put the names of the subscribers in column order, that they may be more readily run over. At that time these names were of the most influential citizens the city could and did boast of. They will be familiar to thousands even of the present day, and any one could defy a denial of his exalted status had he their endorsement upon his busy life's work.

John Jacob Astor	J. Prescott Hall	Mortimer Livingston
Ogden Hoffman	FitzGreene Halleck	Mordecai M. Noah
John McKeon	George P. Morris	Philip Hone
Prosper M. Wetmore	William B. Astor	Dudley Selden
John Lorimer Graham	James Watson Webb	William H. Maxwell
	Epes Sargent	Richard Riker
John O. Sargent	Robert Emmet	D. C. Colden
Henry Inman	Garritt H. Stryker	Jacob Cram.
	William Kent	

Some will smile at this quotation: "Cards of admission may be had of any of the committee." Just fancy the millionaires, greatest artists, and legal lights and littérateurs of these later days carrying benefit orchestra coupons around subject to street, office or residential demand!

The site of Daly's Theatre on Broadway has been suggested by many of our readers as the second locality suitable for such designation. In many respects this choice is an admirable one, as there are still multitudes of men and women who recall with fond delight the brilliant performances of Daly's wonderful cast: Ada Rehan, John Drew, Jimmie Lewis, Johnnie Gilbert, Otis Skinner, George Parks, Mrs. Gilbert, Virginia Dreher, Edith Kingdon, Mary Mannering, May Irwin, Clara Morris—all recalling memories of the pleasantest nature to many of us who are not yet so old that we might resent



Collection New York Historical Society.

THE CROTON RESERVOIR, ERECTED IN 1842, FIFTH AVENUE AND FORTY-SECOND STREET; NOW SITE OF NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY. FROM A VERY RARE VIEW BY BORNET ABOUT 1850, SHOWING THE RURAL ASPECT OF FIFTH AVENUE AT THIS PERIOD.

any historical tablet being erected to commemorate the scenes of our youth.

At all events, the MANUAL would like to see the green spots of our memory hallowed by some such remembrancer, and if we were to come down to modern times we confess that we should be glad to see what the tablet would say about Harrigan & Hart's, Wallack's, the Madison Square, Weber and Fields and the old Lyceum.

* * * * * * *

In an article by the writer, printed in the New York *World,* attention was called to this lack of markings in this city. Nothing is more educational than information placed where all who pass may read. I recall some few years ago a pageant that was held in Philadelphia, to commemorate its two hundred and fiftieth birthday, or something like that. At all events, every street had a temporary placard on which was lettered some historical reference. To me the city was completely transformed. One could scarcely go a block without seeing something of great interest. Market Street, through which Ben Franklin passed with his breakfast under his arm; the little house where he saw Deborah for the first time, and hundreds of other equally interesting thoroughfares were thus brought pleasantly to mind.

We have also a deplorable habit of naming our streets and avenues in numerical order. There is no reason why we should not bestow on these streets the names of some of our great statesmen, authors or littérateurs—anything that would save us from this humdrum, prosaic one, two, three stuff would be a relief—and the beauty of it is that all these new names would be suggestive and lead to fur-

ther inquiry regarding the accomplishments of the men and women so honored.

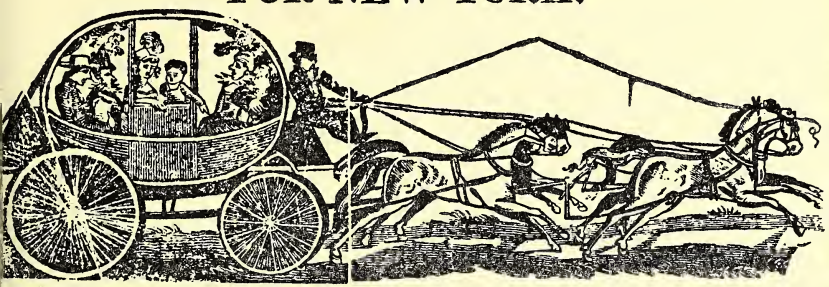
Our city is unquestionably the most marvelous that so far has appeared in civilization. There is nothing in the annals of history to compare with its incomparable growth, its commercial importance and its remarkable activities in a thousand directions. When it is recalled that our City Directory is only one hundred thirty-six years old, while the directories of London and Paris are nearly one thousand, you get some idea of the tremendous growth of our city in a very, very short time. It seems to be reborn almost every quarter of a century. It is quite within bounds to say that almost ninety per cent. of the buildings now standing were not in exsitence fifty years ago; and the buildings at which we gaze to-day with so much pride and exultation will doubtless follow their forebears within the next half century.

The City of New York in 1860 might have been placed on another continent, compared with what it was twenty-five years later, and in any comparison with to-day's aspect, there are absolutely no words adequate for the description. The late Frederick Whitridge remarked to me on one occasion that the real New Yorker did not exceed in numbers much over one hundred and twenty thousand; that is, about two and one-half per cent. of the total population. I do not like to draw any such hard and fast lines between the man who had the great good fortune to be born here and the man whose good fortune it was to come from some other city. They are both New Yorkers and equal in loyalty and affection, and I call upon them with equal confidence as I do upon the native New Yorker to read and inwardly digest the few remarks that I have made above.

POST CHAISE,

AND STEAM BOAT LINE. VIA STATEN ISLAND,

FOR NEW YORK.



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A TRANSPORTATION ADVERTISEMENT. PHILADELPHIA TO NEW YORK IN LESS THAN ONE DAY. POST CHAISE AND STEAMBOAT, VIA STATEN ISLAND.

EVOLUTION OF THE FERRY-BOAT

1692 TO 1890

By Fletcher DuBois

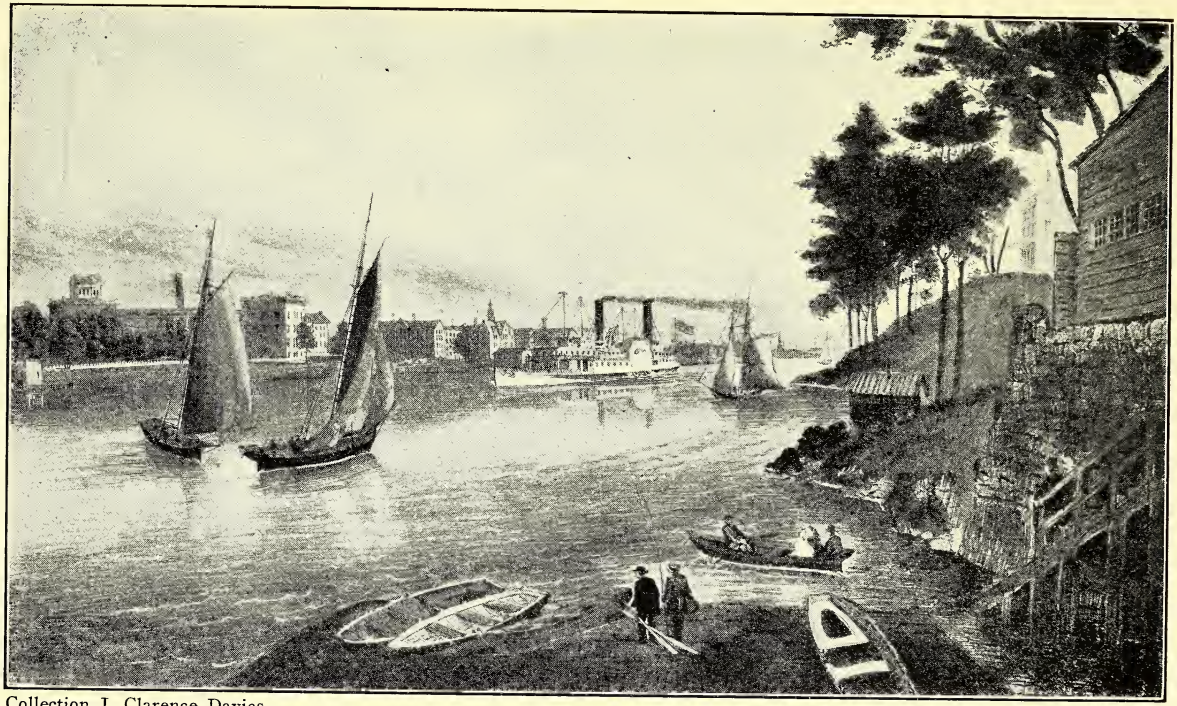
From time immemorial the ferry has been celebrated in legend and story, and for two hundred and fifty years it figured in the history of the City of New-York as one of the most important factors in the material progress and growth of the Metropolis. Being located on an island, the city was dependent to a great extent on the ferries for communication with the outside world, and in keeping with the progress in every branch of trade and transportation, the ferry-boat gradually advanced from the skiff and rowboat of two centuries ago, up to the palatial double screw, double decked ferry-boat of the twentieth century.

The construction of the several bridges over the East River marked a decline of ferry traffic on the routes to Brooklyn and adjacent territory, and the subsequent construction of the Hudson River tunnels and the subway tubes under the East River noted a still further falling off of traffic on the ferry routes; yet, notwithstanding this fact, there is probably no other point in the United States where so many people in the aggregate are carried on the ferries, and to people at a distance, who are not familiar with the situation, it would seem as if these bridges and tunnels would solve the problem of the inter-city commerce and transportation. While the bridges and tunnels are undoubtedly of great advantage to through travel from the West and South, having New

York or more Eastern points as a destination, there is no denying the fact that the ferries are a necessity, as was amply proved in the case of the East River routes. Before the subway tubes were built, no amount of through travel over the bridges affected the large local traffic of the ferries, as the bridge terminals were necessarily some distance back from the water front, and practically inaccessible to local traffic.

The first ferry in New York waters was established in 1642, on the exact route of the old Fulton Ferry to Brooklyn, and was operated as an individual speculation until 1654, when a regular ferry was established and made a source of revenue to the city. After the British took possession of the city they assumed control over the waters of the North and East Rivers, and made the ferry pay toll to the city government. This was looked upon by the people as an assumption of the private right to ferry themselves and their neighbors across the rivers, and so formidable did this opposition become that the lessees of the regular ferry abandoned their enterprise. Several individual attempts were made after this, but all who were engaged in them were compelled to give up in despair, from the fact that they could claim no jurisdiction over the neighboring waters.

In 1708 a charter was granted the old company which invested it with a grant of all the land between high and low water marks on the Long Island Shore, from Wallabout Creek to Red Hook, and the privilege of establishing and maintaining additional ferries within this locality. This charter, it will be seen, is to a certain degree identical with that of the old Union Ferry Company, which operated nearly all the ferries on the East River up to the early 'nineties. The old company was in con-



Collection J. Clarence Davies.

East River and Blackwell's Island, 1850. Boat landing at Fifty-eighth Street. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Miss Anne Morgan, Miss Elisabeth Marbury are interested in the revival of this section as a fine residential neighborhood. Known as Sutton Place.

stant litigation, the controversy being carried from court to court, and was renewed, and has ever since furnished material for litigation, even down to the present day.

The rowboats and skiffs of the earlier days were succeeded by the horse-boats, which were double hulled, with the wheel between the hulls, operated by a treadway, and although many experiments were made by Fulton and Stevens in applying steam as a motive power on these boats, it was not until 1824 that steam was adopted generally on all the ferries—the monopoly granted to Fulton and Livingston some years previous being set aside by the Supreme Court in that year.

The principal experiments made in this line, after the success of the "Clermont" in 1807, were all more or less attended with failure, on account of the expense of running and the frequent accidents to the crude machinery, all of which combined to make the horse-boats preferable. The "Phœnix," built in 1807 by John and Robert Stevens, was taken to Philadelphia, where she ran for six years; the "Juliana," another of the Stevens boats, built in 1811, ran for two years on the Hoboken Ferry, while others were either laid up or converted into barges.

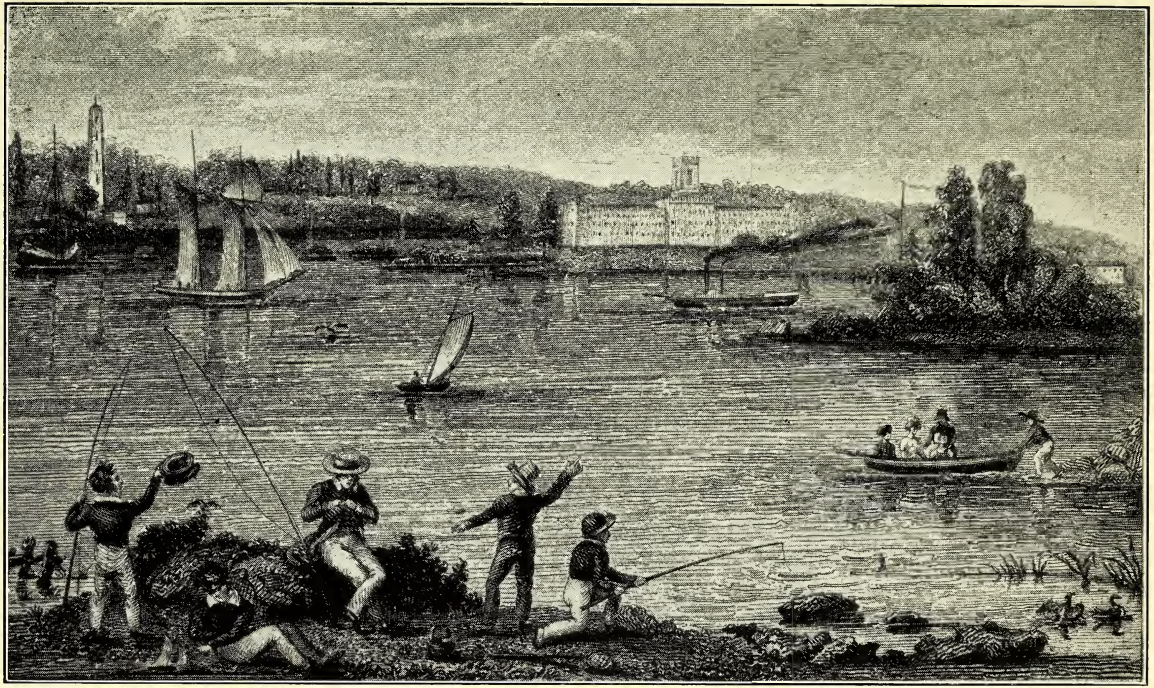
In 1812 Fulton built the "Jersey" and placed her on the route to Paulus Hook, which is identical to-day with the Cortlandt Street Ferry, and in the following year he added the "York" to the route. These boats were built on the catamaran principle, consisting of two hulls ninety feet long, and ten feet wide, with a space of ten feet between them. The deck was laid over these, giving a space thirty feet wide, and eighty feet long for passengers and teams. The paddle wheel was placed between the two hulls, where it was protected from the ice and other obstructions, and although the engines worked

well, considering their rude construction, the boats occupied nearly an hour in crossing the river. The "New Jersey" was added to the fleet in 1813, but her career was short, the boiler exploding shortly after she commenced running, killing her pilot and one of the passengers, at the time wrecking the boat so badly as to render her useless.

The first steam ferry-boat on the East River was the "Nassau," another one of Fulton's construction, which was put on the Fulton Ferry, May 10, 1814. This boat was similar in build to those on the Jersey ferries, but considerably stronger, and was the pioneer of a large fleet, which, although not doing away with the horse-boats, did a majority of the business transacted on the waters around New York. Many improvements were made from time to time, and it was about the year 1821 that the style of ferry-boat in use up to the time of the double screw boats of the present day was adopted, and it is strange to note that, although the boats on the North River ferries were the finest and best appointed of their kind in the world, they differed very little from those built about the time of the Civil War, being of the walking-beam type, with radial paddle wheels, and single decked, with cabins each side.

DOUBLE-SCREW FERRY-BOATS

It is a singular fact that John Stevens in the year 1804 —three years before Fulton's success—built a small boat with a screw at each end, but through some fault in construction it was not successful, and just before the



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"Uncle Philip's Fishing Party." A view on the East River in 1835, showing the old Shot Tower at Fifty-fifth Street, present site of Sutton Place and Blackwell's Island where now the Queensboro Bridge spans the river. The steamer coming down to the city made a regular trip to Flushing.

Civil War the idea was revived by Edwin A. Stevens, but never carried into actual operation.

About 1890 the double screw idea—one at each end of the boat—was revived again by Colonel Stevens of Hoboken, and the "Bergen" was built at Newburgh, by the Marvel Shipyard. This boat at first was supplied with a triple expansion engine, but after a short trial it was found that this type was not adapted to short runs, the third cylinder being practically useless. The engine was entirely rebuilt as a compound, surface condenser, and at once the "Bergen" proved herselff a complete success.

The owners and managers of the other big ferry companies, recognizing the importance of this radical departure from the old-style mode of ferry propulsion, watched the "Bergen's" performances with much interest, and after a one-year's trial, during which she fully demonstrated her superiority over the old-style side-wheel boats, it became evident that she had turned the tide in favor of the screw propeller on ferry-boats.

Following the "Bergen," the first route to adopt this style of boat was the Pavonia Ferry, owned and operated by the Erie Railroad, the "John G. McCullough" being placed on the route in 1892, running on the Chambers Street Ferry. This boat, like the "Bergen," was typical of the large fleet of similar ones adopted by all the North River ferries in recent years, and was 215 feet long, with a deck 62 feet wide, the engine being of the compound, surface condensing type. The one marked improvement in this style of boat is the added space given in the vehicle gangways and cabins, the absence of the paddle-wheel boxes leaving a clear open space in the cabins from end to end, while the character of the engine

permits it to be below the main deck, thus giving more width in the vehicle gangways. The addition of cabins on the upper decks increases the passenger carrying capacity of the boats, and at the same time enables the passengers to have a better view of the harbor scenery, a feature especially appreciated on the longer routes to Staten Island and the upper sections of New York City.

Following these boats, the Hoboken route added a number of the same type, and the Pennsylvania Railroad also added a number to the Cortlandt and Twenty-third Street routes, the "Cincinnati" and the "Washington" being similar to the Erie and Hoboken boats, only somewhat larger. Later on, the Pennsylvania Company added four larger boats to the Twenty-third Street route, equipped with twin screws at each end—the "St. Louis," "Pittsburg," "Philadelphia" and "New Brunswick"—and they were the largest and finest ferry-boats ever built in this country for passenger traffic, excepting the large railroad ferries at San Francisco, and the car ferries on the Mississippi and the Pacific Coast, operated by the Southern Pacific Company.

The opening of the Pennsylvania tubes and the establishment of the railroad terminal in the heart of the city demonstrated the fact that the days of the railroad ferry was a thing of the past, and the Pennsylvania Company abandoned the Twenty-third Street route, and the lower ferries are now given over mostly to local passenger and vehicular traffic, and while these boats are still in use, probably no more of this class will be constructed in the future.

There are in the neighborhood of two hundred boats employed in the ferry service on the waters of the Port of New York, the boats ranging in size from the little

Collection Simeon Ford.

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND FROM THE BATTERY PROMENADE, 1829.

propellers on the Liberty Island route up to the mammoth double deckers on the Staten Island and Pennsylvania routes. The average cost of maintaining a modern ferry-boat ranges from $20,000 to $50,000 a year, and when one takes into consideration the fact that all the companies are operating at a profit, we can readily gain an idea of the volume of travel on the various routes in these waters in the course of a year. Previous to the opening of the river tunnels and subways, it was shown by the reports of the various companies that 170,000,000 people crossed the ferries running between New York, New Jersey and Brooklyn, during a period of one year, while over 40,000,000 crossed the Brooklyn Bridge during the same period.

The remarkable speed attained by the double-screw ferry-boat raised the question whether it was safe, in view of the overcrowded conditions in the harbor, to increase the speed on these routes. Taking into consideration the large number of railroad passengers, as well as local traffic, carried on these lines, there has been a remarkable record of fewer accidents with this class of boats than attended the use of the old side-wheel type, and it is to the credit of the ability and skill of the pilots, as well as to the facility with which the engines can be handled, as compared with the old walking-beam engine, coupled with the clumsy radial side wheels.

The large number of boats employed on the various routes in these waters, as well as on the many routes on the bays and harbors along the Atlantic seaboard and the Pacific coast, bear testimony to the important part the ferry plays in the movement of the water-borne commerce of the United States.

FAMOUS HUDSON RIVER STEAMBOATS

The Hudson River, famed in song and story, has played an important part in the history and development of New York as the great Metropolis of the Western Hemisphere.

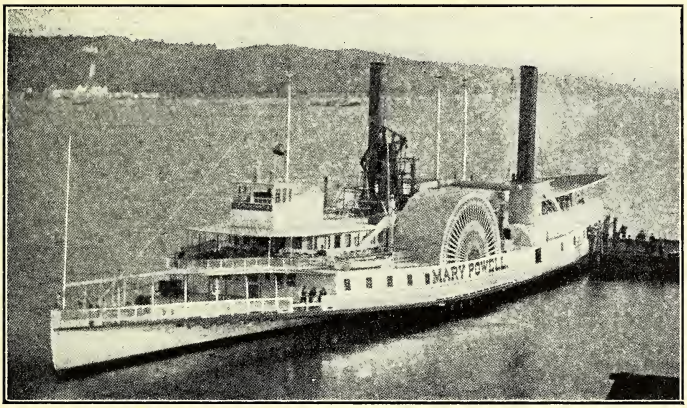
While civilization followed Hendrick Hudson into the Hudson River Valley, years before this the Indians used it as a thoroughfare between the waters of New York Bay and the Mohawk and the Great Lakes.

By the opening of the Erie Canal in 1825, the route of which followed the old "Mohawk Trail" of the Indians, the Hudson River became the connecting link between the Great Lakes and the Atlantic Ocean, and New York at once assumed her place in the commercial supremacy of the Eastern seaboard cities.

Following the adoption of steam navigation in 1807, the river became the scene of some of the most remarkable developments in steamboat construction, and a large fleet of river steamboats came into existence. The boats on the Hudson River became noted all over the world, and their names became a part of the locality from which they made their regular departures.

Probably no boat on the river, and for that matter anywhere in this country, ever became such a prime favorite as the "Mary Powell." She was always a favorite among the river fleet and became a part of the social life along the river, and for fifty-six years carried her passengers daily between river points in quiet comfort, and at a speed never equalled by more modern steamers.

Three times rebuilt, this beautiful steamer, commanded by two Captains Anderson, father and son, was considered by marine architects the most graceful and fine-lined vessel ever built for river traffic. The writer well remembers how, when a boy, he would stand daily on the old "Long Dock" at Newburgh, just as the day was drawing to its close, and, gazing away down the river, where the rays of the setting sun were casting the long



Collection Mrs. J. H. Anderson.

THE "QUEEN OF THE HUDSON," THE "MARY POWELL."

shadows of "Cro' Nest" and "Storm King" across the surface of Newburgh Bay, could see the "Mary Powell" emerging from the Highlands. Gradually the rhythmic beat of her paddles sounded louder and louder, and finally like a great white swan she would glide majestically up to the wharf, let off a goodly number of passengers, and after casting off her lines hurry swiftly and noiselessly away to other landings up the river.

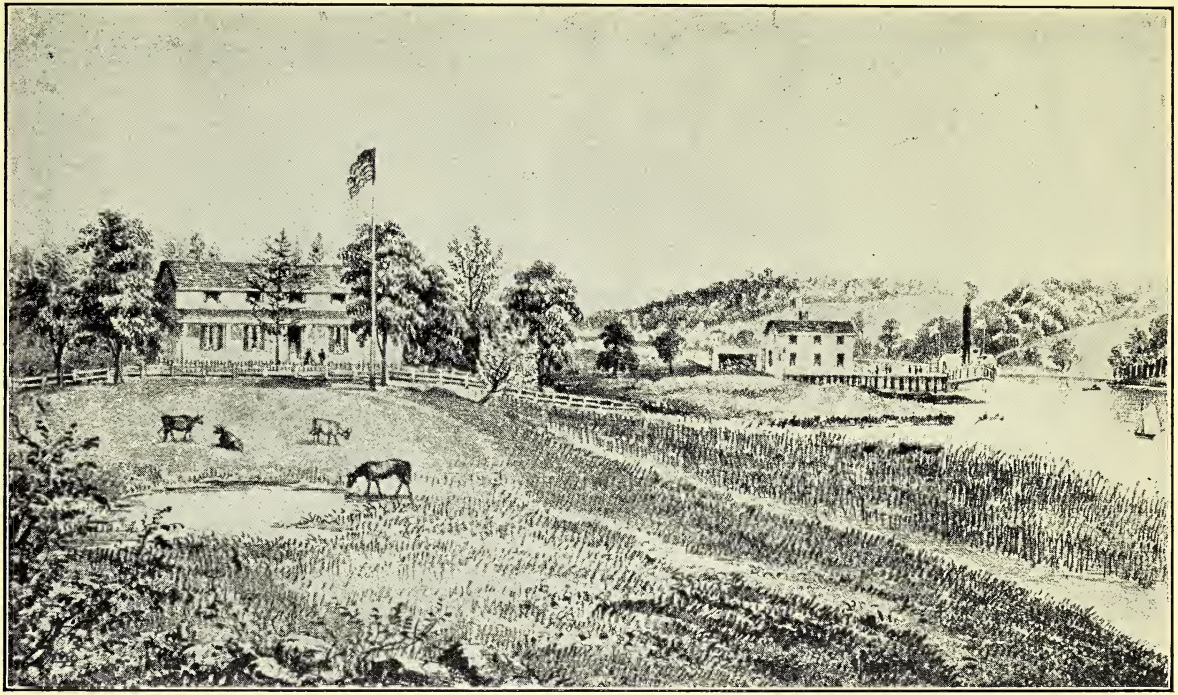
From her first appearance the "Mary Powell" was

always the most popular boat on the river; her schedule was a conveniently arranged daylight run, and her appearance at most of the landings was always "on time," and to many of the residents along the banks of the river her regular appearance was one of the "events" of the day. In all her fifty-six years of service this boat never met with any serious accident, and among the millions of passengers carried none of them ever met with an accident, or lost his life; truly a remarkable record for a steamboat.

Among the famous steamboats built previous to the "Mary Powell" was the "Isaac Newton," built in 1846 by Curtis Peck, and sold to the People's Line, and named for the Superintendent of that line. This boat can properly be classed as the forerunner of the floating palaces which have made the Hudson River famous down to the present day. The "Newton" was the first boat on the river to use illuminating gas, the gas being generated on board, an innovation which created quite a sensation in those days.

Another famous boat of this period was the "New World," built for day service, and noted for her speed, old-time steamboat men asserting that she was the fastest boat that ever turned a wheel on the river. In 1851 the Hudson River Railroad was completed as far as Poughkeepsie, and the "New World" ran to New York from that point carrying passengers and the U. S. Mail for the railroad company. In 1855 the "New World" was rebuilt into a night boat and went on the People's Line with the "Isaac Newton."

Previous to the "Newton" and "New World" two steamboats, the "North America" and "South America," were running on the People's Line, which were



Truly Rural New York. The Century House near Spuyten Duyvil Creek in 1861. A delightful Summer resort, with good bathing, fishing and boating on the beautiful Harlem River.

famous for their speed, and were also noted as being the first boats on the river to burn anthracite coal. They ran for a number of years and were finally converted into towboats, operating for many years on the old Schuyler Towing Line.

Up to 1851 no boat ever created such a sensation on the river as the "Francis Skiddy," and when she made her appearance was acclaimed as the finest steamer ever placed in the service. After running as a day-boat for four years she was converted into a night boat, and went on the Troy Line with the "Rip Van Winkle" and "Commodore," later on running with the "Hendrick Hudson" and the "Vanderbilt."

The "Skiddy" was sunk near Staatsburg in November, 1864, and her engine was afterward put in the famous "Dean Richmond," built the following year, where it remained in service until the "Richmond" was broken up in 1908. This engine thus had a record of fifty-seven years continuous service, and, with the engine of the old "Norwich" and the ferry-boat "Geo. H. Power" of Hudson, holds the record for the Hudson River.

The "Thomas Powell" was probably better known than any of the famous boats of this period, and was always a favorite with the travelling public. During her forty odd years on the river no boat of her dimensions could equal her in speed, and if some of the old-timers are to be believed, her only rival was the "Mary Powell."

The "Tom Powell," as she was popularly known by all rivermen, was built in 1846 for Thomas Powell and Homer Ramsdell of Newburgh, running between that point and New York for several years, after which she went to the Delaware River for a time, being subsequently purchased by Captain A. L. Anderson, and put

on the run between Rondout and New York as a day boat, being the immediate predecessor of the "Mary Powell" on that well-known route. Later on she was converted into a night boat for the Troy Line, where she ran for a number of years with the "Sunnyside." With the "Mary Powell," this boat will live longer in the memories of steamboat men than any boat built during this period.

It is a notable fact that while nearly all the boats in river service up to 1887 were side-wheelers, there were a number of propellers in service on the lower river routes for a number of years. The shoal water in the upper stretches of the river made the use of propellers impracticable, and they were run on the routes below Hudson, and were all noted as very serviceable freight and passenger carriers, and very economical in operation.

In the propeller class there were two which were very popular for many years on the Poughkeepsie Line—the "John L. Hasbrouck" and the "Daniel S. Miller." The latter boat was originally designed for a side-wheeler, but changed to a propeller before being completed. These two boats had engines which were unique for screw propellers, being of the familliar "walking-beam" type, the beam being placed athwart-ship, the connecting rod and driving crank being geared to the shaft by cogs, and in the earlier days of their service were considered as very speedy boats for their class.

For a number of years, during the time the Ramsdell Line at Newburgh were operating passenger barges to New York, these boats conveyed the barges "Susquehanna" and "Chas. Spear," towing the barges alongside.

While there were many other noted boats on the Hudson River in the early days, and down to the present

Collection of Norman S. Griffin.

THE AUDUBON HOUSE, HOME OF THE GREAT NATURALIST, JOHN J. AUDUBON, HUDSON RIVER AT ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIFTH STREET. FROM AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN JULY 15, 1864, AS RECORDED IN THE DIARY OF GEORGE H. GRIFFIN, WHO IS ONE OF THE GROUP ON THE VERANDAH. HOUSE WAS OWNED BY JESSE BENEDICT (1864-1872). IT IS STILL STANDING (1922).

generation, the few recalled here will give a good idea of what steamboating was from the time of the "Isaac Newton" and the "New World" down to the time of the "Mary Powell," which formed the connecting link between the past and the present generation. Many of the famous steamboats of that exciting period are still in existence; some doing service as towboats; some having been dismantled and converted into barges, while others are rotting away in the marine graveyards.

The old "Oswego" and the "Norwich" still survive, but they have about reached the limit of their usefulness, and not many days will pass before all traces of them will have disappeared, and nothing but a memory of those interesting days will remain.

In sheltered coves along the shore,
The rotting hulks are buried deep,
And many a proud and one-time queen
Is now at rest in her long sleep.

Their wheels no more the waters churn;
The throbbing engine's pulse is still;
The helm no longer guides their course,
In answer to the pilot's will.

PASSENGER BARGES ON THE HUDSON

Phila., Dec. 25, 1921.

Mr. Henry Collins Brown,
15 East 40th Street,
New York City.

Dear Sir:

Noting in the Valentine's Manual a reference to

passenger barges on the Hudson River, brings to my mind personal recollections of these barges as late as 1879, when I was a clerk on the Barge "Chas. Spear" of the Ramsdell Line, operating between Newburgh and New York, on a daily line, the running mate to the "Spear" being the "Susquehanna."

These boats were exactly similar to the two screw propeller steamers "John L. Hasbrouck" and "Daniel S. Miller," then running on the Poughkeepsie Line, these boats convoying the barges on their regular trips.

Up to a few years previous to this there were three regular lines of passenger barges from Newburgh to New York, operated respectively by Wm. O. Mailler & Co., Alsdorf & Skidmore, and Homer Ramsdell & Co. The Alsdorf firm operated the "Wallkill" twice a week, and the Mailler firm ran the "Minisink" on a similar schedule alternating in their dates with each other, while the Ramsdell Company operated a daily line with their two barges.

The business done by these barges, outside of the passenger traffic, was in the nature of a farmers' produce market, the farmers shipping their butter, cheese, eggs, dressed hogs and calves, hay and straw on consignment, the barge operators selling the produce in New York, charging the farmers freight and commission. The landing places in New York were regular markets, the Captains and Clerks of the barges acting as salesmen for the produce, most of which—especially butter and cheese—was sold to such firms as Acker, Merrall & Condit, and Park & Tilford.

While the business of the barges became more and more unprofitable with the advent of the large and finely appointed steamers, and the barges gradually dropped

Courtesy Municipal Art Commission.

STATUE OF MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE, MODELED BY BARTHOLDI AND PRESENTED TO THE CITY IN 1876 BY FRENCH RESIDENTS.

out of the service, the Ramsdell boats continued to operate until 1886, when this company placed the steamboat "Newburgh" on the line, followed the next year by the "Homer Ramsdell."

The pursers and freight clerks of the modern steamboats have an easy life of it compared to the work the clerks of the old passenger and produce barges had to do. These barges usually arrived in New York around four o'clock in the morning, and the captains and clerks were busily engaged in selling the produce until around noon, and during the afternoon they were engaged in either collecting freight bills around Washington Market or standing on an open dock receiving freight until leaving time around six o'clock. This did not end the work of the clerks, as they had to manifest and bill all the freight on the way up the river, sometimes being at work after the boats arrived at Newburgh. This line, in addition to freight for local delivery, carried west-bound freight for Newburgh and Delaware divisions of the Erie Railroad, which had to be transferred to the cars on the wharf.

Altogether, the life of the early steamboat men did not allow of much time to enjoy home life, and many of the captains and clerks never saw their homes from the time of their first trip in the spring until the boats were tied up for the winter. But that it was a healthy occupation is fully attested by the long years of active service many of the veterans put in on the river, and many of them, though out of service, are still enjoying good health.

There certainly is a fascination in the river business, and I look back to-day on the years I spent on the river —from 1877 to 1914—as an experience worth all the

hard work involved, and to-day enjoy a trip up the river on one of the present-day steamers as much as if I were a part of the river itself.

Probably in the revision of the Hudson River notes, which you propose to publish in a separate publication, the above references to the old barge lines may be of interest to you. The first passenger barges were put on the river from Albany in 1825, the boats being the "Lady Van Rensselaer" and "Lady Clinton," being convoyed by the steamboats "Commerce" and "Swiftsure."

Yours very truly,

FLETCHER DUBOIS.

ST. MARK'S PLACE, MANHATTAN

By William J. Urchs

How many residents of this big city know where St. Mark's Place, Manhattan, is? It is in the old 17th Ward, running easterly from Third Avenue to Avenue A, terminating at Tompkins Square and running parallel to East Eighth Street.

In the early seventies, when my family moved to St. Mark's Place, there was every evidence of a recent aristocratic residential neighborhood; large mansions of granite and brownstone and numerous smaller private dwellings. Until a few years ago, the old Keteltas Mansion, at the northwest corner of Second Avenue, was still in existence. Tompkins Square, the eastern terminus of the street, was generally known as the Parade or Drill Grounds; not a bench nor a tree nor a fence anywhere. This parade ground was used principally in the spring of the year, for out-door drilling or practice for the various regiments of the National Guard, as well as the Police

Clinton Hall, the original Mercantile Library Building, Astor Place and Fourth Avenue; also, the Opera House and scene of the Astor Place Riots. All the important book sales took place here at Leavitt's. The Sixpenny Savings Bank occupied the ground floor.

and Fire Departments, the latter with all their newest and latest apparatus. All these parades came through St. Mark's Place, to the infinite joy and delight of the small boys of the neighborhood, of which I was one. We knew every Colonel, Band Master and Police Captain by name and took great pride in our "superior knowledge."

Tompkins Square was also the meeting-place of labor organizations, and I frequently saw thousands of men assembled there listening to speeches. One hot summer's night, about July, 1876, a mass meeting of laborers was called, thousands of disgruntled men came together, there was trouble in the atmosphere, threats of rioting were heard. The entire neighborhood was excited, sitting on stoops or standing in groups and discussing the probable outcome of the meeting. Policemen were parading the streets in twos and threes, occasionally a mounted policeman came along. The meeting started at 8 P. M., and at 10 o'clock a mounted policeman raced full speed through our block to the Police Station at Fifth Street and First Avenue, ostensibly to give the alarm (these were the days before the telephone). The street was cleared like magic, doors were slammed and shutters were closed with a bang. We heard the mob shouting a full avenue block away and knew there was going to be trouble. The mob had entered St. Mark's Place from the Parade Ground at Avenue A, singing or shouting a monotonous "Yeddy, Yeddy, Yeddy." It came nearer, they were about half-way down the block, when suddenly we heard the heavy footsteps of the Police Reserves in double-quick time, turning the corner at First Avenue. I should say there were about two hundred of them, under the command of Captain Williams (the celebrated Captain Alexander S. Williams who discovered the tenderloin in the New York Police

precincts, and was so well known in New York that even the horses nodded to him, to use his own words). The mob and the police met head on in front of our house. I was peeping through the slats on the second floor. A quick command by Captain Williams, the liberal use of the old night-stick by the police, a few broken heads and limbs, and everything was over. Inside of five minutes the mob was running back toward Avenue A helter skelter. This again is evidence of how a small number of armed and trained men can subdue a mob of thousands.

I recall now that another squad of police had been hiding in the Mission House at the northwest corner of Avenue A and St. Mark's Place, where they gathered during the day, sans uniform. They allowed the mob to pass down the street, knowing of course that Captain Williams and his men would meet them at the other end. As a result the rioters were bottled up or surrounded and received a fearful clubbing. A moment before the arrival of Captain Williams, I noticed quite a number of policemen lying flat on their stomachs at both eastern corners of First Avenue. They also had been hiding somewhere; the object, naturally, was to take the mob by surprise. If this mob of hoodlums had reached Second Avenue, it would have been a serious affair. All credit to the police, they handled the situation wonderfully well.

St. Mark's Place, and our block in particular, was at that time the residential headquarters for musicians, mostly members of the Philharmonic and Symphony Orchestras. Most of them owned the houses they lived in. The families were large, rarely less than five children and frequently up to ten and twelve. True to their vocation, every boy that was destined to become a musician, and most of them were, had to learn two instruments. Our

next door neighbor, for instance, played the bass violin in the Philharmonic Orchestra, and the cornet in the Seventh Regiment Band. They practiced four to six hours daily, and you can imagine the pandemonium. The tuning of an orchestra before a concert sounds like an infant's wail in comparison. These musicians were divided in two groups or factions, one would swear by Theodore Thomas of the Philharmonic; the other by Dr. Damrosch of the Symphony Orchestra.

In 1882, when we moved uptown, the old street had changed considerably; tenements and cheap flats replaced the old mansions; and now, I believe, it is part of the so-called Ghetto, and Tompkins Square is a recreation park.

St. Mark's Place, between First and Second Avenues, was a strictly residential street. With the exception of one or two "flats" or apartments, there were only private dwellings. On the south side of the street, about the middle of the block, was the residence of the Dugro family, of which the late Supreme Court Judge P. Henry Dugro was a member. In the later seventies or early eighties young Dugro was elected to a minor judgeship, and a handsome young man he was. His father, a rather picturesque old man with a scraggly black beard and a large soft felt hat, was one of the best known characters in the district. The old gentleman was very active in his son's campaign, with a specialty for "buttonholing." A few doors from the Dugros was the residence of Peter Cook, a well-known lawyer in his day; a tall heavy man with a black goatee and a silk hat. Judge Alfred Steckler lived a few doors west.

William Waldorf Astor was elected to the Assembly from this district (but I cannot recall where he lived at the time). This was the beginning of his political career,

but, forsooth, it was not to be a brilliant one; not in this country, anyway. After the completion of his term as Assemblyman, he was nominated for Congress on the Democratic or Tammany ticket. It was a strong Democratic district and everybody thought Astor as well as elected. The returns, however, showed that he was most ignominiously defeated; knifed by his own party. The opinion prevailed that the boys wanted some of his dough, and they got it. Not long after, Astor left this country to become a naturalized citizen of Great Britain. Politics make strange bedfellows, but it is quite a jump from a New York Assemblyman to a British Peer.

At the northwest corner of Second Avenue and St. Mark's Place was the Keteltas Mansion, as mentioned before, a large red brick building with white doors and marble trimming. Just north of this (and here we enter Second Avenue, which at one time was the finest residential street in the city) was the Folsom Mansion, with its large garden; this site is now occupied by the Stuyvesant Clinic. At the corner of Ninth Street and Second Avenue was the Goeller residence. Judge Dugro married one of the Goeller daughters. From Tenth to Eleventh Streets, and running partly parallel with Stuyvesant Place, we still find St. Mark's Church with its historical churchyard. It was originally known as "St. Mark's in the Bowerie," and from this church, St. Mark's Place derived its name. We will come back to the St. Mark's Churchyard later. At the northwest corner of Eleventh Street and Second Avenue was the residence of Senator William M. Evarts; the old building is still there and is occupied by St. Mark's Hospital. How well I remember the little old Senator in his broadcloth frock coat and silk hat a little the worse for wear, his clean-cut

features and clean-shaven face. One seldom saw a man without a beard or mustache in those days, unless he was a clergyman or an actor. On the opposite corner of Eleventh Street was the building of the Historical Society.

A little farther north on Second Avenue we still find the Stuyvesant Parks, running from Fifteenth to Seventeenth Street on both sides of the Avenue, and Rutherford Place, with St. George's Church and the Quaker School or Friends' Seminary as the background to the West Park and Livingston Place to the East Park. Many of the old New York families lived in this neighborhood, such as the Rutherfords, Stuyvesants, Livingstons, Van Rensselaers, Jays and Schieffelins. On the northwest corner of Seventeenth Street and Second Avenue was the large mansion of Hamilton Fish. This site is now occupied by the Lying-in Hospital.

Coming back to St. Mark's Place. The block between Second and Third Avenues had long before lost its old residential character. A few of the old residences remained, but very few. There were mostly apartment houses, or "flats" as they were known at that time. The Club House of the Arion Society was in the middle of the block on the north side, and directly opposite was the old Tivoli Garden. A few words about the latter may be interesting. Tivoli Garden in its early days was a family resort with a band-stand in the center and small tables all around; they had a large orchestra and good music and occasionally a soloist. The evolution from a Music Garden to a Variety Show did not take long. I remember seeing Grimaldi, a celebrated clown of those days, at the Tivoli. One of his stunts, in which he made part of the audience, unconsciously, assist him, was very funny. He came on the stage with a good-sized sky-rocket, placed

it on an elevation about two feet high and pointing it directly into the audience, he pretended to aim carefully at certain rows of seats, pantomiming to the people to move a little to the right or a little to the left, which some did involuntarily, but when he struck a match and lit the fuse, a number of people actually ducked. Scared out of their wits, we said in those days, but in this psychological age it is "prompted by the instinct of self-preservation."

Opposite the corner of Third Avenue and St. Mark's Place we find Cooper Union, or Cooper Institute as we called it, founded many years ago by the old philanthropist, Peter Cooper. I remember the old gentleman very well, with a profusion of white hair and a large white beard and green spectacles. He made the rounds of his Institute every morning, invariably carrying with him a rubber air cushion. Peter Cooper amassed a large fortune in the glue business. In 1876 he was nominated for President by the Greenback Party. This was a short-lived affair. In the basement of Cooper Institute was a large auditorium, used principally for political meetings, and for a number of years every Sunday night for "Dime Concerts." Good concerts for the masses at a reasonable price. Abram Hewitt, Ex-Mayor of this city and Congressman, was a son-in-law of Peter Cooper.

A block below Cooper Union on the east side of the street was Tompkins Market, running from Sixth to Seventh Street, on the Bowery. The upper floor of this building was formerly the Seventh Regiment Armory until they built their present Armory on Park Avenue. along about 1880. Later it was used by the Sixty-ninth Regiment.

The Third Avenue Elevated was built in 1880, the First and Second Avenue in 1881. Along First Avenue the

pillars were put up long before the rest of the framework. We boys would climb to the top of these pillars and jump into a pile of gravel for a nickel. I would not attempt it to-day for all the nickels in the world.

Coming back to St. Mark's Churchyard. This historical spot is worthy of a separate article and I will just dwell upon one important event in connection with it—one that caused the greatest sensation throughout the city. It was in November, 1878, when the remains of A. T. Stewart, the merchant prince, were stolen. The body rested in an underground vault since his death two years before. The vaults were all underground, with a heavy slab of stone, half a foot thick; tombstones or monuments were barred. The churchyard is protected by an eight-foot iron fence with spikes. How they managed to get the body out of the vault and over the iron fence without being detected is a mystery to this day. The object was blackmail. A reward of $25,000 was offered for the return of the body and capture of the ghouls; this reward was increased to $50,000 later. The body was subsequently recovered and deposited in the mausoleum of the Cathedral at Garden City, Long Island.

Alexander T. Stewart was born in Ireland and came to the country as a boy. He was without doubt the greatest Retail Merchant this country has known. His retail establishment at Ninth to Tenth Street and Broadway, completed shortly before his death, is to this day one of the finest buildings of its kind in the country. Besides the retail store, A. T. Stewart & Co. had a wholesale Dry Goods House on Broadway, taking in the entire block from Chambers to Duane Street. Stewart was one of the wealthiest men of the country and built a beautiful mansion at Thirty-fourth Street and Madison Avenue, where his widow survived him for a number of years.

UNION SQUARE

By George De Forest Barton

A recent letter to one of the papers about Union Square brought to my mind many remembrances of that locality.

The houses, and the names of all the families mentioned, most of whom were friends of my father, were familiar to me in my younger days.

The Park, itself, was pretty, as it contained a number of fine trees and much shrubbery, but it was gloomy on account of the heavy and hideously ugly iron fence, more suited for a cemetery than for a pleasure park. A high hedge grew just inside the railing completely hiding the view from outside, rendering the Park undesirable and it was not much frequented by the ladies of the neighborhood.

At sundown the gates were closed and locked.

The fence was set in great blocks of stone brought from somewhere up the Harlem Railroad and they were unloaded in the avenue alongside the tracks and there they lay for months until wanted by the masons. Playing among these huge stones was great sport for the boys from far and near.

Four sombre and mournful entrances gave access to the Park. At the southerly entrance, facing Broadway, on top of the tall pillars of the gateway were two large stone cannon balls brought from Constantinople by Commodore Porter of the U. S. Navy.

It was not until the Tweed days—about 1870—that the fence and inside hedge were removed, new paths laid

UNION SQUARE, EAST SIDE FIFTEENTH TO SIXTEENTH STREETS, ABOUT 1880. THE UNION SQUARE SAVINGS BANK STILL OCCUPIES THE CORNER BUILDING.

out, 17th Street widened into a plaza and the cottage and ornamental standards erected. All of which was a vast improvement.

At present it looks like anything but a pleasure Park, and just what it will be when the subway builders are through with it is a problem yet to be solved.

At the S. W. corner of Broadway and 14th Street was the James Roosevelt house; his brother, Cornelius Roosevelt, lived in a large brownstone house on the east side of Broadway between 12th and 13th Streets.

Wallack's Theatre, coming from the west side of Broadway, just below Broome Street, was subsequently erected at the N. E. corner of Broadway and 13th Street.

The Lorillards lived on the N. W. corner of Broadway and 10th Street and the William H. Aspinwalls on the N. E. corner of University Place and 10th.

On the S. W. corner of University Place and 9th Street was the home of the Emmet family, with its eight sons and two daughters. Several of the boys volunteered and served gallantly in the Federal forces in the War of the Rebellion, two of them giving their lives for their country.

On the west side of Broadway, just above Waverly Place, were the two severe and forbidding looking granite houses of the Spofford and Tileston families. The firm of Spofford & Tileston were prominent in the shipping business and were well known the world over. The firm owned a carriage and pair which were used in turn by the ladies of the two families, an indication of the economical frame of mind of that day. The families subsequently moved to Nos. 2 and 4 East 14th Street. The New York Club's building was on the S. E. corner of Broadway and Astor Place, directly opposite.

Next door to the Roosevelt house at Broadway and 14th Street lived Mr. —— Bronson, a prominent lawyer; on the next block to the west were the residences of Cortlandt Palmer, Herman D. Aldrich and Mr. Spencer, his partner.

On the opposite side of the street lived Moses H. Grinnell, at the corner of Fifth Avenue, subsequently occupied by Delmonico; farther on was the house of Henry A. Smythe, once Collector of the Port.

The Spingler Institute was on Broadway just above 14th Street and the Church of the Pilgrims was at the corner of 15th Street, afterward the site of Tiffany & Co. store; the building was moved stone by stone to 53d Street near Sixth Avenue and is in use to-day. The Presbyterian Church in 57th Street, between Broadway and Seventh Avenue, was also moved, stone by stone, from the corner of Fifth Avenue and 19th Street. Dr. John Hall was at one time the minister.

At the N. W. corner of Broadway and Sixteenth Street were the Austen houses; the corner was the home of David Austen, Sr., the next one was occupied by a son and the third by a daughter, Mrs. Fox, the mother of Austen G. Fox, the prominent lawyer of the present day.

Royal Phelps lived in 16th Street just west of Broadway.

The house on the S. W. corner of 17th Street and Broadway was occupied by Daniel Drew, a well-known Wall Street operator, and the home of Robert Goelet was at the N. W. corner.

The Parish family lived on the N. E. corner, and just beyond on 17th Street opposite the Park was the home of the Young family, which subsequently became the first house of the Union League Club; farther on was

RESERVOIR OF THE MANHATTAN WATER WORKS IN CHAMBERS STREET, 1825. THE BRONZE FIGURE OF NEPTUNE WAS LATER REMOVED TO THE MANHATTAN BANK BUILDING IN WALL STREET AND WAS LOST WHEN THE PRESENT BUILDING WAS ERECTED.

the large double-house of the Moffatts, afterward occupied as the Fenian Headquarters; then came the well-known Everett House.

At the southeast corner of Fourth Avenue, or Union Place, as sometimes called, lived Jacob Little, in his day one of the foremost men in Wall Street; on the opposite corner was the house of Jacob Cram.

In Fifteenth Street, just east of Fourth Avenue, was the spacious and comfortable house of the Century Club, which long since removed to its present location, 43d Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues.

On the site of the present Union Square Hotel, Fourth Avenue and 15th Street, were two large private houses occupied by Mrs. Plummer, who there maintained one of the most successful and fashionable boarding houses in the city.

Farther up the Avenue, at 18th Street, was the Clarendon Hotel, noted as the headquarters of British aristocracy when visiting New York, and it was at this hotel that Grand Duke Alexis and his suite stayed, some forty years ago.

On the N. E. corner was the house of Mrs. Nancy Holbrook and its extensive grounds and beautiful flower garden in rear, extending from 18th to 19th Street.

The place next door was the home of Professor Ogden Doremus, and on the 19th Street corner were two semi-detached houses, the inside one occupied by Mr. E. L. Brown, father of Charles S. Brown, now so prominent in Real Estate circles.

Commodore Henry Eagle, U. S. Navy, occupied the corner house and afterward it was for a while the house of Mr. Hearn, one of the founders of the firm of Arnold,

Constable & Co., then located at Canal and Mercer Streets.

On the opposite side of the avenue were several similar detached houses, in one of which lived Mr. Timothy G. Churchill, a prominent merchant, one of whose daughters was the wife of the late Right Rev. Henry Y. Satterlee, First Bishop of Washington.

Within the last fortnight the funeral services of Mrs. Satterlee were held in Calvary Church, of which church her husband was Rector for over twenty years.

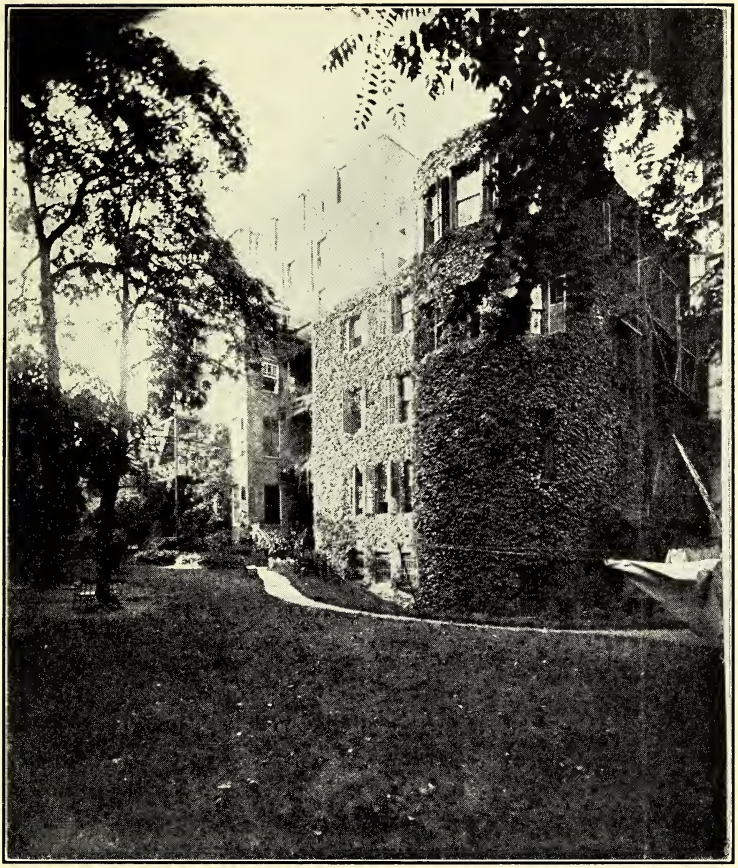
The two Fourth Avenue fronts, between 18th and 19th Streets, with the large grounds and detached houses, were the most attractive blocks in the city.

These fronts, as well as Gramercy Park, were laid out by the late Samuel D. Ruggles some time in the 30's.

The writer's father, William Barton, lived at 108 East 19th Street, No. 106 was the home of A. Grace King, and beyond, to the east, the Edward A. Richards, Homer Morgans, the eminent Presbyterian divine, Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, the Hiram Barneys and James W. Plumbs lived.

On the opposite side were the houses of Dr. James Hyslop, one of the many large-hearted physicians of that day, Morris Jessup and William Rhinelander, whose wife was the daughter of Judge Thomas J. Oakley, who lived directly in the rear on 20th Street facing Gramercy Park.

The Misses Haines' School for young ladies occupied the first two houses in 20th Street, next door to the rectory of All Souls' Church, Rev. Dr. Bellows. This church was familiarly, if not respectfully, known among the younger generation as the "Holy Zebra" or "Beef Steak Church," on account of its construction with alternate layers of white Caen stone and red brick.



Old St. John's Churchyard, Varick Street. This beautiful old section is now but a memory; business buildings cover the site.

At No. 11 lived Oliver DeForest Grant, who, with William Barton, formed the firm of Grant & Barton, well known for many years throughout the United States.

Beyond were the homes of Judge Oakley, Samuel J. Tilden, James W. Gerard, George C. Clark and Harris Brooks, and David Dows lived in Irving Place, just below 20th Street.

On the north side of the Park at the N. E. corner of Lexington Avenue were the houses of Cyrus W. Field and his brother, Judge David Dudley Field.

The Alexander M. Lawrence family lived in the house on the N. W. corner, which many years afterward became the home of Stanford White.

The S. E. corner of Lexington Avenue and 22nd Street, on the same block as the Field houses, lived Peter Cooper the philanthropist, whose beneficent bounty built the great institution Cooper Union, where opportunities are given the youth of both sexes to perfect themselves in certain lines which are not taught in the public schools, nor in the City College.

Many a man and woman to-day owe their success in life to the opportunities offered by the munificence of grand old Peter Cooper.

One of his daughter became the wife of the late Abram S. Hewitt, at one time the respected Mayor of this great city.

The next corner above, Lexington Avenue and 23rd Street, was the site of the College of the City of New York, originally the Free Academy, and from whose classic halls graduated many noted men of past generations, as well as of this generation.

Next door was the home of "Prex. Webster" of revvered memory.

In later years, after the Civil War, the house became the home of General Alexander S. Webb, U. S. Army, Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Potomac during the war, who resigned from the U. S. service in order to accept the presidency of the venerable institution of learning which he served faithfully and well for many years.

His death occurred February 12th, 1911.

At No. 66, next door to Calvary Church (at this time the odd numbers were not confined to the north side and the even numbers to the south side of the street), lived George B. DeForest, and Mayor Harper's home was in Gramercy Place between 20th and 21st Streets.

Two gas lamp posts, the old New York sign of a Mayoralty residence, were on the railing at the foot of the stoop and remained there for many years.

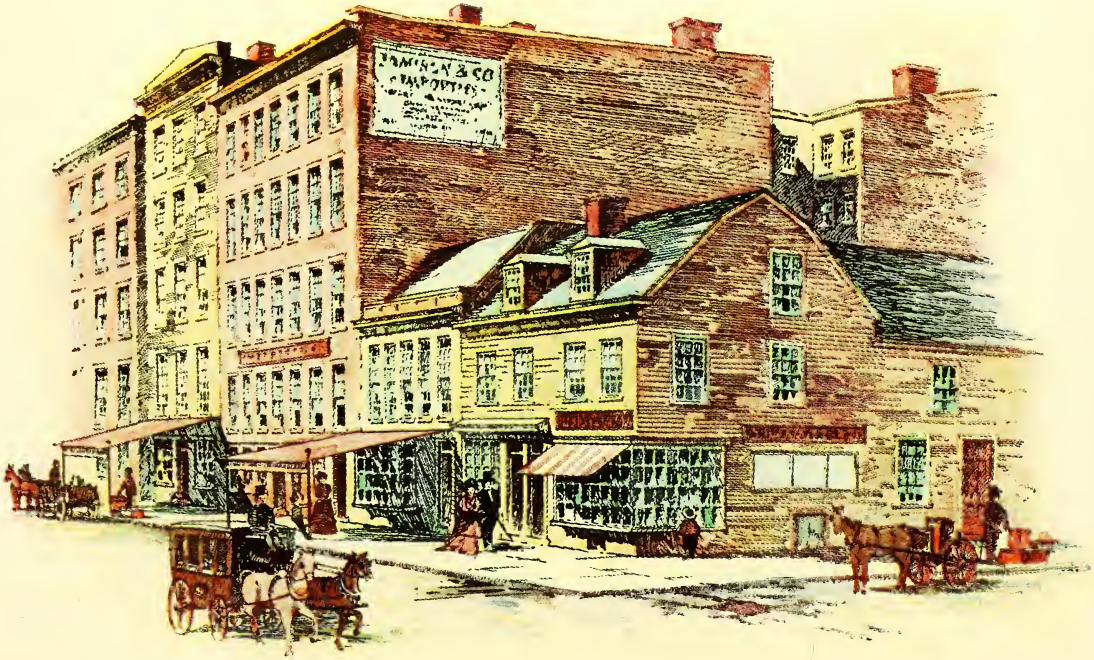
Rev. Dr. Francis L. Hawkes, the Rector of Calvary Church, was honored in the church throughout the land as a learned and eminent divine. He possessed a deep-toned, melodious voice which was most effective in the reading of the grand service of the Episcopal Church for the Burial of the Dead.

Calvary, now a downtown church, still continues its good work under the rectorship of the Rev. Theodore Sedgwick. Many comments have been made on its stubby "towers," but at one time there were two pointed latticed towers which succumbed in a heavy gale, back in the fifties.

At No. 28 East 20th Street stands the house where Theodore Roosevelt was born. It was then No. 38; his father's brother occupied the adjoining house.

Daniel Huntington, the artist, lived at No. 49, and next door, on one side, was the home of the Cary sisters,

The original depot of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. Afterwards known as the Hippodrome and later as Madison Square Garden. Demolished in 1890 and replaced by the present building. Gilmore's band gave concerts here and the first six-day walking matches were held here, when Rowell defeated the famous O'Leary.



Broadway, corner of Cortlandt Street, 1848.
This shows Bogert's Bakery, a well-known "cookie" shop in the forties, and the City Investing Company building adjoining. The Benedict building which once stood on this corner was the first iron front structure erected on Broadway. (1853).

Alice and Phoebe, and on the other side lived John A. Weeks, one of the most prominent lawyers of his day.

At the N. E. corner of Broadway and 19th Street stood the large brick house, in extensive grounds, erected by Tiebout Williams for his home on the "Williams Farm," which extended from 14th Street up, taking in parts of both sides of Broadway to 20th Street, and East to nearly Third Avenue, joining the Stuyvesant farm and including part of Gramercy Park, 19th Street and Irving Place. Certain portions of the farm, still owned by his descendants, are under long leases to tenants who have erected great buildings on the land.

The Williams house afterward became the residence of Peter Goelet and was chiefly noted because the old gentleman pastured his cow in the grounds and kept a number of pheasants and other brilliant plumaged birds.

In 19th Street on the north side lived Horace Greeley, and almost directly opposite was the home of Edwin Booth. On the north side farther east lived Dr. William Oliffe, whose wife was the youngest daughter of Tiebout Williams.

Up to about 1852 the only street car line was the Fourth Avenue, which was a part of the Harlem Railroad and was used to carry passengers from the railroad station at Centre and White Streets—now covered by the Criminal Courts Building—to Fourth Avenue and 32nd Street. The Park Avenue Hotel covers the plot on which stood the engine house and it was here that the locomotives "hooked on."

Madison Square Garden covers the block on which were the main stations of both the Harlem and New York & New Haven roads.

The New Haven had a downtown station on Broadway

just below Canal Street, using the Harlem Tracks, and both passenger and freight cars of these roads were hauled by horses up to 32nd Street.

The Sixth Avenue street car line, completed about 1853, ran down Sixth Avenue from the depot at 43rd Street, now the Hippodrome, through Carmine, Varick, Canal, West Broadway to Broadway at Vesey Street (the Eighth Avenue line subsequently ended there).

There was a spur of the Sixth Avenue at Canal Street to Broadway on which was run a queer little car, shaped like an omnibus, drawn by one horse and there was no conductor. In the absence of a turntable at the terminus, the car was made to swing around on a pivot in the centre of the truck, and the horses soon became expert in making the swing and seemed to enjoy it.

Carmine Street and its immediate vicinity was largely occupied by colored people, who were not permitted on every car, but in order to accommodate them, every fifth car above the windows was marked in large letters on a white ground, "Colored persons allowed in this car."

Stages, they were never called "buses" in New York, did most of the transportation up and down town. Several lines ran to South Ferry, one to Wall Street Ferry and two to the Fulton Ferry; none ran above 42d Street.

There were no traffic policemen in those days and so the stage drivers and truckmen drove their vehicles just how and where they saw fit; the result was naturally a succession of "jams."

The stages of two lines, Fifth Avenue and Seventh Avenue, as they turned from Broadway into Fulton Street on their way to the ferry, rendered that point the most congested in the town, making it almost impossible for pedestrians to cross in the busy hours of the day.

HISTORIC SCENE IN MADISON SQUARE ON ARMISTICE DAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1921, WHEN THOUSANDS HEARD PRESIDENT HARDING'S ADDRESS AT ARLINGTON CEMETERY BY MEANS OF THE LONG DISTANCE LINES AND TELEPHONE AMPLIFIERS OF THE BELL SYSTEM.

To obviate the danger, an elevated bridge was built across Broadway, and it remained in use up to the time of the completion of the Broadway street car line in 1884 and the multiplication and extension of other lines finally drove the stages from the streets.

NEW YORK'S WASHINGTON MEMORIALS

By Albert Ulmann

Assuredly New York has not forgotten that Washington was one of its citizens and that he figured prominently in its Colonial history and the early period of independence. The impressive memorials erected in widely separated localities of the city are worthy reminders of an interesting variety of incidents connected with his career.

There is, for instance, a memento of his youth and of an early romance—the Jumel Mansion. In 1756, when Washington was twenty-four years old, being then a Virginia colonel, he set out on a mission to Commander General Shirley stationed at Boston to determine certain matters in dispute regarding the precedence of officers of the regular and the Colonial forces. His route lay through New York and here, the story goes, he met Mary Philipse, the sister-in-law of his old friend and schoolmate, Beverly Robinson. We are disposed to think of Washington as too reserved, too austere, to indulge in anything like love-making, but it appears, as stated by Irving, that he was readily susceptible to female charms. Mary Philipse, according to report, was unusually fascinating. Furthermore, "her personal attractions are said to have rivaled her reputed wealth." Young Colonel Washington was apparently smitten, but for some reason, not quite clear, the romance halted and subsequently Miss Philipse married Captain Roger Morris, Washington's fellow aide-de-camp under Braddock.

Collection J. Clarence Davies.

RARE ENGRAVING OF WASHINGTON ENTERING NEW YORK, 1783. PROCESSION PASSING FULTON STREET AND BROADWAY.

Roger Morris was of English birth; a handsome and magnetic personality. Seven years after he married the beautiful Mary, in 1765, he bought from James Carroll the old Kierson homestead and built the fine Colonial residence known subsequently as the Jumel Mansion and now designated Washington Headquarters. At the time of the outbreak of the Revolution, Morris threw in his lot with the Royalists, as a consequence of which he became an exile and his property was confiscated.

Nineteen years after his first visit, Washington, then forty-three years old, again passed through New York on his way to Boston. On this occasion he bore the title of Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army, an office bestowed upon him by the second General Congress assembled at Philadelphia in May, 1775. During the interval between the two visits to the metropolis Washington had given much of his time and energy to frontier warfare, had subsequently married the comely and captivating Mrs. Martha Custis and had then lived the reposeful life of a country gentleman "during the aristocratical days of Virginia" at his beloved Mt. Vernon.

Meanwhile, New York also had undergone changes. At the time of Washington's earlier visit, the city, according to Thomas Jones, as described in his unique and strongly partisan loyalist history of the colony, was in its happiest state. There was peace and prosperity; hospitality without luxury. "The disposition, the conduct and behavior of the people in general bespoke harmony, mutual love and reciprocal affection. The several denominations of Christians . . . the people called Quakers and even the very Jews all lived in perfect

peace and harmony. . . . This, if I may be allowed the expression, was the Golden Age of New York."

But such was not the state of mind in 1775. Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill had written their bloody record upon the page of history, the spirit of resistance towards Britain's policy was rife, the people were taking sides for and against England and the outlook was dark and disturbing.

Such was the New York that Washington was now about to visit. At the same time, Tryon, the Royal Governor, was expected from England. It was uncertain which would arrive first—truly an awkward situation.

Each was to be given an appropriate military reception—assuredly a confused state of affairs. Obviously there might be a clash between Royalists and Loyalists. Such being the case it was deemed advisable that Washington should avoid the town; whereupon he crossed the river from Hoboken and arrived in the vicinity of the present Laight and Greenwich Streets near Leonard Lispenard's country place.

Lecky in the well-known XIth chapter of his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," considered the situation important and interesting enough to devote space to it in the following manner:

"In June, 1775, the Provincial Congress of N. Y. received two startling pieces of intelligence, that Washington was about to pass through their city on his way to Cambridge and that Tryon, the royal governor, had just arrived in the harbor. The Congress, though it was an essentially Whig body, and had assumed an attitude that was virtually rebellion, still dreaded the necessity of declaring itself irrevocably on either side, and it ultimately ordered the colonel of militia to dispose of his troops so as to receive 'either the General or Governor Tryon, whichever should first arrive, and wait on both as well as circumstances would admit.'"

New-York, Nov. 24, 1783.

The Committee appointed to conduct the Order of receiving their Excellencies Governor CLINTON and General WASHINGTON,

BEG Leave to inform their Fellow-Citizens, that the Troops, under the Command of Major-General KNOX, will take Possession of the City at the Hour agreed on, Tuesday next; as soon as this may be performed, he will request the Citizens who may be assembled on Horseback, at the Bowling-Green, the lower End of the Broad-Way, to accompany him to meet their Excellencies Governor CLINTON and General WASHINGTON, at the Bull's Head, in the Bowery---the Citizens on Foot to assemble at or near the Tea-water-Pump at Fresh-water.

Fac Simile of the original in possession of Geo. Granville White, Brooklyn, N.Y. (grandson of Tho's Tucker)

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

A Party of Horse will precede their Excellencies and be on their flanks---after the General and Governor, will follow the Lieutenant-Governor and Members of the Council for the temporary Government of the Southern Parts of the State---The Gentlemen on Horse-back, eight in Front---those on Foot, in the Rear of the Horse, in like Manner. Their Excellencies, after passing down Queen-Street, and the Line of Troops up the Broadway, will a-light at CAPE's Tavern.

The Committee hope to see their Fellow-Citizens, conduct themselves with Decency and Decorum on this joyful Occasion.

CITIZENS TAKE CARE!!!

THE Inhabitants are hereby informed, that Permission has been obtained from the Commandant, to form themselves in patroles this night, and that every order requisite will be given to the guards, as well to aid and assist, as to give protection to the patroles: And that the countersign will be given to THOMAS TUCKER, No. 51, Water Street, from whom it can be obtained, if necessary.

BROADSIDE GIVING ORDER OF PROCESSION FOR GENERAL WASHINGTON'S ENTRY INTO NEW YORK, 1783.

Having this condition in mind, let us read Loyalist Jones's account:

"Upon this occasion the Volunteer companies . . . . waited on the beach to receive them (Washington, Lee and Schuyler) upon their landing from the Jersey Shore and conducted them up to Lispenards, amidst the repeated shouts and huzzas of the seditious and rebellious multitude, where they dined and towards evening were escorted to town, attended and conducted in the same tumultous manner.

"About 9 o'clock the same evening, Gov. Tryon came up from Sandy Hook and landed at the Exchange, where he was met and welcomed once more to his Government by the members of his Majesty's Council, Judges, Clergymen, etc. But strange to relate . . . . those very people who attended the rebel generals in the morning . . . . joined in the Governor's train and welcomed him back to the colony."

Washington's arrival in New York on this occasion has been commemorated in the form of a tablet affixed to the building at 198 Hudson Street opposite Desbrosses Street.

The inscription is as follows:

Opposite this Tablet
In Hudson Street stood the
House of Leonard Lispenard
In which
General George Washington
Was entertained June 25, 1775
While en route
From Philadelphia to Cambridge
To Assume Command of the Continental Army.
This Tablet was Erected
By the Empire State Society
Sons of the American Revolution
June 25, 1914.

A second tablet was erected June 27, 1914, on the west side of the Broadway viaduct crossing the obsolete

Spuyten Duyvil Creek, about 1,200 feet north of the Harlem Ship Canal. It indicates the vicinity of King's Bridge, over which marched the troops of both armies, and states the fact that Washington rested there on the night of June 26-27 while on his way to Cambridge to assume command of the army.

The Boston campaign lasted from June, 1775, to March, 1776. In the face of incredible difficulties Washington managed to outmaneuver Gage and his successor Howe. "It is not in the page of history, perhaps," wrote Washington, "to furnish a case like ours: to maintain a post within musket-shot of the enemy for six months together, without powder, and at the same time to disband our army and recruit another, within that distance of twenty odd British regiments." He had actually to conceal the situation from his own officers.

The scene of war now shifted to New York. In the meantime the cause of Independence had received a stirring impetus. The anonymous pamphlet "Common Sense" had appeared and fired the minds of the Colonists. Having been attributed to John Adams, Ben Franklin and other prominent men, the authorship was eventually determined. The writer was Thomas Paine, the son of an English Quaker. After an adventurous and unsuccessful career in England, he came to America, settled in Philadelphia, and while eking out a living by teaching and magazine writing, he worked upon the epoch-making pamphlet that paved the way for the Declaration of Independence.

That immortal announcement of rights, adopted at Philadelphia, was read on July 9, 1776, to the troops in New York. The regiments were lined up on the Common (now City Hall Park) and in the presence of Wash-

THE BULL'S HEAD TAVERN ON THE BOWERY. RICHARD VARIAN WAS THE PROPRIETOR, 1776-1796. IT WAS HERE THAT WASHINGTON WAS MET IN 1783 ON HIS ARRIVAL TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE CITY AFTER THE BRITISH OCCUPATION.

The last Farmhouse on Broadway, 1867.
The Caspar Samler homestead, Twenty-ninth Street and Broadway; removed to make way for the Gilsey House. Now used as an office building, 1922.

ington the American attitude was proclaimed. A tablet affixed to the City Hall under one of the windows of the Mayor's chamber commemorates this momentous event.

The New York campaign was the reverse of that of Boston; Washington in turn was squeezed out. The defeat of the Americans in the battle of Long Island made this inevitable. It caused Washington to shift his headquarters from Richmond Hill (present Varick and Charlton Streets) to the Morris Mansion (161st Street and St. Nicholas Avenue). In this manner fate curiously linked the romantic past with the grim actualities of war and, no doubt, brought back memories of the charming Mary Philipse and the peaceful pleasures of Colonial days.

To the right of the doorway of the historic landmark, with its mullioned side-lights and elliptical transom, there is an impressive bronze tablet bearing a profile bust of Washington and stating the fact that he occupied the mansion as his headquarters from September 16th to October 21st, 1776.

It was during the time that Washington occupied the Morris Mansion that the Battle of Harlem Heights (Sept. 16, 1776) was fought and won by the patriot troops, a contest scarcely noticed by Fiske, but mentioned by Trevelyan in the following appreciative manner:

"At length the English vanguard came into view, splendid troops, overflowing with contempt for a foe whom they had thrice within one month chased and scattered; and whom now that he had taken refuge in his intrenchments, their buglers tauntingly saluted with the hunting-call which announced that a fox had gone to ground. Washington saw his opportunity, and sent out a detachment which, cleverly pushed forward and then in turn withdrawn, tempted his impetuous adversaries down into the valley that lay in front of the American lines. In the meantime two hundred riflemen and rangers, the flower of the Vir-

ginia and New England sharpshooters, fetched a circuit to the eastward with the intention of encompassing, and cutting off, the English skirmishers. The Southerners were commanded by Major Leitch, and the Northerners by Captain Thomas Knowlton, whose youthful promise has won him a place in the affectionate memory of his countrymen. By some mistake their attack commenced too soon, in flank, and not in rear, of the force which was opposed to them; but, when once begun, it was pushed home. The English fell back, fighting stiffly, and then took their stand along a slope crowned by a field of buckwheat, not far from the village of Bloomingdale, on ground which is now overlooked by the bold and imposing dome of President Grant's mausoleum.

"It was a pity that old Ulysses was not there to see; for it was the sort of fight which he liked to watch, and knew well how to get going."

Had he been present, Ulysses would have observed that the Americans were superbly led and that the victory lay with them. Unfortunately, Knowlton was slain on the field and Leitch, thrice wounded, died a fortnight later. The main action, covering the buckwheat field, occurred, according to Prof. Henry P. Johnston, on and northwest of the grounds of Columbia University and Barnard College. Appropriately, a tablet affixed to the Engineering Building of the University commemorates the battle and depicts Knowlton and Leitch in action.

The victory, however, proved but a temporary check. Howe resorted to a flanking movement and compelled Washington to fall back from Harlem Heights; whereupon he took a position at White Plains. Manhattan Island had now been abandoned with the exception of the stronghold at Fort Washington. Colonel Robert Magaw bravely defended this post, but being attacked from four directions he was compelled to surrender his garrison of over twenty-five hundred men, a serious loss and one of the worst blows of the campaign.

Seven years were to pass ere Washington again set foot upon Manhattan soil. During that interval there

THE "PHOENIX" AND THE "ROSE" ENGAGED BY THE ENEMY'S FIRE-SHIPS AND GALLEYS, 1776. FROM A SKETCH BY SIR JAMES WALLACE.

were many occasions when he must have doubted the likelihood of entering the city at the head of a victorious army. After Brandywine (Sept. 11, 1777), he must have come very near giving up in despair. The condition of the troops was almost unbelievable. Washington himself is on record as saying that nearly 3,000 men in the camp were unfit for duty because they were "barefoot and otherwise naked." At Valley Forge during the piercing cold wintry days of 1777-78 there was little less than a famine in camp. "Naked and starving as they are, we cannot enough admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiery," writes the Commander, "that they have not been ere this excited by their sufferings to a general mutiny and dispersion."

Washington's formal entrance into New York, after its evacuation by the British, November 25, 1783, is commemorated by the equestrian statue in Union Square. It marks approximately the place where he was met by the rejoicing citizens. On the occasion of the unveiling of the noble memorial, July 4, 1856, one of the speakers gave utterance to this sentiment: "By the authority of those who have erected this statue, I give it, before God and our country, to the People of the United States. . . . And you people of New York, individually and collectively, and not by any delegation of the trust, but as a democracy, shall be its guardians."

Washington's return to the city and the occasion of his meeting his faithful and devoted group of officers to bid them farewell leads us to Fraunces's Tavern, one of the most interesting and picturesque landmarks of the Revolution. Located at the corner of Broad and Pearl Streets, amid the activities of modern commercialism, it calmly preserves the atmosphere of Colonial days.

Fortunately, we have a graphic picture of the farewell scene, impressively and touchingly described by Colonel Benjamin Tallmadge. It is recorded in his personal diary, as follows:

"The time now drew near when the Commander-in-Chief intended to leave this part of the country for his beloved retreat at Mount Vernon.

"On Tuesday, the 4th of December, it was made known to the officers then in New York, that General Washington intended to commence his journey on that day. At 12 o'clock the officers repaired to Fraunce's Tavern in Pearl Street, where General Washington had appointed to meet them, and to take his final leave of them. We had assembled but a few moments when his Excellency entered the room. His emotion, too strong to be concealed, seemed to be reciprocated by every officer present.

"After partaking of a slight refreshment, in almost breathless silence, the General filled his glass with wine and, turning to the officers, he said, 'With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable.'

"After the officers had taken a glass of wine, General Washington said, 'I cannot come to each of you, but shall feel obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand.'

"Gen. Knox, being nearest to him, turned to the Commander-in-Chief, who suffused in tears was incapable of utterance, but grasped his hand, when they embraced each other in silence.

"In the same affectionate manner every officer in the room marched up to be kissed and parted with his General-in-Chief.

"Such a scene of sorrow and weeping I had never before witnessed, and I hope may never be called upon to witness again. It was indeed too affecting to be of long continuance—for tears of deep sensibility filled every eye and the heart seemed so full that it was ready to burst from its wonted abode. Not a word was uttered to break the solemn silence that prevailed, or to interrupt the tenderness of the interesting scene. The simple thought that we were then about to part with the man who had conducted us through a long and bloody war and under whose conduct the glory and independence of our country had been achieved, and that we shall see his face no more in this world, seemed to me utterly insupportable.

"But the time of separation had come and waving his hand to his grieving children around him, he left the room and passing through a corps of light infantry who were paraded to receive him, he walked silently on to Whitehall, where a barge was in waiting.

Bowling Green in 1869. Note the beautiful shade trees.

"We all followed in mournful silence to the wharf, where a prodigious crowd had assembled to witness the departure of the man who, under God, had been the great agent in establishing the glory and independence of these United States.

"As soon as he was seated, the barge put off into the river, and when out in the stream, our great and beloved General, waved his hat and bid us a silent adieu."

And now a word as to the venerable landmark at Broadway and Pearl Streets. It was erected in 1719, was the property of Stephen de Lancey and was regarded as one of the finest residences in the city. It is not known when its career as a residence came to an end, but it appears that a public ball was given there in 1737 under the auspices of Henry Holt, a dancing master. Subsequently, it was used as a store and warehouse by De Lancey, Robinson & Co., Robinson being the Beverley Robinson who was the brother-in-law of Mary Philipse. About 1762 the property passed into the possession of Samuel Fraunces, an innkeeper, who called his new venture the "Queen's Head Tavern." Ever since that date, during a period of one hundred and fifty-seven years, the place has served as a public tavern.

In 1904, the site and building were purchased by the Sons of the Revolution. Alterations and additions had substantially changed the original structure, two stories having been added together with a flat roof. Naturally, it was deemed advisable to restore the building to its original dimensions and character. This was not an easy task. There was, for instance, nothing to indicate the slope of the roof. Fortunately, when the two upper stories were removed, the old roof line was found clearly marked on the wall of the adjoining building. There was another difficulty—bricks. The Broad Street side had been composed of yellow Dutch bricks and the Pearl

Street front of red English units. By good luck, it was ascertained that a plant near Rotterdam was producing bricks similar to those of the seventeenth century and some fourteen thousand were imported. Equally fortunate was the discovery that some old houses in Baltimore were being torn down, and these furnished the requisite red bricks. Interior features, such as the staircase, fireplaces, wainscoting, etc., were modelled after those of the Philipse Manor House at Yonkers, and in this manner genuine Colonial characteristics were introduced and a true Colonial atmosphere created.

On the 23rd of December, 1783, on the floor of the Hall of Congress assembled at Annapolis, Washington resigned his commission as Commander-in-Chief of the Army. "Having now finished the work assigned me," he remarked in the course of his address, "I retire from the great theatre of action; and, bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body under whose orders I have long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life."

The next morning he departed and arrived at his beloved Mt. Vernon on Christmas Eve, his mind relieved of the cares of office and his hope being to spend the remainder of his days, "in cultivating the affection of good men, and in the practice of the domestic virtues."

But the retreat to Mt. Vernon did not keep the former commander isolated regarding the affairs of the new nation. He was ever watching with keen solicitude the new mechanism, anxious as to the efficiency of the new government and ever more and more doubtful as to the solidity of the organization he had helped to construct. Eventually, he arrived at the conclusion that the Con-

federation was little more than a shadow and Congress but an inefficient body—one without power to order and direct the affairs of the nation.

It is but necessary, here, to refer for a moment to the fact that Washington presided over the momentous gathering that formulated the Constitution, regarding which it may be well to recall Franklin's remark concerning the sun painted at the back of the president's chair. "I have often and often," said he, "in the course of the session, and the vicissitudes of my hopes and fears as to its issue, looked at that sun behind the president, without being able to tell whether it was rising or setting; at length I have the happiness to know it is a rising and not a setting sun."

Washington neither sought nor wanted the Presidency. His attachment to domestic life dominated all other inclinations, but the call of duty, the desire to extricate the country from the embarrassments in which it was entangled, eventually superseded all other considerations. And so, having been notified of his election, he set out for New York on the 16th of April, 1789, "with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations" than he had words to express.

The first presidential mansion was located at No. 1 Cherry Street. It was a spacious residence belonging to Walter Franklin, brother-in-law of George and De Witt Clinton. An interesting intimate description of the house and the manner of its selection has been preserved in a letter written by one of the family. It runs as follows, the General, of course, being Washington:

". . . . Previous to his coming, Uncle Walter's house in Cherry Street was taken for him, and every room furnished in the most elegant manner. Aunt Osgood and Lady Kitty Duer

had the whole management of it. I went the morning before the General's arrival to take a look at it. The best of furniture in every room, and the greatest quantity of plate and china I ever saw; the whole of the first and second stories is papered and the floor covered with the richest kind of Turkey and Wilton carpets. The house did honor to my aunts and Lady Kitty; they spared no pains or expense on it. Thou must know that Uncle Osgood and Duer were appointed to procure a house and furnish it, accordingly they pitched on their wives as being likely to do better."

A tablet affixed to the pier of the Brooklyn Bridge at Cherry Street marks the site of the Franklin residence. An actual souvenir of the first presidential mansion remains in the form of the impressive chair that occupies the centre of the platform of the lecture hall of the New York Historical Society. The chair was made from wood removed from the house when it was demolished.

The inauguration was delayed several days by a question that had arisen as to the form or title by which the president-elect was to be addressed. This being settled by a decision that there should be no title—simply the form, "The President of the United States"—the 30th of April was the date determined upon for the ceremony.

The calm and dignified bronze figure that rests upon the steps of the Sub-treasury in Wall Street—erected by voluntary subscriptions under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce—appropriately marks the site of Federal Hall and commemorates the inauguration of the first President of the United States.

Within the building, affixed to the southern wall, is a brownstone slab bearing an inscription to the effect that Washington stood upon it while he took the oath of office.

The New York Historical Society preserves a section of the iron railing taken from the balcony of Federal

Hall. It constitutes not only a unique historic relic, but is additionally interesting because of its design, the central feature of which comprises thirteen arrows in fanlike arrangement.

Another impressive reminder of the inauguration is the beautiful arch in Washington Square. At the time of the Centennial celebration in 1889 President Harrison, duplicating as nearly as possible the original program, landed at the foot of Wall Street and proceeded to the site of the inauguration. The naval parade, the military procession, the governors of many states, the pageant of school children, fittingly but ephemerally celebrated the great occasion. Happily, the marble memorial, "Erected by the People of the City of New York," permanently glorifies the important historic event.

Turning back to 1789, we are reminded that after the inaugural ceremonies at Federal Hall, Washington and the whole assemblage proceeded on foot to St. Paul's, where special services were held. The pew which Washington occupied is readily distinguishable and a bronze tablet commemorating the centennial of the inauguration attracts the eye of the visitor who comes to spend an hour in the simple house of worship.

Washington, it appears, enjoyed theatrical performances. At the time of his residence in New York, the John Street Theatre was the fashionable playhouse, where a special box was reserved for the President of the United States. The fact that he attended the performances is recorded upon a bronze tablet rceently dedicated by the Maiden Lane Historical Society and affixed to the building located at No. 15 John Street.

Another tablet located nearby brings us to the end of

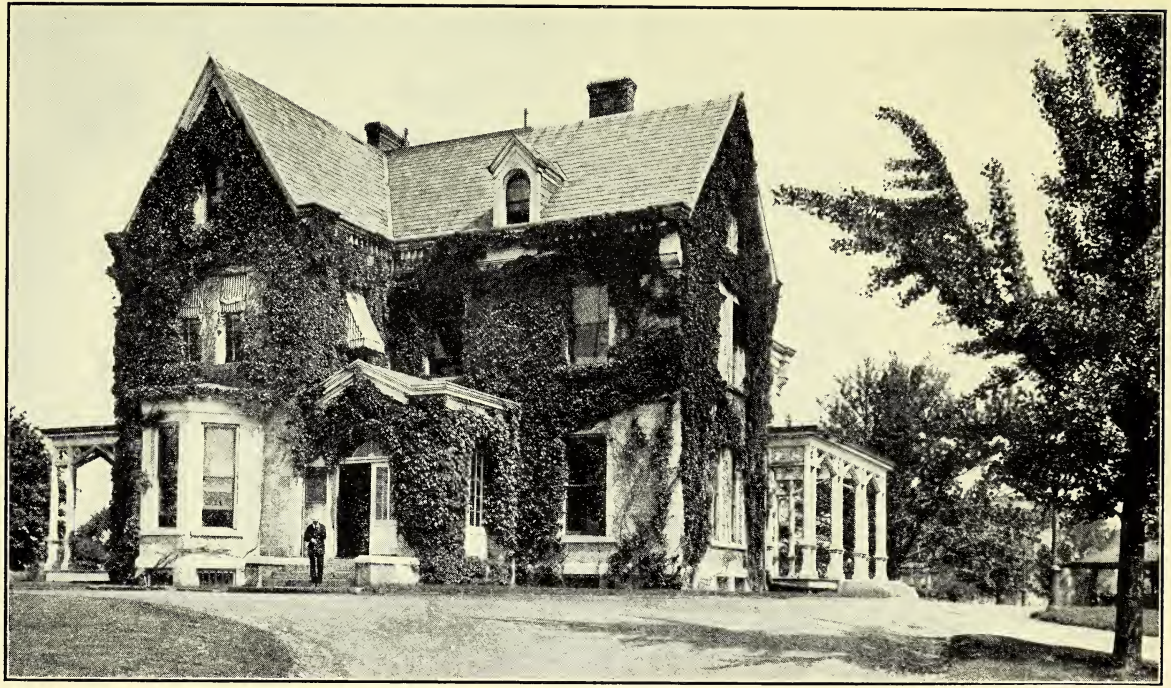
our memorial pilgrimage. Let us again visit St. Paul's and there look upon a bronze plate bearing the following inscription:

This Tablet
Is Erected in Commemoration of
The Centennial Anniversary Services
of the
Death of His Excellency
General George Washington
Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States
During the War of the Revolution
Observed at St. Paul's Chapel
On the Broadway, New York
Dec. 14, 1899.

General Society of the Cincinnati

Sons of the Revolution in the State of New York

Having in mind this tribute to the memory of the "nation's noblest son," it may be well to recall the resolution of the House of Representatives on learning of the death of Washington, namely, "that a committee be appointed to consider the most suitable manner of paying honour to the memory of the MAN first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen."



The Zborowski Mansion, Claremont Park; built in 1859; now used as headquarters of the Department of Parks, Bronx.

OLD MANSIONS OF THE WEST BRONX

By Randall Comfort

The Briggs Mansion

The startling plan to fill up the Harlem River in order to make more space for the city's expansion, was never fulfilled. It still ebbs and flows. Close to its shores, at 146th Street, rises the white and stately Briggs Mansion, so styled after Captain Briggs, whose family for thirty-five years made it their home.

Previous to this it was the residence of Captain Francis, inventor of the metallic life-boat. A son of the captain, visiting the old structure a quarter of a century ago, told the interesting tale how Queen Victoria offered his father knighthood in recognition of his services to the world. As a true American, the Captain refused. Later, he received a medal expressing the thanks of the American Congress.

The fine old mansion stands forth a striking landmark to all, far and near. Its roof is of similar material and made in the same manner as the life-saving boats. The old nails used in its construction are all hand-wrought. Down in the basement, the ancient Dutch oven is still very much in existence.

Last but not least, the old fence still remains on the south side which was designed and studied out with mathematical exactness by Captain Francis himself.

The William H. Morris Mansion

Nothing but a foundation remains to mark the site of the solid William H. Morris Mansion, whose stone walls stood ever since 1816 on the high ground at 167th Street and Teller Avenue, overlooking the peaceful valley where once flowed the tortuous Mill Brook. To the east was the old Morrisania Station of the Harlem Railroad, while toward the south lay the broad acres of that well-known rendezvous of all lovers of the turf, Fleetwood Park.

A remarkable phenomenon presented itself in the hall of this great abode—there were no stairs! Broad and commodious as the hallway was, and extending from side to side, it was not until a small door was opened, apparently leading into a small side room, that the main stairway was disclosed, wending its winding way above. The owner evidently took no chances with possible nocturnal visitors of the early days.

Where Mill Brook wound through Tremont's vales, a pile of stones lay nearby its course, marking the site of the home in former days of the celebrated Charlotte Temple. "Ah, Charlotte, Charlotte, the tears that have been shed over thy fate would easily form another such rivulet."

The Zborowski Mansion

One of the best preserved as well as finest located old houses in the entire borough is the grand Zborowski Mansion, in the high ground of glorious Claremont Park, overlooking the thickly settled region below. This vast estate was secured by the early owner, Martin Zborowski, from the Morris family through his marriage with Miss Ann Morris.

The charming Zborowski Mansion, now the busy headquarters of the Bronx Borough Department of Parks, was erected in 1859, the date being clearly emblazoned on the walls in figures of purest white. The second date, 1676, marks the year in which Lewis Morris received the patent of this land from that early official, Governor Andros. The velvety lawns, the giant trees, the magnificent view, all unite in praising the marvelous judgment used in Mr. Zborowski's selection of a home.

A short distance to the west, and formerly in the densest woods, is the location of a veritable freak of nature, the mysterious Black Swamp, in whose dreaded and notorious waters, feared since the days of the Indians, so many blooded cattle have met their death. For the longest time this marsh defied all efforts to fill it up. Thousands of tons of earth and rock would be dumped into its deep maw. Success was apparently in sight, but when next day dawned all would have disappeared as if by magic, leaving only the dark waters in sight, smiling in the morning sun. Human persistence, backed by more thousands of tons of material, at last proved triumphant, and now Morris Avenue reigns supreme.

The Old Bathgate Homestead

From Claremont Park, the broad Claremont Parkway leads directly into the leafy wilderness of Crotona Park, whose one hundred and fifty acres were once the extensive Bathgate farm. A long time ago, a Scotchman named Alexander Bathgate came to America and became overseer for Gouverneur Morris. Not many years passed before his Scotch thrift enabled him to become the owner of a considerable portion of his late employer's estate,

which he developed as a prosperous farm. While the surrounding section was cut up into city lots with city taxes and assessments, the Bathgate tract still existed as a regular farm in every sense of the word.

On the west side of Third Avenue, just below Claremont Parkway, stood the old Bathgate residence, the latter highway directly piercing the Bathgate barnyard. Third Avenue, then known as Fordham Avenue, was but a narrow farm lane.

As a final scene in the play, in stepped the City of New York and purchased the major portion of the Bathgate farm, and to-day Crotona Park, with its sloping fields, dense woods and popular Indian Pond, owes its existence to the Bathgates' desire for farming.

We learn that it was the original intention of the Commission of the new Bronx parks to name this one "Bathgate Park," but owing to an exciting dispute with the Commission's chief engineer, the name Crotona was chosen, manufactured from the word Croton.

James Bathgate, brother of Alexander, purchased his farm near Kingsbridge Road just east of Fordham Heights. In 1866 this became the much patronized Jerome Park, so much sought by every lover of good horse-racing. To-day the vast Jerome Park Reservoir covers Mr. Bathgate's pastures with its rippling waters of perfect blue, while seagulls fly in swarms over the site of the Bathgate Mansion of other days.

The De Voe Residence

Old Highbridgeville may well boast of a splendid relic of the early days—the old De Voe Residence on Jessup Avenue, erected in 1804. The section in which the old

house stands, with its quaint low-ceiled dining-room and still lower ceiled kitchen, has been in the possession of the family ever since 1694. The family is of old Huguenot origin, the name being originally spelled De Veaux.

Just above the De Voe residence, Featherbed Lane still winds as crooked as ever. Whether it owes its name to the story that the farmers' wives enabled the Americans to escape by spreading all their feather beds down on its stony surface, or whether it was once so rough that feather beds were needed at all times to enable travelers to proceed, will probably forever be an unsolved riddle.

The Rose Hill Manor Houses

On the side, the De Voe family traces its descent back to the celebrated Andrew Corsa, the last of the noted Westchester Guides of Revolutionary days. Corsa was born in 1762 at Rose Hill, now embraced in the beautiful grounds of Saint John's College, Fordham.

The youngest of all the Westchester Guides, he was the last to die. Intimately acquainted with every inch of the section around Morrisania, Fordham and Kingsbridge, his services were extensively sought by the generals of the Revolution. While guiding Washington and Rochambeau through the lower portion of this borough, the British artillery suddenly opened fire from Randall's Island, from their batteries at Harlem and from their men-of-war in the river, all at the same moment. Galloping his horse at full speed, he sought shelter behind the old Morrisania mill. Glancing back, he spied the allied generals entirely undisturbed by the terrific cannonade, and he at once dashed back to their side, to be

received with peals of laughter, and by a very cordial welcome.

The old Rose Hill Manor House was erected about 1692 and was used as the college infirmary until its demolition, a few years ago. The new Rose Hill Manor House still stands in full view of the elevated trains, an ancient stone structure, with tall, tower-like cupola, sandwiched in between two large college buildings. It was constructed in 1838, and to-day is used as administration building for the college which is now styled Fordham University.

The Poe Cottage

Fordham's famous Poe Cottage has been the Mecca for many thousands of tourists. Its new location at the northern end of attractive Poe Park assures its existence for ages to come.

The year 1846 saw Poe and his wife and mother-in-law move to this "Dutch Cottage," and in its tiny rooms he composed many of his celebrated poems, including "Ulalume," "Eureka," "For Annie," and "Annabel Lee." For years the old cherry tree, into whose branches he so often climbed to throw down the juicy fruit to his wife below, was a landmark of the region.

We read that: "The tiny cottage had an air of taste and gentility that must have been lent to it by the very presence of its inmates. So neat, so poor, so unfurnished, and yet so charming a dwelling I never saw."

"His wife had come out into the fresh air to dig in the ground and to get well. But she was too thin and weak to dig." In spite of Fordham's salubrious air, poor Virginia Poe died and was for a time interred in one of

the vaults of the Fordham Manor Reformed Church, a short distance to the west.

Poe's favorite pastime was to stroll through the byways of this charming neighborhood, the then new Croton Aqueduct being his favorite walk. Oftentimes he would visit Saint John's College, and join in animated conversations with the Catholic priests.

1849 saw his departure from the small house, and yet seventy years later we find his memory as green as the blades of grass in the lovely Poe Park.

A childhood friend of mine distinctly remembered being invited with her mother to luncheon at Poe's new Fordham home. Bare and unfurnished were the rooms, and at the meal she sat on a rough box in lieu of a chair. Poe patted her on the head, called her a "nice little girl," and presented her with a carved ivory Chinese puzzle of great age, which she presented for exhibition at one of the well-known Bronx museums.

The Jacob Lorillard Mansion

At Third Avenue and 182nd Street the quaint Jacob Lorillard home is all but overshadowed by the massive buildings of Fordham's Home for Incurables, and forms the exceedingly attractive residence of the medical superintendent.

Full many years ago, on a lovely moonlight night, the old ladies then living there were surprised by the sudden appearance of a tall young man, who stopped before their astonished gazed and, taking off his hat, dramatically recited the entire poem of "The Raven" with the air of a master.

The mysterious visitor proved to be the author of

the masterpiece himsellf, who had strolled down, enjoying the balmy beams of the full and lovely moon.

Just south of the Jacob Lorillard Mansion is the site of the Oak Tree Stump, believed to be the corner boundary for the three patents of Morrisania, Fordham and West Farms. Oak Tree Place still perpetuates the ancient name.

The Isaac Varian Homestead

When auto enthusiasts read in their Blue Books directions to proceed down Bainbridge Avenue and turn to their right at an old "stone house," in order to reach the Concourse, do they realize that the solid old structure referred to is one of the borough's best preserved historical relics?

Known as the Isaac Varian Homestead, and also as the Valentine House, it stands in the shadow of the Williamsbridge Reservoir, and dates from 1776, while an old wing, recently destroyed, was built as early as 1770. Van Cortlandt Avenue, on which it faces, is a portion of the ancient Boston Post Road, laid out in 1672. Along this Colonial highway it is said that Paul Revere dashed on horseback in 1775, bearing his momentous news to the then distant New York City.

In 1777 an encounter between the Continentals and the British took place here, the former driving their foe as far as old Fort Independence. In January, 1777, General Heath ordered a cannonade of the Isaac Varian House, if the guard should resist. Its solid stone walls look fortress-like in the extreme, as if capable of withstanding any attack save that of a 75-metre long-distance French gun!

Lying in the fields and woods near this old house in 1776 were four hundred cannons of all sizes and shapes When the order came to get them ready for service, the fact that they had all been spiked caused the greatest dismay. Some rascals had been secretly plugging their muzzles with stones and driving files into their torch holes. Twenty shillings was the cost of having each gun made ready for service, and only eighty-two were available after two months. Two men were detected through having purchased a number of rat-tail files, and were severely punished for the offense.

Just below the old homestead, and built into the walls of the parish-house of the Church of the Nativity, are three historic old tombstones, two of the old Bussings, dated 1757, and one of the Valentine family, once owners of the old residence.

The Macomb Mansion

Up to the time of its recent destruction, the venerable Macomb Mansion was one of the most noted landmarks of the Kingsbridge section. Standing at Broadway and 230th Street, a mere shell of its once glorious self, its white walls almost brushed by the ever-passing trains of the overhead subway, it successfully defied for centuries both Time and Tide.

Incorporated into this once commodious residence was that old building erected in 1693, and once known as the "public house at the north end of the bridge," the "bridge" being the old King's Bridge built in that same year.

The stirring times of the Revolution saw the ancient abode known as Cox's Tavern, "where dainty dames in lofty headgear" danced in the quaint, old-fashioned rooms. Its walls saw Cowboy and Skinner dash across King's Bridge, bent on many a lawless foray into Westchester's dreaded Neutral Ground, and witnessed the victorious Americans marching south in triumph when the long seven years of strife were finally at an end.

Not far from the great mansion, General Washington uttered those memorable words: "The time has come for Americans to decide whether they shall be free or slaves."

General Alexander Macomb purchased the place in 1800, as a part of the vast forfeited Philipse estate, and lived in the house for many years. For a long time the Adirondacks were known as Macomb's Mountains.

In 1813 his son Robert secured a grant to erect a dam across the Harlem River on the site of the present Macomb's Dam Bridge. In later years repeated efforts were made to call this structure and its successors by the name of Central Bridge, but the old title has clung to it most tenaciously.

Edgar Allan Poe was a most frequent visitor at this great white house, as his Fordham home lay not more than a mile to the east. The famous poet was but one of the many illustrious guests so hospitably entertained in the great drawing-rooms of the immense Macomb Mansion.

The Lewis G. Morris Mansion

Standing high on the lofty ridge of Morris Heights, "Mount Fordham," the stately stone Lewis G. Morris Mansion, with its graceful arched piazza, formed one of

the region's most conspicuous landmarks. Just south of the great Messiah Home for Children, this solid structure and its lofty windmill so conspicuously figured in countless lantern slides as well as on thousands of photographic plates.

Always prominent in affairs of his day, Lewis G. Morris occupied the extreme centre of the stage in his vigorous attack, in 1838, on that exasperating obstacle existing in the Harlem River, the dam erected by Mr. Macomb directly across that stream.

Morris erected a pier styled Morris Dock, some distance north of High Bridge, and chartered a vessel carrying a cargo of coal from New Jersey for delivery at his wharf. Macomb's Dam being reached at full tide, Morris demanded it to be opened for his ship to pass. Refusal being met, a hundred men suddenly appeared, who proceeded with much vehemence to tear down the obstruction until the vessel could easily pass.

A suit was at once started for damages to the ruined dam, but the decision was in Morris's favor. Later on, a higher court upheld the same view, the judge maintaining that the "Harlem River is an arm of the sea, and a public navigable river. It is therefore a public nuisance to obstruct the navigation thereof without authority of law."

The Old Hadley House

Just west of Van Cortlandt Park, a wonderfully refreshing surprise greets the eyes of the observing world. The Old Hadley House has suddenly sprung into a new lease of life by blossoming out as young and bright as it was centuries ago.

Cross the vast Parade Ground—if you can dodge between soldiers as thick as the blades of grass at your feet. Step across Broadway and the old Albany Post Road, and you will behold, highly modern in trim, this striking landmark of the past, fresh from its Ponce de Leon bath.

Half stone and half wood, this charming elderly structure can well boast of something new, because it is really old, its striking "Old Stone Room." When the house was young, its owner possessed many slaves, and slaves must sleep somewhere. Why not give them a tiny room upstairs, no matter if the rough stones of the inside walls do project far enough for them to hang their hats and coats on? It will be a slaves' wardrobe as well as a bed chamber!

"Isn't the owner proud of having such a curious old house on his land?" we asked.

"No, indeed," was the reply. "He has often said he wished it was burnt down and out of his way."

Berrian Farm House

Facing the south and enjoying the proud distinction of almost having the whole world at its feet, the old stone Berrian Farm House has in recent years developed into a most delightful modern mansion. Located near the end of the winding Spuyten Duyvil Parkway, its smiling sun-parlors command a most wonderful prospect of hill, river and creek, at the very spot where Henry Hudson and his "Half Moon" held their pow-wow with the aboriginal red-men.

We asked an old resident what he thought might be its age, but he was unable to state.

"I'll tell you what I do know," he eagerly volunteered. "If I live to see the thirtieth of next February, I'll be just ninety-two."

At last it slowly dawned on us that February had no thirtieth day, but the Oldest Inhabitant had escaped before we could settle our score.

The Canal Street Cottage

Delightfully located among Riverdale's most secluded glens, on a broad plateau of the greenest grass, may be found the Old Canal Street Cottage.

So styled because it once stood on Canal Street, Manhattan, it was taken apart, many years ago, the sections loaded on a large barge and floated through the long-disappeared canal to the waters of the Hudson. It then made the voyage north until Spuyten Duyvil was passed, when it was placed on dry land again and erected where it now stands.

So hard are its ancient timbers, the owner told me, that only with the greatest difficulty could he drive nails into them. "They are as hard as a rock," said he.

A lofty platform over the railroad tracks affords a truly magnificent panorama from Sing Sing's walls on the north to the distant Jersey City on the south. Seeing a sumptuous steam yacht lying at anchor close by, its white paint and yellow brass glistening brightly in the summer sun, I asked if any one chanced to know whose it was.

"Oh, I know him pretty well," said my host. "It's my son's."

The Strang Mansion

The month of June, 1776, saw General Washington visiting this whole region and carefully examining its strategic points. As a result, nine sites were chosen for fortifications, and the work on these redoubts began at once.

What was known as Fort Number One was on the southwesterly side of Spuyten Duyvil Hill, in later times occupied by the mansion of Peter O. Strang, now owned by W. C. Muschenheim. Many relics have been found.

The tablet on the residence reads:

"The Foundation of this House is a Part of Fort Number One, Which was Erected by the Continental Army in August, 1776, Occupied by the British November 7, 1776, Dismantled in 1779 and Remained Debatable Ground until the Close of the American Revolution.

"One of a chain of Eight Forts North and East of Spuyten Creek and Harlem River, Extending from this Point to the Site of the New York University."

The neighboring monument to Henry Hudson rises 100 feet in the air, and stands on an elevation of 200 feet.

The Sage Mansion

The Warren B. Sage Mansion rises directly in the site of old Fort Number Two, just as substantial and square as the day it was built. The view to the east comprises a glorious vista of the Valley of Kingsbridge.

A well-known doctor, an ardent antiquarian, and possessor of many Revolutionary muskets with flash pans, ancient carbines and fowling-pieces of early date, was hurriedly summoned, one wet night, to this old Sage home. Rushing in, he found the patient in great pain and distress.

Refusing to say a word, he sought to retreat from the old fort faster than the British did. Yielding to the family's entreaties, he at last said: "You may do so and so for him if you will. I will not prescribe for a dog!"

The Bowie Dash Mansion

High on the hills among old Riverdale's most picturesque glades, the old Bowie Dash Mansion fairly overlooks the world. Dash's Lane, narrow, steep and winding, which in days past formed the only means of access to this residence, has yielded to the broad and beautiful Spuyten Duyvil Parkway. What a contrast!

Styled "Upper Cortlandt's" to distinguish it from "Lower Cortlandt's" in the valley below, the square stone Dash Mansion is said to have been often visited by General Sherman, one of the relatives of the family, while we are told that the late Theodore Roosevelt often played there when a boy.

The quaint gardener's cottage on the estate far antedates the residence itself, while close by, between the years of 1776 and 1781, was an extensive Yaeger Camp.

The Old Giles Mansion

Before the storm of the Revolution burst upon the American colonies, a young farmer, a Captain in the British army, searched the Borough of the Bronx for a suitable site for a farm. Nothing suited him so well as the fertile Kingsbridge heights, and on its slopes he settled and plowed his land.

Then broke the storm of war. Turning his plow-share into a sword, he joined the patriot ranks and soon rose to be in high command.

In a word, this is the narrative of General Richard Montgomery, the hero of Quebec. Where his house once stood was but a hole in the ground many years ago. An old resident lamented loudly this fact, saying he would gladly have preserved it, had there only been anything to preserve.

Little did Montgomery think that the highest crest of his farm would ever be crowned by the all-important Fort Independence, the largest of the series of fortresses commanding the important valley below. It was built partly by Colonel Rufus Putnam, who had constructed Fort Washington.

On the approach of the Hessians in 1776, the American commander destroyed the ramparts, and abandoned the work, and for three years it was occupied by the British forces.

Rising in the very centre of this ancient fort is the tall and stately Giles Mansion, so prominent a landmark for miles around. Many were the Revolutionary relics unearthed when its cellar was dug: cannon-balls, calthrops and eleven cannon of early vintage, two of which now lie in front of the old Van Cortlandt Mansion in the valley below.

The Schwab Mansion

Overlooking the valley of the Harlem from the crest of picturesque University Heights, rises that massive structure, sixty-two years old, and now one of the buildings of the New York University, the grand old Schwab Mansion.

A handsome tablet proclaims this message to the world:

"The Site of Fort Number Eight,
1776—1783."

Serving to command the Harlem River and the old Kingsbridge Road, this fort was maintained by the British until 1779, as it served as a guard to Colonel De Lancey's troops in their bailiwick close below.

This red-coat officer had his headquarters in the old Archer Homestead, a short distance south, and while in American hands it was a constant source of terror and alarm to De Lancy and his corps.

The Van Cortlandt Mansion

The Van Cortlandt Park subway express lands its passengers almost in the midst of the charming Dutch Garden that forms the extensive front yard of the solid stone Van Cortlandt Mansion, by far the best known historical landmark of upper New York City.

Erected in 1748, as the figures graven so deeply in the front wall proclaim, it is a popular museum in charge of the Society of Colonial Dames, and is daily visited by countless sight-seers. The quaint bedroom where General Washington slept the night before his triumphal entry into New York City on Evacuation Day, 1783, is the Mecca of every one, while another prized spot is the immense cavernous fireplace of the great Dutch kitchen.

One visit, one examination of its treasures of the past, is enough to carry one back to Colonial times when history "was warm in the making."

During the critical days of the Revolution in New York, Pierre and Philip Van Cortlandt, father and son, were among Washington's firmest supporters. General Tryon, visiting the old house in 1774, had offered them royal honors, royal favors, even royal grants of land, if

they would but embrace the British cause, but his propaganda was in vain.

Philip Van Cortlandt strongly resembled the noted Lafayette. While on his tour to America in 1824, the French General one day became so weary of the constant handshaking at a long reception that he quietly slipped away, leaving Van Cortlandt to perform that duty in his stead.

Of his son, Philip junior, the following story is told: When fourteen years of age, his father sent him with a note of introduction to General Washington. The boy presented the letter and was promptly asked to dinner the next day. After starting for headquarters, the following noon, fear overcame him and he ran back home.

Unexpectedly meeting Washington, the general took him vigorously to task with: "Mister Van Cortlandt, where were you yesterday?"

No answer.

"Mister Van Cortlandt, Mrs. Washington and I expected you to dinner yesterday. We waited several moments for you. You inconvenienced us by failing to keep your word. You are a young lad, Mister Van Cortlandt, and let me advise you, hereafter when you make a promise or an engagement, never fail to keep it. Good morning, Mister Van Cortlandt."

A still older Van Cortlandt residence, built in 1700, stood to the southeast of the present structure, and was destroyed in 1825. The hollow of its ancient cellar can distinctly be traced near a group of locusts.

Just east of the present mansion—which an old resident always insisted was a "Dutch farm house, not a mansion"—rises a grim-looking barred window in its setting of dark stones. This once formed part of the mas-

sive Rhinelander sugar house at Rose and Duane Streets, Manhattan, in whose dreaded interior such hordes of American prisoners were huddled together in Revolutionary times. To stand behind this relic of the past and peer between the solid bars is to bring vividly to mind those days when the patriot captives so eagerly pressed their faces against them in wild struggle for fresh air.

A short distance behind the "old Dutch farm house," on the heights of Vault Hill, a tall stone enclosure rises most prominently, the strong wall surrounding the ancient Van Cortlandt burial vault. In the dark recesses far below the priceless records of New York City were hidden by Augustus Van Cortlandt, then clerk of the distant city.

One who, years ago, was allowed to peer into the depths below, declared most emphatically that what he saw reminded him exactly of his conception of the Place of Departed Spirits.

On the crest of Vault Hill, where Augustin Corbin's buffaloes grazed, years ago, General Washington and his army bivouacked in 1781. Leaving his camp fires burning all night, he quietly stole away to New Jersey, and when the British opened their eyes in the morning, their prey had escaped.

Facing the southerly end of Van Cortlandt Lake, "on whose smooth surface young men and maidens glide in summer, gathering white lilies with their hands, and in winter, gathering red roses on their cheeks," once stood the venerable Van Cortlandt Mills, erected in 1700. Says a sprightly writer: "They have ground corn for both the friends and foes of American independence." After passing in safety all the troublous times of devastating

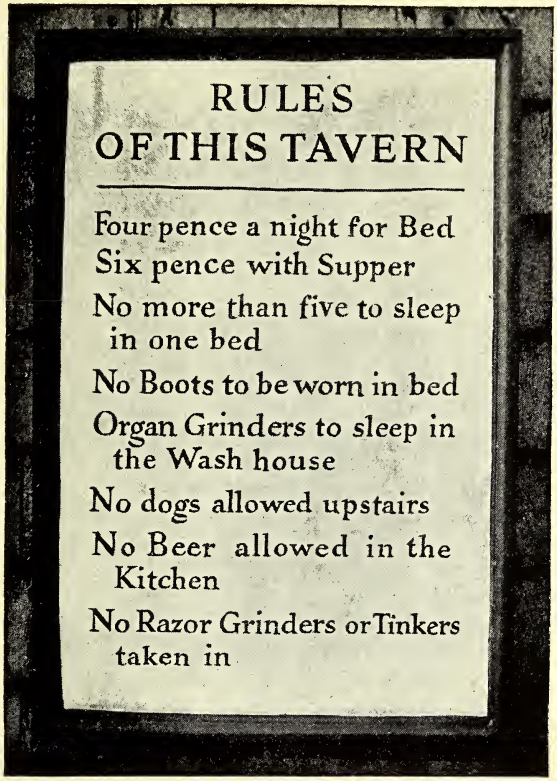
war, they surrendered in 1900, when a bolt of lightning descended from the skies to end their days.

Thus ends the tale of the grand old Bronx mansions. Many have yielded to the advancing tide that flows, not from the waters of the Sound, but from the advance of human population. Others have lived to see fulfilled this interesting prophecy, made nearly fifty years ago, which reads:—

"He who undertakes to write a history half a century hence will speak of numerous viaduct railways starting from a point above the Harlem River and running to the Battery: of the Harlem River as lined with docks.

"He will speak of the lower end of Westchester County as the home of toiling thousands: of magnificent drives, boulevards and parks; of a population within fifteen miles north of the Harlem River as large as that then in the city south of it.

"Call this a dream if you will, but he who shall write a faithful history fifty years hence will record it as an accomplished fact!"



Collection of Mr. Barron Collier.

An Old Time Tavern Sign.

EDGAR ALLAN POE IN NEW YORK

By Dr. Appleton Morgan, President Shakespeare Society

(These interesting chapters, which have attained great popularity since their first appearance in the MANUAL, were begun in November, 1920).

Since these papers have been arranging themselves for the pages of Valentine's Manual, there have been two auction sales of Poe memorabilia, and a remarkable publication of matters previously undisclosed as to Poe's activities in New York City, thus justifying what appears to promise itself a concluding paper. But Poe matters evidently have a fashion of turning up at unexpected moments and in unforeseen quarters, and one cannot promise.—A. M.

The invitation to become a resident of New York City which reached Poe in Richmond was in shape of letters from such prominent gentlemen as Professor Anthon of Columbia College, the Reverend Dr. Hawkes and Professor Henry. Dr. Hawkes's letter said in part: "I wish you to fall in with your broad-axe amidst this miserable literary trash that surrounds us. I believe you have the will, and I know you have the ability." It was this invitation that Poe submitted to his friend John P. Kennedy (Horse-Shoe Robinson), as we have already narrated, who advised its acceptance at once. It was only Poe's ordinary hazard of fortune or sarcasm of destiny that, upon his arrival in New York City, the weak vision of a "New York Quarterly Review" had vanished into as thin air as did Prospero's cloud-capped towers. Whether Messrs. Hawkes, Anthon and Henry ever felt any obligation to Poe in the premises, no record apprises us. Indeed, in all the circumstantial record of Poe in New York City we find no mention of any recognition of

Poe by these gentlemen. They left him to the wolves, and the wolves finished their meal.

A letter written before Poe left Richmond and not within our scope of "Poe in New York City" was sold while our papers were passing through VALENTINE'S MANUAL, but it is here printed as evincing the impression that every one who ever met Poe personally retained of his gentlemanly courtesy and punctilious observation of obligations. Like every letter of Poe's extant, its penmanship is absolutely copperplate in aspect, and it is hard to imagine that any stimulation or depression could have produced such exact and meticulous autograph.

"Richmond, Va., April 12, 1836.

"My Dear Sir: A press of business has hitherto prevented my replying to your kind letter of the 29th March, enclosing $50.00 to Mrs. Clemm. Your prompt and generous assistance so frequently manifested, is, I assure you, deeply felt and appreciated by myself as well as by her. I trust that she is now so circumstanced, or that she soon will be, as to render it unnecessary to tax the kindness of yourself and brothers any further.

On the day before receiving your letter I wrote to Washington Poe, Macon, in reply to a favor of his offering his own assistance. He has become a subscriber to the *Messenger*.

I hope you have received our March number. That for April will follow, I hope, soon.

It is probable that at some future time I may avail myself of your friendly invitation and pay you a visit in Augusta. In the meantime, should business or inclination lead you, or any of our friends, to Virginia, it would afford me the greatest pleasure to show you every attention in my power.

With my best respects to Mrs. Poe and your brother, I remain, dear William,

Yours most sincerely,

EDGAR A. POE."

Dear Cousin: Edgar, a few days since, handed me a note for $50. for which, I learn, I am indebted to your kindness. Accept

Collection Geo. B. Ritter.

HUDSON PARK AND PLAYGROUND, LEROY AND CLARKSON STREETS. POE'S RESIDENCE IN CARMINE STREET WAS NEARBY.

my sincere gratitude. Will you have the goodness to present to your lady my respects, and believe me,

Yours sincerely,

MARIA CLEMM.

(This in Mrs. Clemm's handwriting.)

This letter shows Poe already, as early as 1866, dependent upon Mrs. Clemm's financeering and management for his household ménage. Upon the defection of Poe's prospective employment in New York City, Mrs. Clemm, with her usual adaptability, promptly opened the boarding house in Carmine Street, where, as we have seen, William Gowans became the star boarder.

We find further description of the tiny "God's Acre" in that vicinity (now Hudson Park) in an old newspaper of some fifty years later.

Fine old shade trees, under which rambling rose vines, growing among the gravestones, made the little God's Acre attractive, and among these gravestones Poe could have found those of more than one actor or actress who had played in the same companies as his own father and mother at the old John Street Theatre or at Vauxhall Gardens. Naomi Hamblin, wife of the famous Thomas Hamblin, Agnes Holman, Charles Gilfert (who for some unexplained reason was buried with the epitaph "Cernit omnia Deus vindex") and many another. It may be remarked here that nowhere among Poe memorabilia can it be found that he anywhere mentioned the fact that both his parents were actors in New York, in which city, on that account alone, he need not have felt himself a stranger. Always a play-goer, and an admirer within certain limitations, of the drama, at one time he sketched out the scenario of a tragedy to be written in collabora-

tion with Dr. Bird, the author of a celebrated American novel, "Nick of the Woods," but the scheme never got beyond outlines, and much after-dinner talk. Poe held Junius Brutus Booth, the father of Edwin Booth, in high estimation, and an anecdote—not a particularly creditable one—is told of the twain. One night, after the play was over, they adjourned to a convenient club and sat late over their cups. On returning home, in the small hours of the morning, they ran against a belated little Jew, and accidentally jostled him. The Hebrew turned on them, objurgated copiously, and manifested a disposition to fight. Thereupon, Booth and Poe seized him and suspended him by his breeches on the spikes of a convenient area railing, where they left him kicking and howling. Poe frequently related with gusto his adventure of "spiking the Jew."

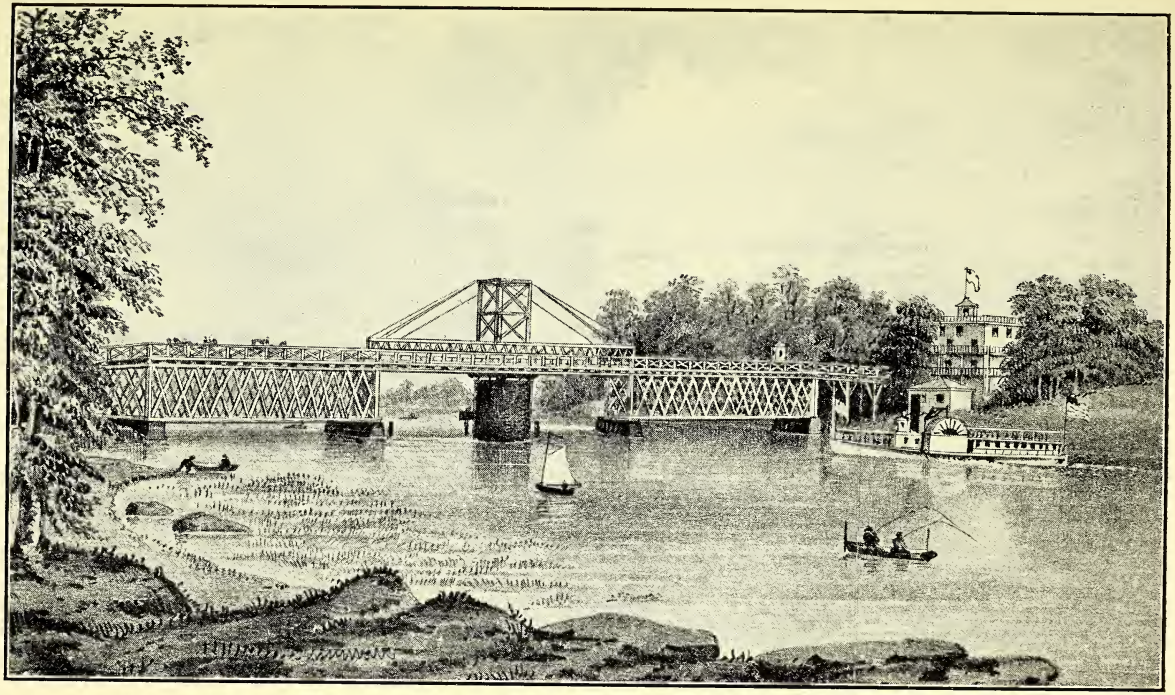
During Poe's second and final sojourn in New York City, he was again to reside in Amity Street, as appears from the following letter addressed to "Edgar Allan Poe Esq., No. 85 Amity Street." Its writer is the Laughton Osborn who is mentioned by Poe in "The Literati" (not uncomplimentarily, which is not always the Poe vein). The letter reads:

"Dear Sir: The copies of translated sonnets from certain old and little known Italian poets, which I did myself the honor to send you some time since in accordance with my promise, were intended by their publication in your *Journal* not to benefit myself (quite the contrary) but to be of service to you in the irksome part of your labors as an editor. As several weeks have elapsed without my receiving any intimation of their being in type, I am forced to conclude that they are not so important as my vanity had led me to believe, and I must therefore be permitted to solicit their return, remaining, dear sir,

"Your very obedient servant,

"Laughton Osborn."

"Edgar A. Poe, Esq.
Wednesday evening, 12th November, 1845."



The beautiful Harlem River, 1864. The famous Macomb's Dam Bridge, built in 1861.

There is some confusion of dates just here. According to two other letters from Poe, quoted—but of which the originals have disappeared—this second Amity Street residence ran on for two years and somewhat interferes with the Fordham Cottage residence. A suggestion here is that when Mrs. Clemm went first to Fordham with Virginia, Poe took bachelor quarters for a time in an Amity Street lodging not far from his first quarters in that thoroughfare; by a desultory letter from a casual fellow-lodger, who knew Poe only as "The Raven Man" and who notes in writing a friend that Poe and he are fellow tenants for the time being of a rooming house on Ann Street together with certain none too desirable "freaks" from Barnum's Museum opposite.

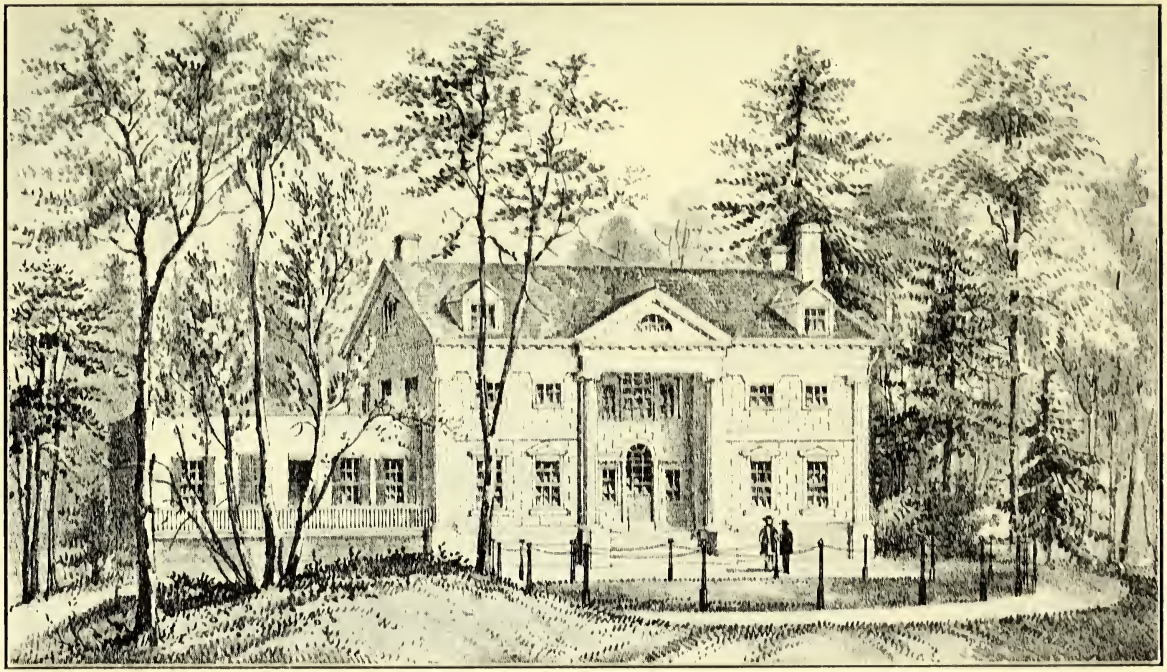
The entire details of the actual Poe hegira from the city to Fordham are wanting. We do not know how Poe or Mrs. Clemm first heard of the Fordham Cottage, who advised its renting, or from what landlord; how any household goods the Poes may have possessed were transported (no simple task in days when there were no local express companies or carriers awaiting the movements of the puny little railroads); and any surmises hereabouts are clouded and confused by poor Miss Miller's astounding claim to the Bronx celebration audience, of a Turtle Bay residence—for which there is neither opportunity between the city residences we know of and Fordham, nor cottage at Turtle Bay for the Poes to have resided in.

The only reference in Poe's handwriting to the Fordham residence is in a letter, to which a date is lacking, as follows: "I live at Fordham, Westchester county fourteen miles from the City Hall by railroad. The cars

leave from the City Mall. Should you have any trouble about finding me inquire at the office of *The Home Journal* or *Union Magazine*." (This in a letter to Hirst, sold at the Anderson Gallery sale of Poeana, May 9th and succeeding days, 1921.)

Poe's enjoyment of his Fordham Cottage, "his own front door," was short-lived. As not before had he had a complete home, so never before had he experienced such biting, bitter want, with no amelioration at hand. And yet, galling as was the absolute starvation that he could not ameliorate, it was bitterer yet; as bitter as charity was to Chatterton, to see in the New York *Express* this card: "We regret to learn that Edgar A. Poe and his wife are both dangerously ill with consumption, and that the hand of misfortune hangs heavy upon their temporal affairs. We are sorry to mention the fact that they are so reduced as barely to be able to obtain the necessaries of life. This is indeed a hard lot, and we hope that the friends and admirers of Mr. Poe will come promptly to his assistance in his bitterest hour of need."

Nobody came to Poe's assistance. But Willis in *The Mirror*, apropos of a proposition that somebody ought to endow a home for indigent authors like the Home for Actors which Edwin Forest was then planning, called attention to the paragraph, eulogizing Poe as the "most original genius, and one of the most industrious, of the literary profession, whose temporary suspension of labour drops him immediately to a level with common objects of charity." This was more than Poe could stand for. He wrote Willis a letter which Willis promptly printed in *The Mirror*, as follows:



THE APTHORP MANSION (1764). ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS COUNTRY RESIDENCES ON BLOOMINGDALE ROAD (BROADWAY AT NINETY-FIRST TO NINETY-SECOND STREETS). BUILT BY CHARLES WARD APTHORP; HEADQUARTERS OF GENERALS HOWE, CLINTON, CARLETON AND CORNWALLIS AT VARIOUS TIMES DURING THE BRITISH OCCUPATION OF NEW YORK. PRESENT SITE OF A LARGE APARTMENT HOUSE.

"My Dear Willis: The paragraph which has just been put in circulation representing my wife's illness, my own poverty, etc., is now lying before me. The motive of the paragraph I leave to the conscience of him or her who suggested it. Since the thing is done, however, and since the concerns of my family are thus pitilessly thrust before the public, I perceive no mode of escape from what is true and what is erroneous in the paragraph alluded to. That my wife is ill, then, is true. And you may imagine with what feelings I add, that this illness, hopeless from the first, has been heightened by her reception at two different periods of anonymous letters, one inclosing the paragraph now in question, and the other those published calumnies of Messrs. ———— for which I yet hope to find redress in a court of Justice. Of the facts that I myself have been long and dangerously ill, and that my illness has been a well understood thing among my brethren of the press, the best evidence is afforded by the innumerable paragraphs of personal and literary abuse with which I have been latterly assailed. This matter, however, will regulate itself. At the very first blush of my new prosperity the gentlemen who toadied me of old will toady me again. That I am without friends is a gross calumny which I am sure you never could have believed, and which a thousand noble hearted men would have good right never to forgive me for permitting to pass undenied. I do not think, my Dear Willis, that there is need for my saying more. I am getting better, and I may add, if it is any comfort to my enemies, that I have little fear of getting worse. The truth is, I have a good deal to do, and have made up my mind not to die until it is done."

A bit more circumstantial detail of the Brennan House and the authorship of "The Raven" therein, as commemorated by one of the New York Shakespeare Society's Tablets at the northwest corner of Broadway and Eighty-fourth street, has been supplied from papers and documents now in the Carpenter Library at Columbia University.

In 1844—and indeed for fifty years after—upper New York City, below the Harlem River, was still known by its old local names: on the East side, Yorkville and Harlem; on the West side, Bloomingdale, Carmansville, Harsenville, Manhattanville, Washington Heights, while

beyond them New Yorkers still directed each other to Marble Hill, Kingsbridge, Central Bridge, McComb's Dam and the like. Between these were no boundaries, save stone fences.

Poe was advised to seek summer quarters among the ancient farmhouses along the Hudson River as no more expensive than the stuffy precincts of Amity Street and Waverley Place, and he found his way to Harsenville and Bloomingdale. The most southerly of the Bloomingdale farms was probably the Brennan farm, lying between the river and the Bloomingdale road (whose course Broadway now defines and follows) and between Eighty-third and Eighty-fifth Streets as now defined.

He found in the Brennan Farm, upon a rocky knoll about midway between the river and the Bloomingdale road, a plain, old-fashioned double-frame dwelling house two stories high with eight windows on either front, flanked by a chimney at either end. Like most ancient farmhouses in these precincts, there were traditions that Washington and his generals at the time of the battle of Harlem Heights used the old house (which had not seen a coat of paint in all its career) as a headquarters. There were certainly primeval trees. Mr. Gill, who saw the house in 1880, speaks highly of its calm remove from any indication of the big nearby city. Here Poe applied for either rooms or board (doubtless the latter, since the house was a bit too far away from markets for Mrs. Clemm's housekeeping). The owner was Patrick Brennan, whose son, Thomas F., afterwards was a Fire Commissioner in the modern city, and his sister, Mary Brennan, became Poe's landlady during the summers of 1844 and 1845. Poe, said Mrs. O'Byrne, occupied a large

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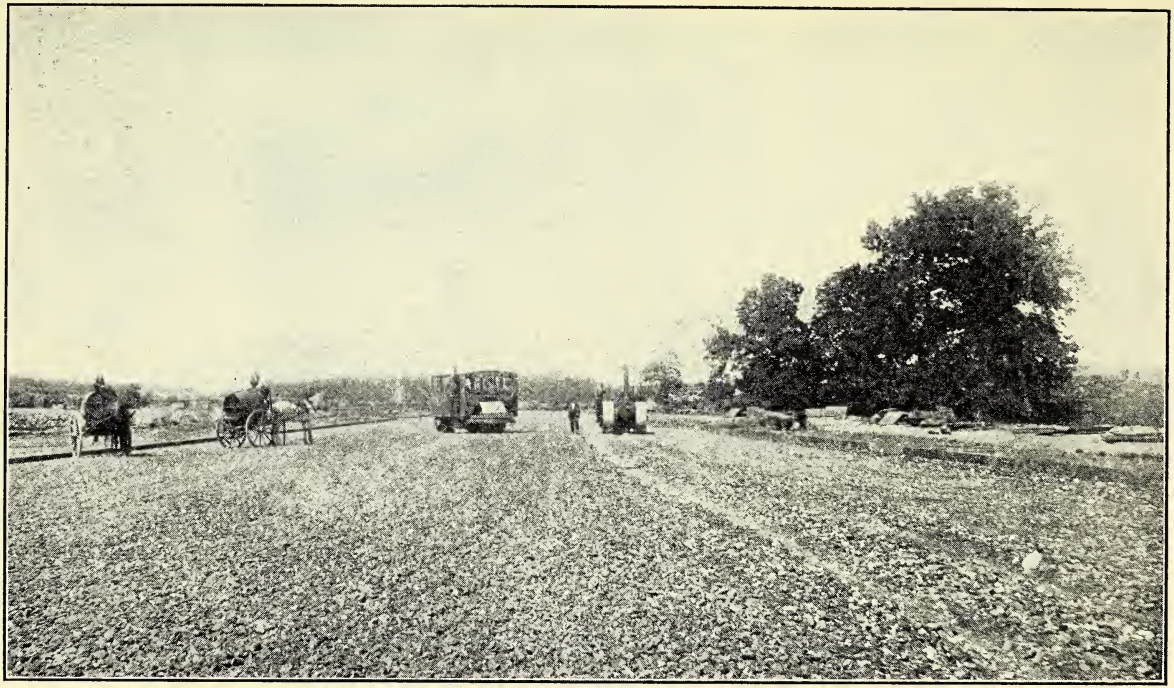
MOUNT TOM, EIGHTY-FOURTH STREET AND RIVERSIDE DRIVE. A FAVORITE RETREAT OF EDGAR ALLAN POE WHEN HE LIVED IN THE BRENNAN HOUSE. PHOTOGRAPHED SEPT., 1922.

double room on the second story of the upright part of the house. It had two windows toward the river and two toward the East where the Bloomingdale Road (now Braodway) ran under the bluff. Mrs. Clemm at night retired to a smaller room on the first floor. Mrs. O'Byrne remembers being often in this room to visit Virginia and on one occasion she and her mother were entertained by Poe himself, who read "The Raven" to them, and at her (Mrs. O'Byrne's) request placed the manuscript in her hands that she might say that her hands had held it, and that she had seen the clear, beautiful handwriting. As to Poe himself, she said "he was a shy, solitary, taciturn sort of man, fond of rambling down in the woods, between the house and the river, and sitting for hours upon a certain stump on the edge of the bank of the river." Dr. Harrison of the University of Virginia, supplements this reminisence with a note made for him by a Dr. William Hand Brown of Baltimore: "It was Poe's custom to wander away from the (Brennan) house in pleasant weather to 'Mount Tom' an immense rock which may still be seen in Riverside Park, where he would sit silently for hours gazing out upon the Hudson." To have reached Mount Tom Poe would have had to thread a considerable forest, since at that date all the eastern bank of the Hudson from Spuyten Duyvil to Thirtieth Street, New York City—where the Hudson River Railroad had made its passenger and freight station—was covered with a heavy growth of forest. This Mount Tom, which is pronounced to be of glacial origin, is now cleared of all forest vicinity and stands in all its rugged baldness a familiar landmark both for river and roadway, at the foot of West Eighty-third Street and the Riverside Drive, and a move-

ment to crown its summit wth a bronze statue of Poe is already *en tapis*. When, in June, 1888, the city opened West Eighty-fourth Street to the river, the Brennan House was pulled down. The sub-contractor being allowed the disposition of whatever obstructions he encounters in cutting through the street, unless same has been claimed by purchasers who are removing them—the Brennan House—which was (precisely as was the case with the Fordham Cottage when the city widened the Kingsbridge road) not worth moving except for kindling wood, belonged, therefore, to Mr. Fogarty. While the house was being demolished a Mr. William Hempstreet found his way to the Poe room, but was unable to find anything to take away as a souvenir except the mantelpiece, which fortunately had not yet been detached from the west wall of the room. He struck a bargain with the contractor, Mr. Fogarty, for this mantel, which was of wood ornamented with a quite common device for such mantels in this part of old upper New York, a sort of grape-vine pattern, in appliqué of some sort, and the whole painted black. Mr. Hempstreet pried the mantel from the wall, and carried it himself to the nearest local express company to be taken to his residence in Brooklyn. He also took a bill of sale of it from Fogarty and affidavits from bystanders to seeing the removal, and later on, when he presented the mantel to Columbia University, he filed this bill of sale and these affidavits with that institution. Columbia University afterward mounted the mantelpiece over a dummy fireplace in the Carpenter Library in Philosophy Hall and affixed a metal plate identifying it as the mantel before which E. A. Poe wrote "The Raven." Mrs. General James A. O'Byrne, *née*



LENOX AVENUE NORTH FROM ONE HUNDRED AND TENTH STREET AND CENTRAL PARK, 1869. THIS REGION IS NOW ENTIRELY COVERED WITH LARGE APARTMENT HOUSES.

Mary Brennan aforesaid, identified this mantel later with the following reminiscence: "In all his residence Poe only displeased my mother once, and that was when he cut his name on this mantel. My mother had it painted over several times so that no trace of the name remains." And to-day the visitor is shown the spot, about the size of a silver dollar, where these many coats of paint have effectually obliterated Poe's name.

As the Brennan mansion was demolished by the City of New York in opening West Eighty-fourth Street to the North River, so the Fordham Cottage was about to be demolished by the city in the course of widening the ancient Kingsbridge Road. Mr. Albert R. Frey's account of proceedings to rescue the cottage from the fate which had overtaken the Brennan mansion so many years before, is as follows:

"In the year 1895 I was a resident of Tremont, and being them the Secretary of The New York Shakespeare Society, I invited Dr. Appleton Morgan, the President of that Society, to luncheon with me on Decoration Day, 1895. After luncheon we walked over to the Poe cottage. Being a holiday, no work was being done on the widening of the Kingsbridge Road, the outlines of which were apparent as including the cottage, while piles of earth, and ploughs and big horse-shovels (it was before the day of steam-shovels), were everywhere. The cottage itself was still occupied by a family in very humble circumstances which expected to be evicted by the sub-contractors at any moment.

"I suppose that it was by a sort of mutual inspiration that we both exclaimed that here was an appropriate work for the Society, viz., to preserve the cottage as a shrine for posterity. I remember that just opposite the cottage was a small triangular plot of ground upon which were piled the contractors' and workmen's tools. 'There,' exclaimed Dr. Morgan, 'would be the spot to move the cottage to, and we could call it "Poe Park."' That, so far as I know, was the first suggestion of a 'Poe Park.'"

Dr. Morgan and I lost no time in opening negotiations with Dr. Chauvet of Fordham, who happened to be the

owner of the land on which the cottage stood. Without awaiting the complicated legal steps to be taken by the city in condemning the necessary width for widening the Kingsbridge Road (if the same had been already begun), we induced Dr. Chauvet to get some house-movers and pull the cottage some seventeen feet back to the rear of his lot, which brought it to nearly the brink of an escarpment of rock reaching to the street to the west, below. The very next day after, we issued our circular appeals for moneys to enable us to purchase the cottage. The movement was everywhere popular. Meanwhile we rented the cottage of Dr. Chauvet and opened it for public inspection, and were rewarded by the public interest which drew thousands of visitors from all over the United States. We held a banquet in the cottage on Sunday, September 22nd, to which the public was invited, and speeches were made outlining our plans. Every New York City newspaper and almost every Boston and Baltimore daily newspaper gave us gratuitous notices. We were surprised to find that the whole country seemed to think that it was high time to honor the memory of Poe; as if up to then scant justice had been done him as America's first original poet and man of letters who was something more than a copyist or imitator of English men of letters. (At least that seemed the tenor of the innumerable newspaper notices we got.) The actors' profession seemed to remember that Poe's parents were of that profession, and offers for benefit performances poured in. Augustin Daly, Thomas W. Keene and many others outlined benefits and professional services.

Dr. Morgan drafted a bill to ask the Legislature to

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Statue of Dante at Broadway and Sixty-third Street. Artist, Ettore Ximines.

pass authorizing the city to lay out and institute a Public Park, to be called "Poe Park," suggesting either the triangle of land or other convenient space. It was at the suggestion of the late Hon. James A. Guilden of Fordham that the present large area was selected. And Dr. Morgan saw the bill through the Legislature, and went before Governor Morton to urge his signature, and was gratified to find on his desk one morning the following despatch:

"State of New York, Executive Chamber,
"Albany, May 22, 1896.

"Dr. Appleton Morgan, President of The New York Shakespeare Society:

"I beg to inform you that the so-called Poe Park Bill has been approved by the Governor and is now Chapter 547 of the Laws of 1896.

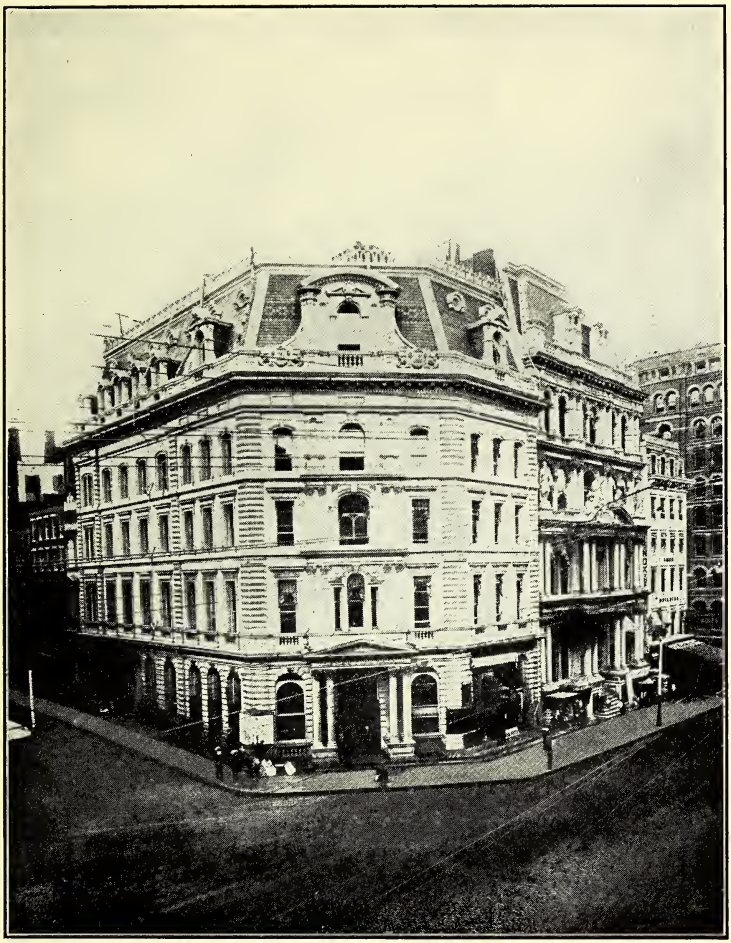
"Ashley W. Cole,
"Private Secretary."

The next step was to obtain the consent of the Mayor of the City of New York. At Dr. Morgan's instance, Mayor Strong called a special meeting at the City Hall in the Borough of Manhattan. Here considerable opposition developed, not indeed to Poe, but to calling the Park "Poe Park" exclusively. A literary society of which the late Gen. James Grant Wilson was the President, wanted a park that should need several acres, to be called "Poet's Park," and that should contain statues of all the poets born in a certain year. The principal speaker for this project was a lady who stated that her father was born in the required year and who was a "poet"—the year happening also to be the year that Poe was born. Mayor Strong followed the plan urged by Dr. Morgan and signed the Bill.

As the city was now interested, the Shakespeare So-

ciety relaxed its efforts until the completion of Poe Park. It was not until the year 1913, when Hon. Cyrus C. Miller, the then President of the Borough of the Bronx, purchased for the City of New York the cottage and by the consent of the then Commissioner of Parks of the Department of the Bronx, moved the cottage to its present site at the northern end of Poe Park. On or about that date gentlemen and ladies residents of the Bronx organized The Bronx Society of Arts and Letters and offered the City or the President of the Bronx to undertake to maintain the cottage and keep it open for public inspection. The Shakespeare Society was highly gratified to find so distinguished a body of ladies and gentlemen who resided in the very near vicinity willing to assume duties which, from its distance from the cottage, it could only have undertaken at considerable inconvenience of detail. This Bronx Society has up to the present (1922) faithfully and adequately discharged its trust, and all the world may at its convenience visit Poe Cottage, tread the same floors that Poe trod, and in large measure see what he saw—and especially find the very bed and bedstead where his little wife died covered from the bitter winter weather with only a cloak that her husband had retrieved from his West Point days.

In the year 1844 one George W. Eveleth, who dates his correspondence "Phillips, Maine" and whose letters disclose him as a sort of would-be-pene-literary imbecile, began addressing letters to Poe, in New York City, stating the various opinions he, Eveleth, had formed upon Poe's writings, discussing reports he had seen printed as to Poe's personality, habits, etc., and, above all, reiterating his intention to become a subscriber to "The Stylus," did



Broadway and Ann Street, old "Herald" building, Hudnut's Pharmacy, Park Bank, Knox the Hatter, and Evening "Post."

Poe ever launch such a periodical. Doubtless it was the latter that induced Poe to take notice of these letters—there were twelve in all of them, and continued until Poe's untimely death in 1848—after which the irrepressible Eveleth calmly continued the letters to Mr. E. A. Duyckink, only shifting his discussion of Poe matters to the third instead of the second person.

Poe was not a man to follow St. Paul and "suffer fools gladly," but the Eveleth letters show that Poe did reply to them, not once but many times, even noticing in some way or other Eveleth's insufferable comments upon the unfortunate newspaper announcement that Poe was starving in the Fordham Cottage without the necessities of life and unable even to find a covering from the weather for his dying wife, etc., of which Poe so bitterly complained. What became of Poe's letters is beyond conjecture. Eveleth probably sold them when Poe's unhappy exit gave them a money value.

A highly favored posterity, however, gratefully records that these twelve Eveleth letters, priceless for their asininity at least, are carefully preserved in *The Bulletin* of the New York Public Library for February, 1922.

When Poe, from Sandy Walsh's Ann Street beer cellar, commissioned John Augustus Shea (whom he had met at West Point, when a comissary's clerk at that post) to hunt up a publisher for "The Raven," he could hardly have supposed it the masterpiece it was immediately pronounced. For no poet launching a masterpiece could have so carelessly entrusted a messenger to revise or amend a line of his own masterpiece. And yet this is precisely what Poe did. For, in a letter very recently discovered he wrote Shea:

"Dear Shea: Lest I should have made some mistake in the hurry, I transcribe the whole alteration. Instead of the whole stanza commencing:

'Wondering at the stillness broken,' etc., substitute this,
'Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
Doubtless, said I, what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his song one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his hope the melacholy burden bore
Of Nevermore—Oh Nevermore.'

At the close of stanza preceding this, instead of 'Quoth the Raven, Nevermore,' substitute 'Then the Bird said, "Nevermore."'

Truly yours,
Poe."

This was folded in the custom of the day and addressed: "J. Augustus Shea, Esq., to be delivered as soon as he comes in."

The only other changes made by Poe were:

"For we cannot help agreeing that no sublunary being,"

changed to

"For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being."

"Wondering at the silence broken by reply so aptly spoken,"

to

"Startled at the silence broken by reply so aptly spoken,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster—so when hope he would abjure,
Stern despair returned instead of the sweet hope he dared abjure,
That sad answer—Nevermore."

to

"Followed fast and followed faster, till his song one burden bore,
Till the dirges of his hope the melancholy burden bore,
Of Never—nevermore."

Poe does not, however, seem to have considered it necessary to confide in his friend Shea his reasons for

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PARK ROW, 1880, SHOWING AT LEFT FRENCH'S HOTEL, NOW SITE OF "WORLD" BUILDING. OLD "TIMES" OFFICE IN CENTRE. AT EXTREME RIGHT OLD HALL OF RECORDS.

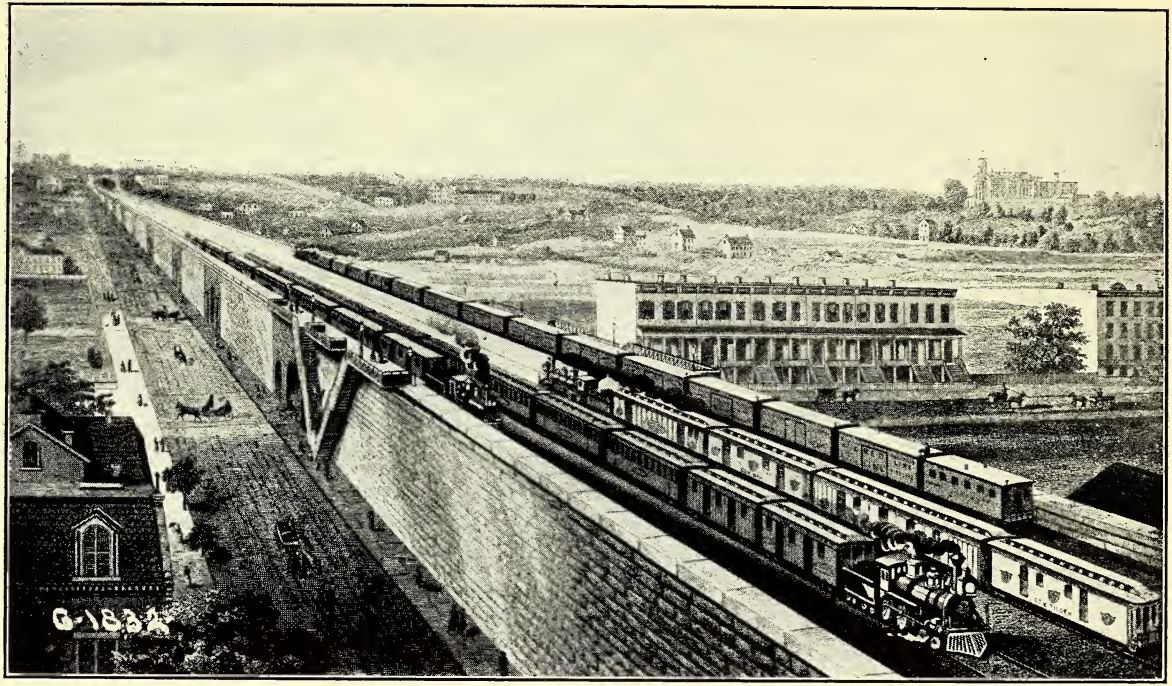
selecting so fantastic a pseudonym as "Quarles" over which to launch his "Experiment in Rhyme." But a Mr. Lewis M. Thompson in New York City in 1919 has supplied so feasible an explanation that we take the liberty of following it here at considerable length. If it proves to be the accurate explanation, then we have Poe in a new and distinguished light—as the only American citizen who took the field against Charles Dickens—to resent his outrageous crime against the laws of decency in stinging like an adder warmed, the nation whose hospitality he had accepted with subservient avidity.

Charles Dickens first visited the United States in 1841, having to his credit only "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," "Barnaby Rudge," "Nicolas Nickleby," a few sketches and a rambling affair, "Master Humphrey's Clock," subsequently made over into "The Old Curiosity Shop." A chief object in seeking these shores, however, was to agitate for a treaty of International copyright; and it is to his failure in this that possibly the exceedingly discreditable finale of his visit may be charitably ascribed. For it is difficult to imagine that a young man barely twenty-one years old should have undertaken to browbeat a whole continent gratuitously on account of some fancied breach of punctilious good manners. And there are plenty of diaries of Dickens's own and of other letters, newspaper reports, etc., to the effect that Dickens, in all the adulation and quite too inordinate attentions he received, did actually comport himself modestly and quietly, evincing none of the contempt for his adulators or personal inconvenience which he afterward in print paraded. Indeed, he was mighty proud, and his biographer Forster admits that he (Forster) was sufficiently

proud of the attentions paid to a hardly "arrived" British novelist by the entire United States!

On getting back to London, however, he startled the United States by publishing his "American Notes for General Circulation," in which he lampooned and vilified the nation whose hospitalities he had accepted with an unsparing hand. The time was to come, of course, when we as a nation were to admit that we deserved all we got —that it "did us good," etc. But that was a far cry then. Then it was noticeable that, in these "Notes," Dickens gives no intimation of any literary cult or of any American poet, author or writer of any grade or ilk, although Forster's "Life of Dickens," which makes a good deal of Dickens's American receptions, states that in Boston, Longfellow, Holmes, Emerson, Tuckerman, Lowell and Whipple; and in New York City, Poe, Irving, Bryant, Verplanck, Paulding, and lesser "literati" galore, such as Briggs and Thomas Dunn English, called upon the Young British Lion.

Forster's "Life of Charles Dickens" gives the daily record of Dickens in New York City and speaks none too modestly of the honors paid him. This would have been a time, if there ever was a time, to turn the attention of New Yorkers with their committees of reception, and public dinners and adulatory speeches, into ridicule. But no fun is made thereof nor is there any intimation that Dickens himself was not considerably vain of the attention he was attracting. Certainly there is no record of his having strolled off unescorted to visit any newspaper office in order to ridicule the Press of the United States. On pages 195-200 of Forster's "Life," printed as Volume XXXIX of The Chapman and Hall Edition of Dickens's works (1908), is given a facsimile of the



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HARLEM RAILROAD VIADUCT SOUTH FROM ONE HUNDRED AND TENTH STREET STATION. NOTE THE OPEN COUNTRY TO THE WEST OF THE TRACKS.

address to the novelist signed by thirty or forty representative citizens, among whom were Hamilton Fish, William Cullen Bryant, Washington Irving, Murray Hoffman, Samuel Jones, John Duer, Daniel W. Talmadge, Theodore Sedgwick, James Gallatin, John A. King, William H. Aspinwall, Fitz Greene Halleck, Maturin Livingston, William B. Astor, Philip Hone, John W. Francis, Duncan C. Pell, Charles King and J. W. Edmonds, and a score of other prominent citizens. This list becomes important when we come to read "Martin Chuzzlewit," because, if Dickens did not manufacture the characters he deals with in that novel from whole cloth and his own malignant imagination, then these gentlemen are the models from which he drew Jefferson Brick, Elijah Pogram, Colonel Diver, General Choke, Mr. Scadder, Major Pawkins and their coterie of unwashed and noisy braggarts and bavards!

But we shall come to "Martin Chuzzlewit" in due time. We return to the arrival of Dickens upon our hospitable shores.

There is extant a letter to Poe dated Philadelphia, March 6, 1842, United States Hotel, in which Dickens says: "I shall be very glad to see you whenever you will do me the favor to call." Pursuing this opportunity, it seems that Poe had an interview with Dickens (whose "Barnaby Rudge" Poe had reviewed with such marvellous prognostics of Dickens's not yet outlined plot for the story as to compel Dickens's real admiration), and confided to him that he felt that he had already achieved a certain vogue in letters at home and was ambitious for an introduction to an English public, and that Dickens—whether intending to be of service or a matter of complimentary form—promised Poe to see what he could do

to forward Poe's ambitions in that regard. But Poe waited in vain for any intimation, after Dickens's return, that the promise remained within his intentions, or his memory. Meanwhile, came the "American Notes for General Circulation."

At the time Poe was writing his "Mystery of Marie Roget," following closely the pitiful story of Mary Rogers, a lovely girl in the salesroom of John Anderson, a well-known New York City tobacconist of that date. The first instalment of these "American Notes" appeared in *The Ladies' Companion* in November, 1842, and the second in December, 1842. Poe found himself unable to endure both the personal and the national insult from the young novelist, he, among others, had overwhelmed with flattery and courtesies. Stopping his work on the "Marie Roget" tale, he prepared an answer to the Dickens "Notes" which he called "English Notes Intended for Very Extensive Circulation, by Quarles Quickens, Esq." This he sent for some unexplainable reason to Boston for publication. Possibly the publishers of *The Ladies' Companion* may have objected to its issuance in New York City.

To Poe this biting vilification of a people, whose only error had been a far too generous reception of the young Englishman (who, after all, had only a few clever things to his credit and who yet might after his rocket-like ascent come down like a rocket's stick), read with a personal twang. He was not only an outraged American citizen, but a dupe who had relied on the promise of a man who had no intention of keeping a promise. He spares none of his power in these English notes. He writes with a rapier, rather than a bludgeon, and—except that he submits abundant internal evidence—for certainly, no living

Municipal Art Commission.

COLUMBUS MONUMENT AT COLUMBUS CIRCLE.
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.
1446—1506.
ARTIST—GAETANO RUSSO.

contemporary could have done the work, he vouchsafes no hint of authorship.

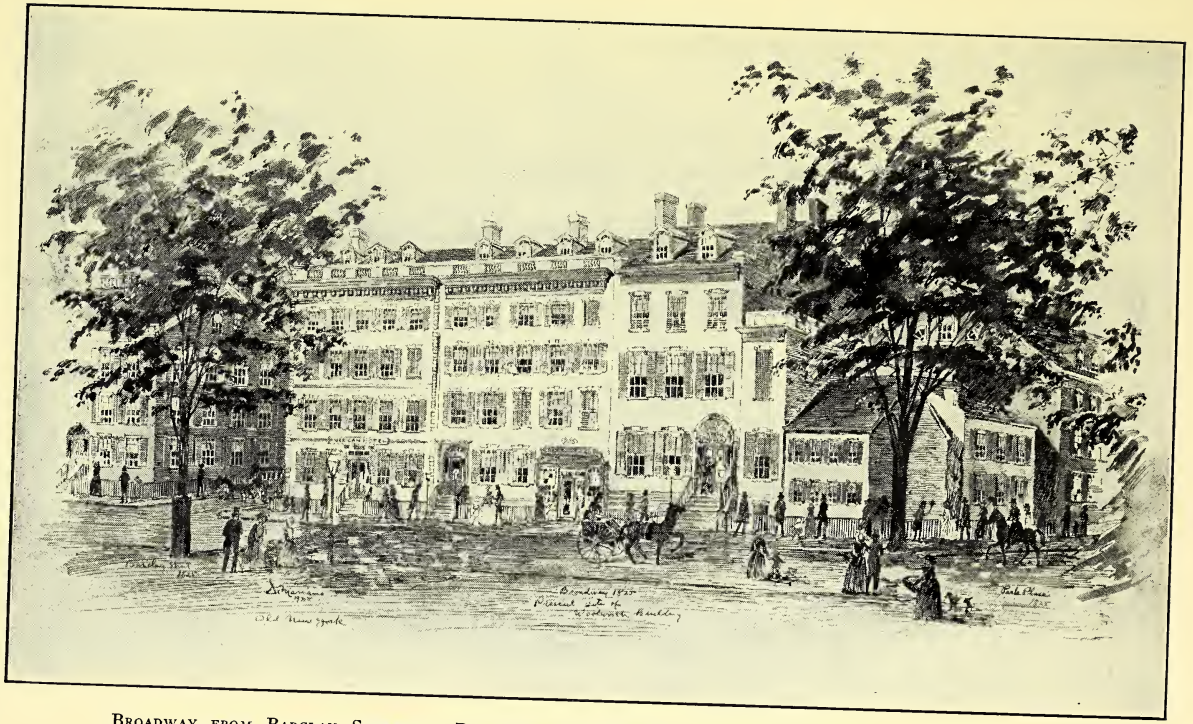
It begins by following "The American Notes" very servilely. Mr. Quarles Quickens goes on a visit to England (where Poe lived for two or more years at school, and so is not driven to manufacture his opportunities out of whole cloth). He describes his voyage across the uncomfortable Atlantic and, like the American Notes, proceeds to tear to pieces with ridicule and innuendo everything that he finds on landing upon English soil.

The arguments of the "English Notes" against the institution of slavery (which to Poe of course was an institution as much as any other part of his country's policy) he counters by a scathing, if rather serio-comic, arraignment of the poor laws of England. He does up the British Museum in this style, incidentally paying his respects to Captain Marryatt, who, Poe considered, had not treated him with proper consideration upon some occasion now forgotten. "In one of the halls I saw in a glass case the Magna Charta, in other words the great chart of the world, made by King John, which, as I was told by a very well-informed person, was forced from him by his barons at Runnymede, and placed for safe-keeping in this hall. This chart may be said to have been the cause of all the maritime success of the English."

Mr. Thompson surmises, and we follow him. Poe sends to Dickens an advance copy of this "English Notes for Very Extensive Circulation, by Quarles Quickens, Esq.," without disclosing the authorishp. His use of the pseudonym "Quarles" in connection with "The Raven" might have been intended for Dickens as a hint to the identity of "Quarles Quickens" of the "English Notes,"

and might also have served both for Dickens and for the British publishers, to whom Dickens had unsuccessfully applied, as a defiant notice that the "unknown writer" in America could produce a work that the whole world would accept with enthusiasm. To publish in Boston may have been a ruse of Poe's to meet Dickens's obvious preference for Boston over any other city and things American, in the "Notes." Poe had no particular love or preference for Boston himself, and regarded—or at least claimed to regard—the fortuity of his birth in that city as something to be apologized for.

Almost immediately after Dickens must have received this personal copy from Poe of "English Notes for Very Extensive Circulation," in 1843-1844 there appears in London, "Martin Chuzzlewit," caustic and offensive in its blatant holding up to vilest ridicule of a generous even if rather too exuberant people whose hospitality he has accepted. "American Notes" (appearing immediately upon Dickens's return to London) is the mildness of a sucking dove compared to the American pictures in "Martin Chuzzlewit." In this novel Dickens brings two young Englishmen, Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley, in the steerage of a packet-ship, "The Screw," to New York City. Why these two young Britishers should, in hunting for a boarding house, have gone *via* a newspaper office is not clear. (We have seen from Forster's "Life" that Dickens himself, when in New York City, had explored no city newspaper establishments, so it could not have been in order to use up any local color he had on hand.) The name of the particular New York City newspaper visited by Martin and Mark is *The Rowdy Journal.* Its editor is one Colonel Diver and his War Correspondent a Mr. Jefferson Brick, before whose name,



BROADWAY FROM BARCLAY STREET TO PARK PLACE IN 1825. THIS BLOCK NOW OCCUPIED BY WOOLWORTH BUILDING.

according to the Colonel-Editor, "all England quails." *The Rowdy Journal,* "the well of truth whose waters are black, being composed of Printer's Ink, but are clear enough to reflect the shadow of America's destiny," had its editorial sanctum within the forest of spittoons and deluge of expectoration formerly so indispensable to an Englishman's picture of anything American. Colonel Diver and Mr. Jefferson Brick introduce the two modest English youths to a Major Pawkins, sitting with hat on one whisker and legs on the editorial table, fortified with more spittoons, into which he impartially fires tobacco spittle, the odor of which, mingled with a sick-gush of soup from an adjoining kitchen, etc., etc., etc. Here follow several pages of broadcast travesty, the conversation maintained between Mr. Brick and the editors and attachés of *The Rowdy Journal* for the benefit of the two modest young Englishmen—to the effect that England is trembling with panic at the editorials of that newspaper, etc. The visitors managed to get into the conversation far enough to state that they are looking for a boarding house. Whereupon Colonel Diver suggests the boarding house conducted by Major Pawkins, where Colonel Diver himself abides, and all hands proceed—it being now the midday dinner hour—to the Pawkins establishment.

Mark is walking arm in arm with (an English custom not affected in New York at that date, which would seem *à l'outrance* to warn us that the picture is being painted as it proceeds) Martin, arm in arm with Mr. Jefferson Brick, is walking very leisurely, "when, as they came within a house or two of the Major's (i.e. Major Scadder), they heard a bell rung violently. The instant the sound reached their ears the Colonel and the Major dashed off, rushed up the steps and in at the street door (which stood ajar) like lunatics, while Mr. Jefferson Brick, detaching his arm from Martin's, made a precipitate dive in the same direction and vanished also. 'Good heavens,' thought Martin, the

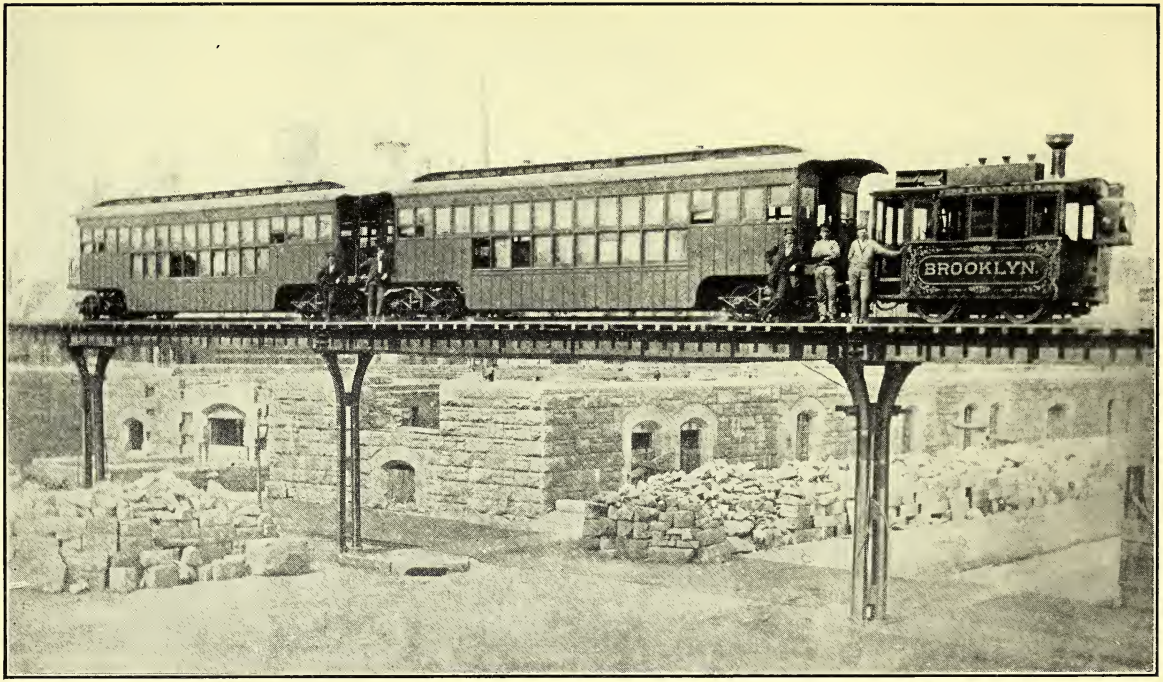
premises are afire, but there was no smoke to be seen nor any flame nor was there any smell of fire. As Martin followed, on the pavement three more gentlemen with horror and agitation depicted on their faces came plunging wildly around the street corner—jostled each other on the steps—struggled for an instant and rushed into the house in a confused heap of arms and legs. Unable to bear it any longer, Martin followed. Even in his rapid progress he was run down, thrust aside and passed by two more gentlemen, stark mad as it appeared with fierce excitement," etc.

Martin gets a seat the table which Colonel Scadder—now having about finished his dinner—has saved for him.

"It was a numerous company. All the knives and forks were working away at a rate that was quite alarming, very few words were spoken and everybody seemed to eat his utmost in self-defense as if a famine were expected to set in before breakfast time tomorrow, and it had become high time to assert the first law of nature. The poultry, which formed the staple of the entertainment—for there was turkey at the top, a pair of fowls at the bottom and two fowls in the middle—disappeared as if every bird had the use of its wings and had flown in desperation down a human throat. The oysters, stewed and pickled, leaped from their capacious reservoirs and slid by scores into the mouths of the assembly—the pickles vanished, whole cucumbers at once, like sugar plums, and no man winked his eyes. It was a solemn and an awful sight to see. Dyspeptic individuals bolted their food in wedges; spare men with lank rigid cheeks, unsatisfied from the destruction of heavy dishes, glared with watchful eyes upon the pastry. But there was one comfort. It was soon over."

Mr. Carl Schurz, visiting New York City in about the same year, describes a dinner at the Fifth Avenue Hotel somewhat differently. ("The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz," Vol. II, page 5.)

"The recollection of our first dinner at the Union Square Hotel is still vivid in my mind. It was a table d'hote. Dinner time was announced by the fierce beating of a gong. The guests filed into a large bare room with one long row of tables. Some fifteen or twenty negroes clad in white jackets, white aprons and white cotton gloves stood ready to conduct the guests to their seats, which they did with broad smiles and curiously elaborate



Collection Frank Hedley.

NINTH AVENUE ELEVATED RAILROAD TRAIN, AT NINTH (NOW COLUMBUS) AVENUE AND FIFTY-NINTH STREET, 1876. AT THAT TIME THE CONDUCTOR COLLECTED A FARE OF TEN CENTS FROM EACH PASSENGER, AND THE ENGINES ALL HAD SPECIAL NAMES.

bows and foot scrapings. A portly colored head waiter in a dress coat and white necktie whose manners were strikingly grand and patronizing, directed their movements. When the guests were seated the head waiter struck a loud bell. Then the negroes rapidly filed out and soon reappeared carrying large soup tureens with bright silver covers. They planted themselves along the tables at certain intervals, standing for a second motionless. At another clang of their commander's bell, they lifted their tureens high up, and then deposited them on the tables with a bump that made the chandeliers tremble, holding fast with their right hands to the silver covers until another stroke of the bell resounded, when they jerked off the covers and lifting them high over their heads marched off. So the dinner went off with several expeditions of this ceremony for each course, the negroes getting all the more enthusiastic in their performance. I was told that like customs existed in other New York City hotels."

Mr. Schurz—afterward Major-General and Senator, and Secretary in the Federal cabinet—was not endeavoring to dragoon the Congress of the United States into enacting a Bill for the benefit of poor English authors when he wrote that description.

Further on in the novel, Dickens, not contented with *The Rowdy Journal* and Major Pawkins's dinner table, takes Martin to the City of Watertoast in "God Almighty's Free United States," no possible prototype or model or palliation for which had Dickens—if his own American itinerary, as set down seriatim by himself in his own "American Notes" is to be credited—ever visited. Here we have Mr. Lafayette Kittle, General Choke, Mr. Scadder, "active and spry in my country's service," another newspaper (this time it is *The Eden Stinger*), Elijah Pogram, Mrs. Hominy, the Mother of the Modern Gracchi, and then the broadest and cruellest false witness, the whole ending in the two young Englishmen—robbed of the gold they had brought with them for investment in the New World—found starving in a poison malarial swamp in some undesignated region (from

which, however, Dickens is obliged for narrative purposes to rescue them through the kindness of a citizen of the lampooned and vilified City of New York).

But before the edition of "English Notes" were ready to leave the press, Poe receives this letter from Mr. Dickens himself:

"London, November 27, 1842.

. . . . . .

"By some strange accident (I presume, it must have been through some mistake on the part of Mr. Putnam—the great quantity of business he had to arrange for me) I have never been able to find among my papers, since I came to England, the letter you wrote to me at New York. But I read it there and think I am correct in believing that it charged me with no other mission than that which you had already entrusted to me by word of mouth. Believe me that it never for a moment escaped my recollection and that I have done all in my power to bring it to a successful issue—I regret to say, in vain.

"I should have forwarded you the accompanying letter from Mr. Moxon before now, but I have delayed doing so in the hope that some other channel for the publication of your book on this side of the water would present itself to me. I am, however, unable to report any success. I have mentioned it to publishers with whom I have influence, but they have, one and all, declined the venture, and the only consolation I can give you is that I do not believe any collection of detached pieces by an unknown writer, even though he were an Englishman, would be at all likely to find a publisher just now."

The "unknown author," bitter pill as it was, Poe seems to have overlooked, possibly from his genuine admiration for the genius of Charles Dickens—and he suppresses and withdraws the entire edition of the "English Notes." He could not, however, withdraw the personal advance copy he mailed to Dickens himself. But it is noticeable that never again do either Poe or Dickens mention each other, or make the least allusion to the letters or things literary of their respective product.

It seems, therefore, most probable that Dickens's

No. 26 Broadway and adjoining buildings extending to Beaver Street now being demolished to make way for new Standard Oil Building, 1922.

Replication and Rejoinder to Poe's "English Notes" was the offensive matter in "Martin Chuzzlewit." If it were, it is interesting to remark that the magnanimity is, as always, to be expected from this side. Poe withdrew and suppressed the "English Notes." But Dickens never withdrew or apologized for the vituperation and the scurrility of his lampoon upon New York City dinner-manners or newspaper methods. Although he offered himself a second time in 1868-69 to the hospitalities of New York City, which welcomed him and dined and wined and worshiped him—if possible—more obsequiously than at the first visit—the chapters of "Martin Chuzzlewit" were, and are to this day, permitted to remain. No matter how overflowing, pressed down and running over the hospitality, or the gold the City of New York has lavished—by millions of copies and by millions of readers—Major Pawkins's dinner and *The Rowdy Journal* are still flaunted as life in New York City.

But if Dickens in his lifetime had his adulation, so Poe in death is receiving his plenitude of fame. New York City at least has surpassed itself in doing him honor. No city in the world has paid such magnificent tribute to the memory of one of its citizens who was simply a poet, as New York City has paid to the memory of Edgar Allan Poe. A splendid and spacious pleasure ground—a plaisance in the midst of a well-ordered suburban precinct; and therein—perpetually maintained for the public inspection of pilgrims—a Shrine, the cottage occupied as a last residence by the poet himself. Within the cottage, furnished as nearly as may be in the form and manner in which the poet last saw it and constantly added to, as matters pertaining to his occupancy, are and are to be secured.

Nor is this all. Tablets have been placed on the site of the Brennan Mansion at the northwest corner of Broadway and Eighty-fourth Street to mark the site where "The Raven" was completed for posterity, and on the site of the Fordham Cottage; and in the noble "Hall of Fame" which the New York University has erected at University Heights within the Greater City of New York to crown the lordly Hudson—as Walhalla towers over the lordly Danube—is a splendid bronze of Poe, accompanying the carved register of his name among American Immortals. And it is by such testimonials as these, at least, that New York City proposes to memorize the only American man of letters who endeavored to take up arms for her good name when vilified by another and alien man-of-letters who was none too easy a mark to tackle.

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THE NEW STANDARD OIL BUILDING IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION, CORNER BROADWAY AND BEAVER STREET.

DOOR-PLATES.

HAROLD SETON

In Munsey's Magazine, July, 1919.

A charming custom, to be sure,
These bits of burnished brass
On which one's name would long endure
To tell the folks who pass
That you are you, and I am I,
And this our home! Therefore
One has good cause to heave a sigh
That door-plates are no more!

Once families passed all their lives
Within the selfsame walls;
But when modernity arrives,
Conservatism palls.
"Come, let us scan some other streets,
New neighborhoods explore!"
These are the arguments one meets,
And door-plates are no more!

We would not need them in a flat;
We always move each year;
If we unscrewed them, after that
From landlords we should hear!
Yes, there are customs quaint and old
That I would fain restore;
But other people scoff and scold,
So door-plates are no more!

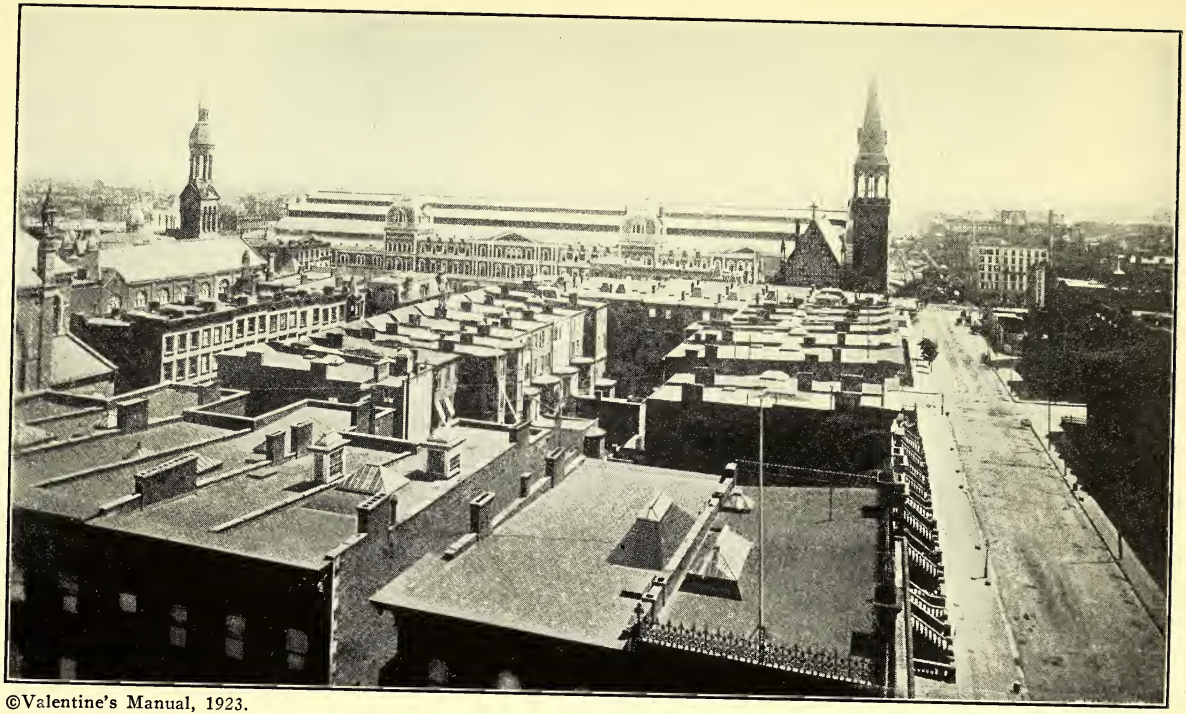
ORIGIN OF THE MOVEMENT WHICH RESULTED IN THE PRESERVATION OF THE PALISADES OF THE HUDSON

By S. Wood McClave

For many years efforts had been made by the States of New York and New Jersey to secure and preserve these historic rocks for posterity and two commissions were appointed at different times to carry out this object, but as their plans contemplated the expenditure of a great deal of money for the purchase of property on the top of the Palisades, this money to come not only from the National Government, but also from the States of New York and New Jersey, the commissions failed and things drifted along for some years until Carpenter Brothers, purchasing part of the Palisades at or about Englewood Cliffs for the purpose of utilizing the stone for road purposes, awoke the people and especially the Federation of Women's Clubs, to the fact that the Palisades were in real danger from this source of commercialism, and finally after much persuasion, and against strong opposition, a joint resolution gave the then Governor Voorhees of New Jersey the power to appoint a commission of five persons whose duty it would be to report upon the present condition and the best method of preserving the Palisades.

This resolution was passed and approved March 21, 1899, reading as follows:

BE IT RESOLVED BY THE SENATE AND GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY: 1. The Governor shall appoint five persons,



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East on 42nd Street from Fifth Avenue, Grand Central Depot, Grand Union Hotel, Dr. Tyng's Church, and St. Bartholomew's Church.

who shall serve without compensation, to report upon the present condition of the Palisades, and whose duty it shall be to suggest some remedy or remedies to preserve the Palisades from defacement and depredations.

The Governor then appointed Miss Elizabeth B. Vermilie of Englewood, Miss Cecelia Gaines (now Mrs. John Holland of Cold Springs, N. Y.), the late W. A. Lynn, Editor of the New York Evening Post, of Hackensack, Franklin W. Hopkins of Alpine (son-in-law of Deacon White of Brooklyn) and myself. Our first meeting was held at Miss Vermilie's residence on the afternoon of May 20, 1899, to organize.

Previous to this meeting I had thought of ways that the Palisades might be saved and the simplest way, also the cheapest, it appeared to me, would be to purchase or condemn or otherwise secure the face of the Palisades, thus preventing further tunneling or blasting, and then as the matter was a dry subject, I thought of a way to attract attention to the Palisades and that was by forming clubs throughout the United States to subscribe money for their preservation. I not only hoped that enough money would be secured for this purpose, but a surplus sufficiently large to erect on the Palisades and directly opposite Grant's Tomb, a monument to Admiral Dewey (who was then on his way to New York Harbor after the Battle of Manila Bay), thereby representing the highest standards of the Army and Navy at the mouth of the beautiful Hudson River, and to complete the picture, that a handsome bridge be thrown across, connecting the two monuments.

This I jotted down at the request of a friend reporter, to whom I gave it with the understanding that it was not to be printed until I said so and I was surprised, there-

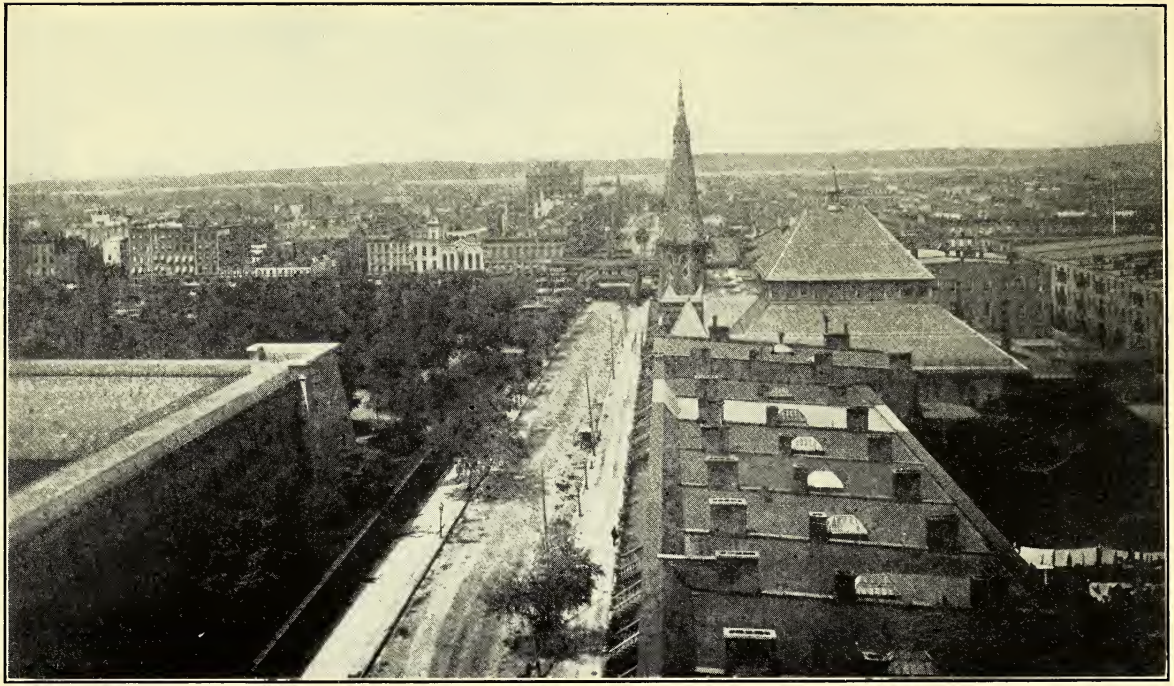
fore, the next day, when he met me at the train on the way to the first meeting, by his stating that my thoughts upon this subject would appear the following morning in the New York Herald; that he was sorry, but it was not his fault, and the article did appear on Sunday, May 21, 1899, in big black type, entitled, "Dewey's Monument Opposite Grant's."

Realizing that I had been placed in an embarrassing position, because of the fact that there was the possibility that the meeting would not be held, or if held, the opportunity to state my plans before the other commissioners might not be given, I was naturally somewhat agitated until the meeting was over and the matter off my mind.

We immediately organized and it was soon seen that there was going to be a division; the two women and myself on one side and the two men on the other. The women desired to make me president, but I respectfully declined, nominating Mr. Hopkins and Miss Vermelie for Secretary, both of whom were elected.

Then a general discussion arose on everything *but* the Palisades until one of the men, looking at his watch, said he would like to catch a certain train, and the other agreeing that he would like to go with him, spurred me to say that inasmuch as the other commissions had failed in their object, otherwise there would have been no necessity of our meeting that day, and that they had, no doubt, thought of some way or ways of saving the Palisades; that I had and would like to give them my thoughts before they left. Then I proceeded to state my plans as indicated above.

My plans for purchasing the face by forming clubs to obtain subscriptions was characterized by an opposition



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Looking West on Forty-second Street from Fifth Avenue to Sixth while still a quiet residential neighborhood. 1880.

newspaper (which was in favor of our taking the more valuable property on top) as a rattle-headed scheme.

On May 30, ten days after our first meeting, Carpenter Brothers, by using 7,500 pounds of dynamite, displaced 100,000 tons of rock, wiping out what remained of the old land mark called "Indian Head."

The first public meeting to state the plans of preserving the Palisades by the forming of clubs for obtaining subscriptions, was held at Union Hill, June 9, 1899. I not only explained the plans, but gave a description of the terrific blast of Carpenter Brothers in wiping out "Indian Head" and in closing I said that I had wished them to have had the power to stretch forth my hand and say to those men: "Stop! You have damaged this beautiful place too much. Not another blow, not another blast shall you put upon it. Not another pound of rock shall you take."

Due to this meeting I received a letter from the late Andrew H. Green, the father of greater New York, on June 10, 1899, as President of the Society for the Preservation of Scenic and Historic Places and Objects, offering the services of his Society in connecting with our commission for the preservation of the Palisades. This offer was finally accepted and the first meeting of the two committees was held in the Thompson Building, Broadway and 26th Street, on November 9, 1899. The members of that committee were F. W. Devoe, of the Devoe Paint Works; George F. Kunz, diamond expert for Tiffany and Company; Edward Payson Cone, Colonel A. G. Mills and F. S. Lamb.

The first offer of money in answer to my appeal at the Union Hill meeting for subscriptions, was $1,000 from the late Bishop Potter's wife, but not being in a position

to accept any moneys, I wrote and told her that as soon as I was in such a position I would notify her, which I did when I was appointed treasurer of the League for the Preservation of the Palisades, formed by many prominent women of New York and New Jersey, May 3, 1900.

The first money received, however, was a $10 check dated May 1, 1900, to my order, donated by Sarah H. Emerson, 313 West 82nd Street, New York City.

This league was not formed until after our commission had made its report to the Governor and finished the work that it was appointed to do, and this they did on December 30, 1899, recommending the appointment of a permanent commission, empowered to receive funds and expend them, cease granting any riparian rights and with power to acquire and hold for the State so much of the land *between the edge of the cliffs and low water mark* as might be deemed necessary to prevent the further destruction of the Palisades, the land so acquired to be a State Park through which might run a boulevard.

On June 3, 1900, that part of Governor Roosevelt's message referring to the Palisades said: "I call the attention of the Legislature to the report of the Palisades Commission, which has my hearty approval. The Palisades should be preserved. They form one of the most scenic and beautiful features of nature of the entire country, and their marring and ruin should be a source, not only of regret, but of shame, to our people.

"New Jersey is in reality less interested in their preservation than we are, although they are in her territory, for their beauty can best be observed from ours. There are two miles of the Palisades in the State of New York and ten in the State of New Jersey. No further riparian rights along their base should be granted. I suggest that

PLAYGROUND OF THE BOWLING GREEN NEIGHBORHOOD ASSOCIATION ON WEST STREET. CHILDREN OF PEOPLE FROM THE MOST REMOTE PARTS OF THE WORLD NOW LIVE IN THIS SECTION OF THE CITY. EVERY YEAR THE PRODUCE EXCHANGE PROVIDES A WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS TREE AND ENTERTAINMENT IN THEIR BUILDING FOR THESE PROMISING YOUNG CITIZENS.

a commission to represent New York be appointed, that the Governor be empowered to request the State of New Jersey to appoint a similar commission to serve with ours and endeavor to provide for joint action by the two States to secure the permanence of this splendid natural monument."

And Governor Voorhees in his annual message made a similar recommendation. Due to these recommendations, the Legislatures of both States passed bills for the appointment of a permanent commission for saving the Palisades and appropriated $10,000 each for preliminary expenses.

The New York bill was signed by Governor Roosevelt on March 22, 1900, and became a law, and a similar bill was signed by Governor Voorhees on March 23, 1900.

Among the men appointed upon the permanent New York Commission was George W. Perkins, the right man in the right place. No sooner had he been appointed than he invited me one day to lunch with him to give him whatever points I had regarding the Palisades matter and while he was thinking of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, and wondering how much of a subscription he could secure from this great and liberal financier, for the preservation of the Palisades, Mr. Morgan was thinking of Mr. Perkins and wondering if he could secure him as a partner in his concern, calculating that he would be a valuable addition because he had proven his worth by floating some very difficult Russian Bonds and it was a coincidence that Mr. Perkins had asked the same man of whom Mr. Morgan had asked the same question and that was, how each one could see the other.

At any rate, they met and after Mr. Morgan had subscribed $135,000 towards the Palisades object, he then

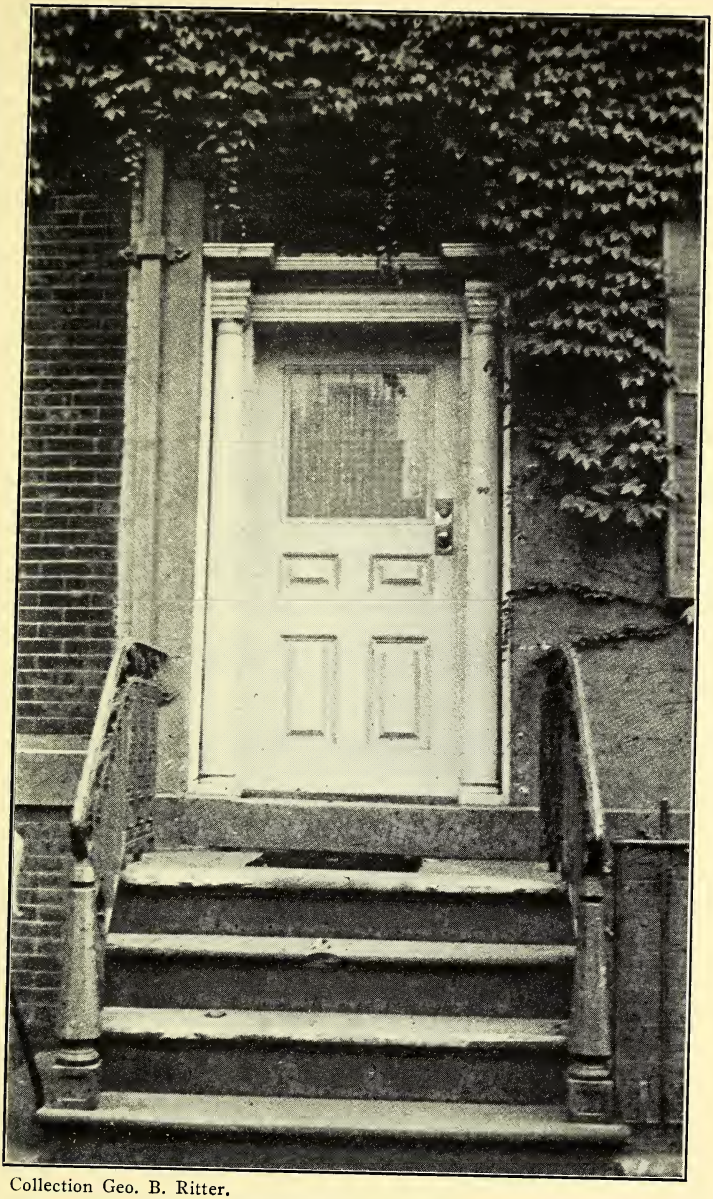
offered Mr. Perkins a partnership at about $100,000 a year. Mr. Perkins was at the time one of the Vice-Presidents of the New York Life Insurance Company. Mr. Perkins received large subscriptions not only of property but of money, not only for the preservation of the Palisades, but to enlarge the territory.

The first start off was a bill signed by Governor Odell on May 4, 1901, appropriating, as New York's share, $400,000. Then followed New Jersey with $50,000. Through Mr. Perkins' efforts, the total amount, I believe, given by John D. Rockefeller and the late J. Pierpont Morgan was about $500,000 each, and a number of other rich men and women contributed amounts up to $625,000.

Mrs. Harriman gave a tract of land comprising about 10,000 acres, together with the sum of one million dollars, upon the condition "That if the State or any person or group of persons under the authority of the State shall hereafter condemn or seek to condemn other land in Orange County belonging to Mrs. Harriman or her descendents, the land which is the subject of this grant shall thereupon be revoked to her heirs."

Governor Hughes also signed a bill appropriating $2,500,000 for the State of New York, making a total of some five million dollars. "With this sum it is proposed to protect and preserve for the people a park system extending in a fifty mile tract along the west bank of the Hudson from Fort Lee to Newburgh, making a public reservation in many respects unsurpassed," according to the New York Outlook, "in the world."

Great credit is not only due to the late Mr. Perkins and to Mrs. Harriman, Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Morgan, and all other subscribers, but especially to the members



Collection Geo. B. Ritter.

THE ENTRANCE TO AN OLD GREENWICH VILLAGE HOUSE, 88 GROVE STREET, 1909.

of the Federation of Women's Clubs of New York and New Jersey in so greatly assisting in the preservation of the Eighth Wonder of the World.

OLD DOORWAYS IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

[The following extracts are reprinted by the kind permission of the New York "Evening Post," from a series of entertaining articles on the subject by Mr. Charles McDonald Puckette. The illustrations are from original photographs loaned by Mr. George B. Ritter and made by himself during his weekly rambles in these interesting old localities of the city ten years or more ago.

Unfortunately, the insatiable scrap heap has already claimed a goodly number of the places shown in the pictures, and we are greatly indebted to Mr. Ritter for having preserved for future generations a veritable mine of treasurers in the exhaustive collection he has made of these quaint nooks and corners, and we hope to be able to show more of them in another issue of the MANUAL.

Many of our readers will undoubtedly be glad to visit some of these neighborhoods where Old New York still exists in fact.]

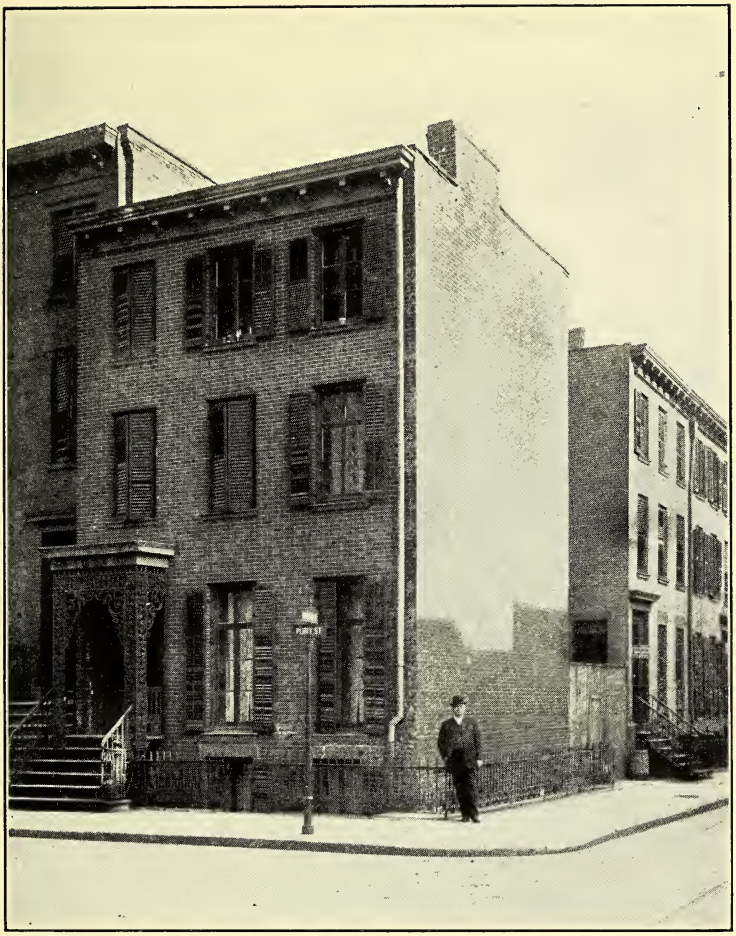
The real entrances to old New York—this might well be the title to these notes of walks in Greenwich Village, of afternoons spent in looking for the doorways of generations past which still grace the fronts of many houses there. For in all the city there is no suggestion of older days offering so inviting a prospect for the imagination and the eyes to dwell upon as these doorways of a once aristocratic district.

Routes might be suggested, but they shall not be, be-

cause Greenwich Village is a rambling place, fit for discursive walking. Only one hint: you could do little better than begin at Christopher Street and North River, and go aimlessly eastward, turning into the twisting ways wherever the vista attracts. You will end up somewhere say about Washington Square; perhaps, if you know the delights to be had in doorways and windows and stoops in three blocks of West Twelfth Street, you will make it a point to bring your excursion to a finish there, near the northern limits of Greenwich Village.

And if even a little of imagination comes to aid you, you will have lived hours in the New York of another day and have seen ladies and gentlemen of a half century and more go through those same white-framed Colonial doorways. You need not follow them beyond hospitable and inviting as the entrances may seem. Or it may be the insisting presence of a very present-day New York on the streets will not let your fancy see old days through Georgian leaded fanlights and side lights; but if the sight of an exquisitely beautiful, well-proportioned entrance, with all its sense of personality, and seated and gracious civilization give you a thrill of pleasure no matter what its surroundings, you will have had a thoroughly delightful walk.

Many old doorways which yet stand, the new Greenwich had almost obscured. Beginning at our starting-point on Christopher Street, it is not half a block to the eastward, and a few steps northward on Hudson Street, before the eyes catch one of those keystone arched doorways so often used on brick or stone houses. There is little or no carving or ornamentation, for most of the doorways of this type to be found in Greenwich Village have their virtue in simplicity. As a matter of fact, there



Collection of E. F. R. Lent.

OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE AT THE CORNER OF PERRY STREET AND WAVERLY PLACE. ERECTED ABOUT 1850 AND REMOVED FOR THE EXTENSION OF SEVENTH AVENUE. NOTE THE GRILL WORK AROUND DOORWAY.

is almost nothing left now but the frame of brownstone; the fan-light above the transom is boarded up, and the mullions have been replaced. The overhanging shed of an Italian fruit dealer fairly hides the larger part of it; the sign of a coal dealer graces the railing of the once aristocratic steps, and the alleyway to the right is a driveway for the teams of a trucking business. It is only the shell.

The tide of business from the waterfront, where once the villagers caught beach-lobsters four and six feet long (so history has it), has swept up as far as this. Beyond to the eastward lies more of old Greenwich, less disturbed. It is true that you are scarcely ever out of reach of the presence of the replacers; where once there were wooden houses are now three and four-story brick ones, or perhaps a six-story apartment house towering above the roof-lines, and all of these, alas, have the forbidding doorway of convenience, instead of one of beauty. Let the New York blind spot in your eye obliterate these.

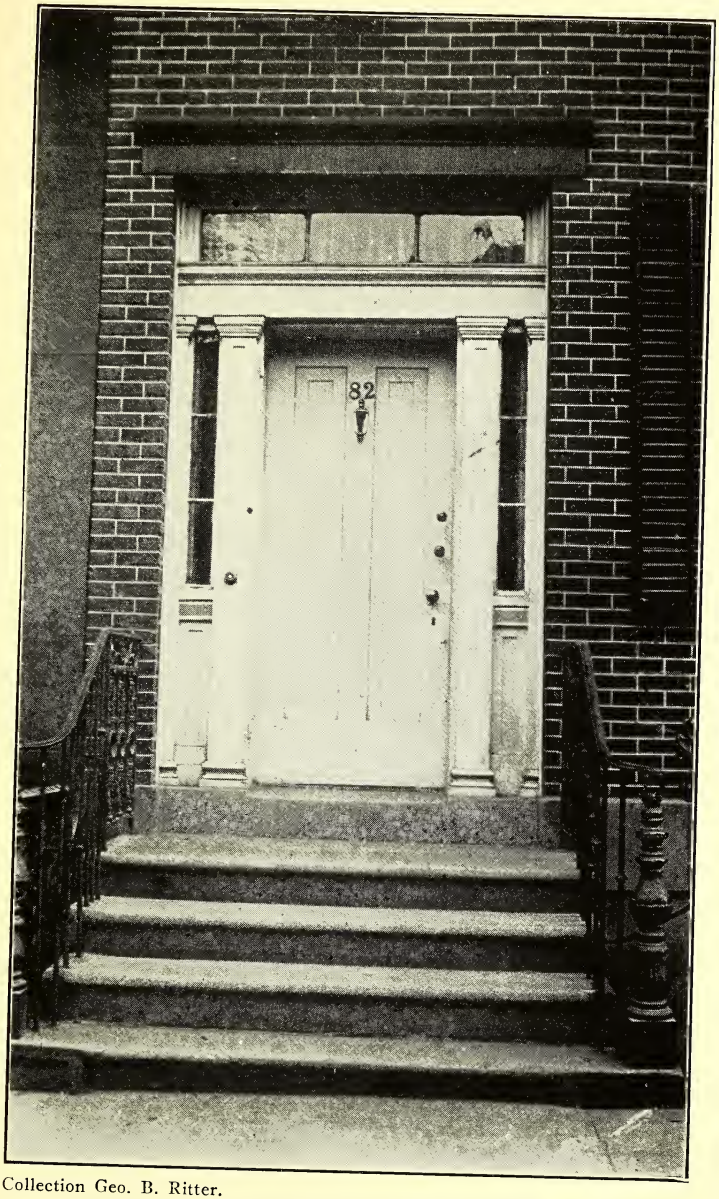
Perhaps a single entrance way will first attract you and lead your thoughts into old Greenwich—say a simple squared frame, with Doric pilasters, plain squared lights, and moulded panels of the door, all of white, and set in brick. Four steps of stone, guarded with iron railings, lead up to the threshold, and all are worn deep. It has an air of charming reserve and dignity; and see, it has the base of an ancient knocker still screwed on the panels. The hammer is gone, it has been painted over, but what hands in what years have lifted it? Old Greenwich has lived a moment for you.

You step back from the curb to look at the door and house and the motor truck delivery wagon of the factory three houses away nearly runs over you. The chauffeur

toots a blatant horn and utters curses. When you have saved your life, and once more look at the doorway, a woman's head is stuck from an upper window, and a strident voice howls at Felipo and Carlotta playing with a score of children half a block away. She is an Italian —yes, that block is almost entirely Italian now. There is a quieter Greenwich beyond.

What is this? Shades of Sir Christopher Wren! Yet it is so—here in one of the turns of West Fourth Street's meandering there is a vine-covered house of red brick, and some nameless genius of an architect has contrived a fire-escape which is an architectural detail of real beauty, a pleasurable addition to the house. The wrought-iron platforms and railings are satisfying in proportion, and are subjected to the whole plan. How has he done this miracle? Then the secret comes on you; those are really balconies of an older generation, now made into a fire-escape, to conform to later building laws, by taking up a portion of the flooring and dropping ladders through. It is a corner house, and all of its lines, door and windows, and the broken roof line are agreeably satisfactory. Here, too, it is quieter.

Follow West Fourth Street down until you come to Grove Street, and then turn to the left; walk against the railing of the little triangular park and look at the houses on Grove Street between Waverly Place and West Fourth Street. Nowhere in the city will any one find in one block three more charmingly attractive, simple, and inviting homes than three of the old Greenwich residences left standing here, three stories, of brick, nestling among the other houses. Two of them are artists' homes, and have undergone modification for the sake of the studio and the north light. The doorways are simple and



Collection Geo. B. Ritter.

An old New York doorway, 82 Grove Street, 1909.

beautiful, and in one case it is the doorway which atones for the later addition of a mansard roof. There are ivy vines about the entrances here, and the doors, all of the Colonial type (this is a very inclusive term), are rather deep set within the wall. You will linger over this prospect.

There is a contrast not many houses away, in a high stoop and doorway, likewise of an older day. Here there are eight steps up to the threshold, and the floor of the cellar of the house is not more than two feet below the level of the street, for it was built on the low ground toward Minetta Creek. The whole scheme of this entrance is more severe and less attractive. The keystone arch surmounting the top is set on no pillars, but is built into the wall; it frames a door panelled in oak, simple pilasters and a plain fan-light. The characteristic feature is the oval light, some three feet by two, in the front wall to the right of the door. Still another example is shown in the picture of the doorways with alleys between the houses, serving as servants' entrances. One, with the black door set in a square unadorned frame, is an instance of severer treatment, but a lighter touch is added by the white-faced oval to the left.

By now the seeker is fairly started on his exploration aimlessly directed in search of old Greenwich doorways. It is a fascinating hunt. If you who are a flat-dweller are the seeker, you had best leave your envy behind you when you go into these crooked lanes, and regions of what once were genteel homes, well-kept and comfortable. Even in their present state those three-story brick dwellings, so evidently designed to live in, may cause you a pang of home-longing, for a place where you might pass through such portals as these. You are certain that on

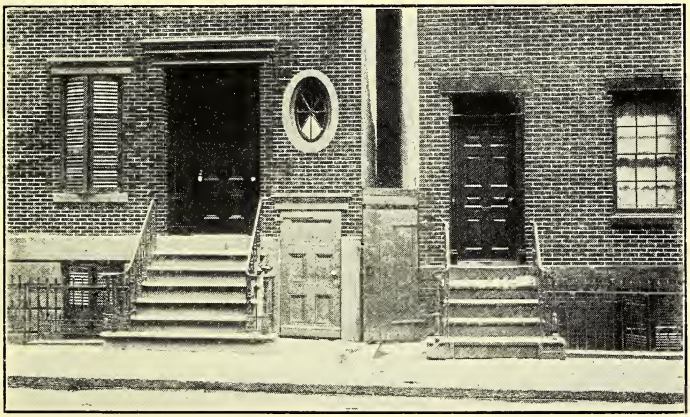
the other side of those inviting thresholds are other interior doors quite as attractive, perhaps a wide double one between living-room and dining-room, with exquisitely moulded white pilasters and pediments. No doubt there Colonial mantels, and fireplaces, and stairways.

Remember, you are still on the outside. Stick to doorways which can be seen and enjoyed. It is enough that they call up visions of a famous procession of villagers passing through; of Aaron Burr, of Adams' dinner parties when he dwelt there as Vice-President, and George Washington, President, had his residence in Franklin Square. You see Baron Steuben, Thomas Jefferson, and Chancellor Livingston enter for one of those dinner parties, and there are stage coaches on the streets which stop and deposit their passengers at just such doors. There are other recollections of Greenwich Village coming down through the years—of the Abingdons, of Thomas Paine, of many others; and of streets—of Bleecker, which was Herring, of West Fourth, which was Asylum, and of Barrow, which was Raisin—corrupt for Reason Street, so named in honor of the author of "The Age of Reason."

Nowadays, of course, the village harbors a population chiefly of another sort, in the various blocks inhabited almost wholly by alien races. The children on the streets —there are crowds of them—are of people newly come over the seas. They have overflowed it more than has the northward sweeping tide of business. In spots it yet retains its old gentility in some measure. Its striking difference from other districts having such inhabitants is that its low houses and its crooked streets preserve their old-time look nevertheless.

Musing thus, we have stood still, and the doorways will

Another section of King Street near Hudson, 1909.



South side of King Street near Hudson, 1909.

not pass in procession as the people of Greenwich's history do in your fancy. There is a striking old one on Hudson Street, of the period after the Colonial, a large frame of the keystone arch sort. The door, of paneled oak, is unusually wide, and the side-lights on either side the Doric columns are wide also. Above, the fan-light is semi-circular, with a considerable radius, but the leaded glass is plainly treated. Examples of precisely this type are not common, though there are many in a modified type.

Toward the northern limits of the village, in West Thirteenth Street, the wanderer comes upon a charming old doorway. Even the hard usage which the door has suffered has not been able to conceal the beautiful proportions of the paneling. It was once white. On either side are Doric columns of dark wood; the doorway has no side-lights, and above the squared light of leaded glass is treated with simplicity. There are four steps to mount before one crosses the threshold here; and the door is set back within the wall just a few inches.

In all these doors glass is infrequently used. This, no doubt, was a concession to city life, for houses of their period elsewhere are much given to employing glass in the upper half. The use of wood only achieves a simpler and, on the whole, a more desirable effect. Nor are the fan-lights so elaborately dealt with when they are introduced. In one doorway the ellipse of the fan-light has been delightfully handled. Pediments and gables are comparatively rare, and the columns are Doric and Ionic.

The diversity in smaller detail is well-nigh endless. There is many an afternoon's pleasure in the crooked streets to the west of Sixth Avenue and south of Fourteenth Street in even a hasty tramp and look. Finds come sometimes unexpectedly, in strange places. An old

house may be nestled down in between two newer ones, projected out to the building line, and quite lost. You can tell them, maybe, some distance away by that sense of proper proportion which seems to distinguish them, and by the harmony in the treatment of the doorway.

There is one other type of old doorway often met with in Greenwich Village which has not been mentioned. This is the entrance framed and hooded with wrought or cast-iron railings and trellises, with iron steps. Perhaps the iron porch stands out entirely from the house, as in one of the pictures printed here; this is, indeed, the most common type, and is characteristic of other sections of the city as well. Many are really beautiful in the design of the iron railings, but these doorways do not stand the ravages of time as well as others, and are not so well suited to New York. Quite different from any other shown is the stoop and doorway at Greenwich and Perry Streets. It is refreshing in its simplicity. There are few of the wrought-iron hoods which were once used to frame Colonial doorways to be found in Greenwich Village; to wander afield, there was one of this type which was charming, in Irving Place until last year. It is, alas, now on the scrap heap, and the ground floor of the replacing building is given over to plate-glass walled and partitioned shops.

One of the most strikingly unusual facades in the old Greenwich section is on the south side of Fourteenth Street, west of Sixth Avenue. This building was the first Metropolitan Museum of Art; and while it is of a different period from the others, it is especially interesting in the treatment of the lower and upper entrances, the superimposed orders of columns, and the double stairway with the plain iron railing.

Push Cart Alley, 1909.

Aunt Sally of Minetta Lane, 1909.

And so the quest goes on. It is not likely that one afternoon's exploration will satisfy you. These doorways of old Greenwich Village are too inviting and personal, even if only your fancy enters; and their air is too hospitable for you to abandon them, to drop them out of your calling list as if they were friends who had moved to places far away. It is the province of doorways in city houses that they shall extend hospitality and attractiveness to the guest. In the plantation houses in the South, the doorways of the same period are quite as beautiful, but there it is the wide porch or the trellised veranda in the view which lends an inviting prospect; and the detail of mullion, pilaster, pillar, and panel is only a part. In the city it is the doorway that must bridge the gap between the streets, a few yards away, which are everyone's, and the hearthstone, which is your own. It seems the part of the gentleman and host that he shall model his doorway in the fashion of these old entrances that yet remain—unless, at least, he can find something more gracious among other good old models than the horrors which the Victorian eclectic and the jerry-builder thrust upon an artless age.

Courtesy Chaplain Edmund Banks Smith, O.R.C.

A Captain in the Royal American Regiment, 60th Foot. Governor's Island, 1756.

Governor's Island, 1750. From an oil painting by F. Willa. This painting, once owned by Gov. DeWitt Clinton, is reproduced by courtesy of present owner, Mr. J. Van Vechten Olcott.

Advertiſement.

ON *Tueſday* the 17th of *February* 1761, there will be a grand Cock Match, on the Green near the Work-Houſe (greateſt Part of which will be converted into a Pit) between ſeveral Hundreds of plain *Liberty and Property* Cocks with their own Spurs, Combs and Gills, and ſome Cocks of a *French* Extraction, with gaudy Feathers, Gaffs, and Gantlets finely trimmed, that have been for ſome Time kept up and are highly feed, with artificial Balls compounded of Garlic, Old *Madeira* Wine, &c. The Bets will be very high; as the Battles will not be decided there, they are to adjourn to the City Hall, where the Sport will be continued for two or three Days; a Young Gentleman, but an Old Cock Fighter (who lately diſtinguiſhed himſelf at *Stout's)* that has fought himſelf, as long as he thought fighting Safe, though by fighting a little longer he might have gained great Applauſe, and is well ſkilled in all the Laws, Rules and Orders of the Cock Pit, is to be mounted on the Bench, and determine all Diſputes that may ariſe: When the Sport is over, if the Majority of the Spectators ſhould give their Conſent, he will joyn with ſome others, and make a complete Syſtem of Laws, relating to Cock Fighting, Horſe Races, Drinking Bumpers with proper Toaſts and Epithets, Concerts, Balls and Aſſemblies, and even Maſquerades if it be thought neceſſary to introduce them into this Country.

A BROADSIDE ADVERTISING A FAVORITE SPORT OF OLD NEW YORK—COCK FIGHTING, 1761.

General Sir Jeffrey Amherst, Commander of the Royal American Regiment, 60th Foot.

INDEX

A

Abingdon, 344.
Acker, Merrill & Condit, 180.
Adams, John, 222.
Albany, 183.
Albany Post Road, 252.
Aldrich, Herman D., 198.
Alsdorf & Skidmore, 180.
American Colonies, 255.
American Lines, 225.
American Revolutionary Prisoners, 259.
American Theatre, 121.
Amherst, Sir J., 357.
Amity Street, 268.
Anderson, Capt. A. L., 171, 175.
Andros, Gov., 243.
Ann Street, 289.
Anthony, Susan B., 42.
Anthon, Prof., 263.
Apthorp, Chas. W., 273.
Apthorp Mansion, 273.
Archer Homestead, 257.
Arnold, Constable & Co., 202.
Aronson, Rudolph, 114.
Ashland House, 135.
Ashman, E. L., 135.
Aspinwalls, Wm. H., 197, 299.
Astor, John Jacob, 67, 150.
Astor, Wm. B., 150, 299.
Astor, Wm. W., 189.
Astor House, 133.
Astor Place, 67, 185.
Atlantic Garden, 7.
Audubon House, 177.
Audubon, John J., 177.
Austen, David, 198.

B

Bainbridge Ave., 248.
Barclay Street, 305.
Barnard College, 226.
Barney, Hiram, 202.
Bartol, John Hone, 83.
Barton, Geo. DeForest, 194.
Barton, Wm., 202, 205.
Bathgate, Alexander, 243.
Bathgate, James, 244.
Bathgate Homestead, 243.
Bateman, H. L., 6.
Battery Promenade, 167.
Battle of Harlem Heights, 225.
Battle of Long Island, 225.
Beaver Street, 75, 313, 317.
Bellows, Rev. Dr., 202.
Benedict, Jesse, 177.
Bergen, 165.
Berrian Farm House, 252.
Bird, Dr., 268.
Black Crook, 1.
Black Swamp, 243.
Blackwell's Island, 159, 163.
Bleecker, 344.
Bleecker Street, 21.
Bloomingdale, 42, 226, 275.
Bloomingdale Road, 42, 273.
Booth, Edwin, 209, 268.
Booth, Junius B., 268.
Boston, 217, 225.
Boston Campaign, 222.
Boston Post Road, 248.
Bouguereau, 126.
Bowery, 219.
Bowery Theatre, 7.
Bowling Green, 219, 231, 329.
Braddock, 214.
Brandywine, 229.
Brennan House, 275.
Brennan, Mary, 276.
Brennan, Patrick, 276.
Brennan, Thos. F., 276.
Briggs, 296.
Briggs, Capt., 241.
Briggs Mansion, 241.
Britain's Policy, 218.
British Occupation, 223.
British Regiment, 222.
Broad Street, 75, 79, 229.
Broadway, 107, 115, 119, 123, 127, 215, 219, 289, 305, 317.
Broadway House, 91.
Broadway Tabernacle, 115.
Broadway Theatre, 117.
Broadway Viaduct, 221.
Bronson, 198.
Bronx Society of Arts and Letters, 288.
Brooks, Fredk. H., 147.
Brooks, Harris, 205.
Brown, Chas. S., 201.
Brown, E. L., 201.
Brown, Dr. Wm. H., 279.
Bryant, Wm. C., 299.

Bryant, 296.
Bull's Head, 219.
Bull's Head Tavern, 223.
Bunker Hill, 218.
Burr, Aaron, 344.
Burton, John H., 141.
Bussings, 249.
Butler, Nicholas Murray, 141.

C

Cambridge, 218, 221, 222.
Canal Street Cottage, 253.
Cape's Tavern, 219.
Carleton, Gen., 273.
Carmansville, 42, 275.
Carmine Street, 210, 265.
Carpenter Brothers, 320.
Carpenter Library, 275.
Carroll, Jas., 217.
Cary Sisters, 206.
Casino Theatre, 117.
Central Bridge, 250, 276.
Central Park, 281.
Central Park Garden, 22.
Century Club, 201.
Century House, 173.
Chambers Street, 199.
Charlton Street, 225.
Chauvet, Dr., 283.
Church of the Nativity, 249.
Church of the Pilgrims, 198.
Churchill, T. G., 202.
Cincinnati, 166.
City Hall, 225.
City Hall Park, 138, 143, 222.
Claremont Park, 242.
Claremont Parkway, 243.
Clarendon Hotel, 201.
Clark, George C., 205.
Clemm, Maris, 267.
Clermont, 161.
Clinton, DeWitt, 146, 219, 353.
Clinton, Gen., 273.
Clinton Hall, 185.
Clinton, Lady, 183.
Colden, D. C., 250.
Cole, Ashley W., 287.
Collier, Barron, 141.
Colonial Forces, 214.
Colonists, 222.
Columbia University, 226.
Columbus Avenue, 309.
Columbus Circle, 301.
Columbus Monument, 301.
Comedy Theatre, 121.
Comfort, Randall, 241.
Commerce, 183.
"Common Sense," 222.
Commodore, 172.
Concourse, 248.
Concord, 218.
Cone, Edward Payson, 327.
Congress, 218.
Continentals, 248.
Continental Army, 217, 221, 254.
Continental Hotel, 134.
Cook, Peter, 189.
Cooper, Peter, 192, 205.
Cooper Union, 191.
Corbin, Augustin, 259.
Cornwallis, Gen., 273.
Corsa, Andrew, 245.
Cox's Tavern, 250.
Cram, Jacob, 150.
Criterion Theatre, 117.
Crosby, Rev. Dr. Howard, 202.
Croton Aqueduct, 247.
Croton Reservoir, 151.
Crotona Park, 243.
Custis, Mrs. Martha, 217.

D

Dale, Clara, 18.
Daly, Augustin, 284.
Daly's Theatre, 150.
Damrosch, Dr., 188.
Dante Statue, 285.
Dash's Lane, 255.
Davies, J. Clarence, 3, 159, 215.
Davis, Dudley, 147.
Dean Richmond, 172.
Declaration of Independence, 222.
De Forest, Geo. B., 206.
Delacroix, 67.
De Lancy, Col., 257.
Delmonico, 198.
de Montaland, Celine, 9.
De Peyster, G. K., 83.
Desbrosses Street, 221.
De Veaux, 245.
De Voe, 245.
Devoe, F. W., 327.
De Voe Residence, 244.
Dickens, Charles, 295.
Dockstader's, 121.
Doremus, Prof. Ogden, 201.
Door-plates, 319.
Dows, David, 205.
Dreher, Virginia, 150.
Drew, Daniel, 198.
Drew, John, 150.
Du Bois, Fletcher, 157.
Duer, John, 299.
Dugro, Judge P. Henry, 189.
Dutch Garden, 257.
Duyckink, E. A., 291.

E

Eagle, Com. Henry, 201.
East River, 163.
Edmonds, J. W., 299.
Edwards, Billy, 129.
Ellis, George, 17.

Elssler, Fannie, 149.
Emerson, Sarah H., 328.
Emmet, 213.
Emmet, Robert, 150.
Empire State Society, 221.
England, 222.
English, Thos. D., 296.
English Vanguard, 225.
Equitable Building, 87, 111.
Erie Canal, 146, 170.
Erie Railroad, 13, 165, 183.
Evarts, Wm. M., 190.
Evacuation Day, 257.
Evacuation by British, 229.
Eveleth, Geo. W., 288.
Everett House, 201.

F

Fairjohn, 45.
Featherbed Lane, 245.
Federal Reserve Bank, 111.
Field, Cyrus, 205.
Field, Judge David D., 205.
Fifth Avenue, 59, 151, 321, 325.
Fifth Avenue Hotel, 132.
Fire Tower, 51.
First National Bank, 107.
Fish, Hamilton, 191, 299.
Fisk, Jim, 1, 6, 225.
Flash Age of New York, 1.
Fleetwood Park, 242.
Flushing, 163.
Fogarty, Mr. 280.
Folsom Mansion, 190.
Ford, James L., 1.
Ford, Simeon, 141.
Fordham, 271.
Fordham Avenue, 244.
Fordham Home for Incurables, 247.
Fordham Manor Reformed Church, 247.
Fordham University, 246.
Forest, Edwin, 272.
Forrester, George, 18.
Forster, 295.
Fort No. 1, 254.
Fort No. 8, 256.
Fort Independence, 248, 256.
Fort Washington, 256.
Fox, Austen G., 198.
Francis, Capt., 241.
Francis, John W., 299.
Franklin, Ben, 222.
Fraunce's Tavern, 229, 230.
French Hotel, 293.
Frey, Albert R., 283.
Fulton Ferry, 162.
Fulton Street, 215.

G

Gage, Gen., 222.
Gaines, Cecelia, 323.
Gallatin, Jas., 299.
Garrick, David, 9.
Gay White Way, 114.
Gerard, Jas. W., 205.
Gilbert, Johnnie, 150.
Gilbert and Sullivan, 114.
Giles Mansion, 255.
Gilfert, Chas., 267.
Gilmore's Band, 207.
Goelet, Robt., 198.
Goeller, ——, 190.
Golden Age of New York, 218.
Gould, ——, 1.
Gould, Jay, 10.
Goulden, Jas. A., 287.
Governor's Island, 167, 353.
Graham, John L., 150.
Gramercy Park, 202.
Grand Central, 321.
Grand Opera House, 6.
Grand Street, 91.
Grand Union Hotel, 321.
Grant, Olive De F., 205.
Grant, Pres., 10, 226.
Grant's Mausoleum, 226.
Grant & Barton, 205.
Greeley, Horace, 58, 209.
Green, Andrew H., 327.
Greenwich Savings Bank, 119.
Greenwich Street, 218.
Greenwich Village, 333, 348.
Griffin, Geo. H., 177.
Griffin, Norman S., 177.
Grimaldi, 191.
Grinnell, Moses H., 198.
Grove Street, 333, 341.

H

Hadley House, 251.
Haines, Misses, 202.
Hale, Nathan, 83, 143, 147.
"Half Moon," 252.
Hall, Dr. John, 198.
Hall, J. Prescott, 150.
Hall of Records, 293.
Halleck, Fitz Greene, 150, 299.
Hamblin, Naomi, 267.
Hamblin, Thomas, 267.
Hammerstein, Oscar, 117.
Hand, Pitt B., 297.
Hanover Bank, 111.
Harding, Pres., 211.
Harlem, 42, 55, 297.
Harlem Heights, 47, 226.
Harlem Railroad, 55, 209.
Harlem River, 173, 269.
Harlem Ship Canal, 222.
Harrigan, Edward, 122.
Harris, W. Hall, 147.
Harrison, Dr., 279.
Harper, Mayor, 206.
Harsenville, 275.
Hasbrouck, John L., 179.

Hawkes, Dr. Francis L., 206.
Hawkes, Rev. Dr., 263.
Hearn, ——, 201.
Heath, Gen., 248.
Hedley, Frank, 309.
Hempstreet, Wm., 280.
Henry, Prof., 263.
Herald Building, 289.
Herald Square Theatre, 122.
Herrman's, 121.
Hewitt, Abram S., 8, 192, 205.
Hessians, 256.
Highbridgeville, 244.
Hippodrome, 207.
Historical Society, 190.
Hoboken, 218.
Hoffmann House, 126.
Hoffman, Murray, 299.
Hoffman, Ogden, 150.
Holbrook, Mrs. Nancy, 201.
Holland, Mrs. John, 323.
Holman, Agnes, 267.
Holmes, 296.
Hone, John, 83.
Hone, Philip, 83, 150, 299.
Hopkins, Franklin W., 323.
Howe, Gen., 222, 273.
Hudnut's, 289.
Hudson, Hendrick.
170, 172, 252, 254.
Hudson Park, 265.
Hudson River Railroad, 172.
Hudson Street, 221, 345.
Hummell, Abe, 18.
Huntington, Archer M., 141.
Huntington, Daniel, 206.
Hyslop, Dr. James, 202.

I

Independence, 222.
Indian Pond, 244.
Inman, Henry, 150.
Irving, 214, 296.
Irving, Washington, 299.
Irwin, May, 150.

J

Jacks, Sam, 121.
James, Arthur Curtiss, 141.
Jay, ——, 191.
Jefferson, Joseph, 45.
Jefferson, Thomas, 344.
Jerome Park Reservoir, 244.
Jersey, 161, 221.
Jessup Avenue, 244.
Jessup, Morris, 202.
Jews, 217.
John Street Theatre, 267.
Johnston, Prof. Henry P., 226.
Jonah Theatre, 121.
Jones, Loyalist, 221.
Jones, Samuel, 299.
Jones, Thomas, 217.
Juliana, 161.
Jumel Mansion, 214, 217.

K

Keteltas Mansion, 184.
Kent, William, 150.
Kennedy, John P., 263.
Keene, Thos. W., 284.
Kierson Homestead, 217.
King, A. Grace, 202.
King, Chas., 299.
King, John A., 299.
King Street, 345.
Kingsbridge, 222, 249, 276.
Kingdon, Edith, 150.
Knox, Major Gen., 219, 230.
Knox, 289.
Knowlton, 53.
Knowlton, Capt. Thos., 226.
Kunz, Geo. F., 327.

L

Lafayette, 258.
Lafayette Statue, 181.
Laight Street, 218.
Lamb, F. S., 327.
Lawrence, A. M., 205.
Leavitt's, ——, 185.
Lecky, 218.
Lee, 221.
Leitch, Major, 226.
Lenox Avenue, 281.
Lent, E. F. R., 337.
Leroy Street, 265.
Lewis, Jennie, 150.
Lexington, 218.
Libbey, Col. Wm., 147.
Liberty Pole, 143.
Liberty Tower, 111.
Lispenard, Leonard, 218, 221.
Livingston, 191.
Livingston, Chancellor, 344.
Livingston, Maturin, 299.
Livingston, Mortimer, 150.
Lloyd, Dr., 15.
Longacre Square, 114.
Longfellow, 296.
Lorillards, 197.
Lorillard Mansion, Jacob, 247.
Lowell, 296.
Loyalists, 218.
Lynn, W. A., 323.

Mc

McClave, S. Wood, 320.
McCready, Irene, 17.
McCullough, John G., 165.
McFlimsey, Miss Flora, 5.
McKeon, John, 150.

M

Macomb, Gen. Alex., 250.
Macomb, Robt., 250.
Macomb's Dam Bridge, 250, 269.
Macomb Mansion, 249.
Macomb's Mountain, 250.
Macy & Co., 115.
Madison Ave., 15.
Madison Square, 211.
Madison Square Garden, 121, 207, 209.
Madison Square Theatre, 117.
Magaw, Col. Robt., 226.
Mailler, Wm. O., 179.
Manhattan Bank, 199.
Manhattan Club, 22.
Manhattan Island, 42, 226.
Manhattan Water Works, 199.
Manhattanville, 42, 47, 53, 275.
Mannering, Mary, 150.
Marble Hill, 276.
Marbury, Miss Elisabeth, 159.
Marshall Hall, 45.
Martin, Sam, 122.
Maxwell, Wm. H., 150.
Mayer, Wm. H., 119.
Mercantile Library, 185.
Messiah Home for Children, 251.
Metropolitan Museum of Art, 348.
Metropolitan Opera House, 117.
Miller, Cyrus C., 288.
Miller, Daniel S., 176, 179.
Miller, Miss, 271.
Mills, Col. A. G., 327.
Mills Hotel, 21.
Minisink, 180.
Minetta Lane, 349.
Minuit, Peter, 145.
Mirror, The, 272.
Moffatt's, 201.
Mohawk Trail, 170.
Montgomery, Jas. M., 141, 147.
Montgomery, Gen. Richard, 256.
Morgan, Miss Anne, 159.
Morgan, Dr. Appleton, 263.
Morgan, Homer, 202.
Morgan, J. P., 331.
Morton, Gov., 287.
Morris Ave, 243.
Morris, Miss Ann, 242.
Morris, Capt. Roger, 214, 217.
Morris, Clara, 150.
Morris, Geo. P., 150.
Morris, Lewis G., 243, 251.
Morris Heights, 250.
Morris Mansion, 225.
Morris Mansion, Lewis G., 250.
Morris Mansion, Wm. H., 242.
Morrisania Mill, 245.
Mount Fordham, 250.
Mount Morris Hill, 45.
Mount Morris Park, 51, 63.
Mount Tom, 277.
Mount Vernon, 230, 277.
Mulhall, Wm. F., 126.
Muschenheim, W. C., 254.

N

Narcissus, 129.
Nassau, 162.
Nassau Street, 111.
Nathan, Benjamin, 13.
Nathan, Frederic, 14.
Nathan, Washington, 14.
New Brunswick, 166.
Newburgh, 175, 180.
New England Sharpshooters, 226.
New Gaiety, 121.
Newton, Isaac, 176, 181.
New York City Records, 259.
New York Club, 213.
New York Historical Society, 143.
New York Theatre, 117.
New World, 172, 176.
Nickleby, Nicholas, 295.
Nieuw Harlaem, 43.
Noah, Mordecai M., 150.
Norwich, 175, 176.
Nymphs and Satyr, 126.

O

Oak Tree Place, 248.
Oakley, Judge Thos. J., 202.
O'Byrne, Mrs., 276.
Odell, Gov., 332.
Oelrich, Mrs., 15.
Olcott, J. V. V., 353.
Old Bronx Mansions, 241, 249.
Old Harlem, 42.
Old Homestead, 13.
Old Stone Room, 252.
Old Streets, 65 to 113.
O'Leary, 207.
Oliffe, Dr. Wm., 209.
Olympia, 117.
Olyphant, Robert, 147.
Osborn, Laughton, 268.
Oswego, 176.

P

Paine, Thos., 222, 344.
Palisades, 320.
Palmer, Cortlandt, 198.
Parade Ground, 252.
Parish, 198.
Park Avenue, 19, 55.
Park Avenue Hotel, 209.
Park Bank, 289.
Park Place, 305.
Park Row, 293.
Park Theatre, 122, 149.
Park & Tilford, 180.
Parker's, 118.
Parks, Geo., 150.
Lavonia Ferry, 165.
Paulding, 296.
Paulus Hook, 161.
Pearl Street, 99, 229, 230.
Peck, Curtis, 181.
Peel, Duncan C., 299.
People's Line, 171.
Perkins, Geo. W., 331.
Perry Street, 337.
Phelps, Royal, 198.
Philadelphia, 166, 217, 221, 222.
Philharmonica, 188.
Philipse Estate, 250.
Philipse, Mary, 214, 225.
Phoenix, 161.
"Phoenix" and "Rose," 227.
Pickwick, 295.
Pine Street, 87.
Pittsburg, 166.
Plumb, Jas. W., 202.
Princess, The, 122.
Provincial Congress, 218.
Poe, Edgar Allen, 246, 263, 277, 296.
Poe Cottage, 246.
Poe Park, 246, 283.
Poe, Virginia, 246.
Puckette, Chas. McD., 335.
Push Cart Alley, 349.
Putnam, Col. Rufus, 256.
Porter, Commodore, 194.
Poughkeepsie, 176.
Powell, Mary, 170.
Powell, Thomas, 175.
Power, Geo. H., 175.

Q

Quakers, 217.
Quebec, 256.
Queen Street, 219.
Queensboro Bridge, 163.

R

Ramsdell, Homer, 175, 180.
Ramsdell Line, 176, 179.
Randall's Island, 245.
Raven, The, 275.
Red Hook, 158.
Reed, ———, 53.
Rehan, Ada, 150.
Restelle, Madame, 21.
Revere, Paul, 248.
Revolution, The, 217.
Revolutionary Relics, 256.
Rhinelander, Wm., 202.
Rhinelander Sugar House, 259.
Richards, Edw. A., 202.
Richards, Gen. Geo., 147.
Richmond Hill, 225.
Riker, Richard, 150.
Rip Van Winkle, 172.
Ritter, Geo. B., 333.
Riverdale, 255.
Riverside Drive, 277.
Robinson, Beverly, 214.
Robinson, Horse Shoe, 263.
Rochambeau, 245.
Rockefeller, John D., 332.
Roget, Marie, 300.
Rondout, 175.
Roosevelt, Cornelius, 197.
Roosevelt, James, 197.
Roosevelt, Theodore, 49, 206, 255.
Rose Hill Manor House, 245.
Rosenbaum, 114.
Rossmore Hotel, 118.
Rowell, 207.
Royal American Regiment, 357.
Royalists, 217, 218.
Rudge, Barnaby, 295.
Ruggles, Samuel D., 202.
Rutherfords, 191.

S

Sage, Warren B., 254.
Sage Mansion, 254.
Saks & Co., 115.
Sally, Aunt, 349.
Saltus, John Sanford, 138.
San Francisco Minstrels, 121.
Sandy Hook, 219.
Sargent, Epes, 150.
Sargent, John O., 150.
Satterlee, Rev. H. Y., 202.
Savoy, 121.
Savoy Theatre, 114.
St. Cloud Hotel, 118.
St. George's Church, 190.
St. James Hall, 11.
St. John's, 203.
St. John's College, 245.
St. Louis, 166.

St. Mark's In the Bowerie, 184, 190.
St. Mary's Church, 47, 54.
St. Nicholas' Church, 46.
St. Nicholas Avenue, 225.
Schieffelin's, 191.
Schneider, Hortense, 6.
Schurz, Carl, 308, 311.
Schuyler, 221.
Schuyler Towing Line, 172.
Schwab Mansion, 256.
Sedgwick, Rev. Theo., 206, 299.
Selden, Dudley, 150.
Shakespeare Society, 288.
Shea, John A., 291.
Sherman, Gen., 255.
Shirley, Com. Gen., 214.
Shot Tower, 163.
Simpson, Edmund, 149.
Sinclair House, 135.
Skiddy, Francis, 172.
Skinner, Otis, 150.
Smiley, J. McA., 103.
Smith, Edmund B., 352.
Smythe, Henry A., 198.
Society of Colonial Dames, 257.
Sons of the American Revolution, 221.
Sons of the Revolution, 143.
South America, 172.
Spear, Chas., 176, 179.
Spencer, 198.
Sperry, Jacob, 67.
Spingler Institute, 198.
Spofford, 197.
Spuyten Duyvil, 173, 279.
Spuyten Duyvil Creek, 222.
Spuyten Duyvil Parkway, 252, 255.
Staatsburg, 172.
Standard Oil Building, 313.
Steckler, Judge Alfred, 189.
Stegman, Geo. H., 65.
Steuben, Baron, 344.
Stevens, Edward A., 165.
Stevens, John, 162.
Stewart, A. T., 22, 192.
Stewart, Wm. R., 141.
Stokes, Edward S., 126.
Strachey, ———, 2.
Strang, Peter O., 254.
Strang Mansion, 254.
Strong, Mayor, 287.
Stryker, Garritt H., 150.
Stuyvesant, 191.
Stuyvesant Clinic, 190.
Stuyvesant, Gov., 43.
Stuyvesant Park, 190.
Streets, 65 to 113.
Sunnyside, 175.
Susquehanna, 176, 179.
Sutton Place, 159, 163.
Swiftsure, 183.
Symphony, 188.

T

Tallmadge, Benj., 230.
Talmadge, Dan W., 299.
Tea-Water Pump, 219.
Temple, Charlotte, 242.
Theatre Comique, 121.
Thomas, Theodore, 188.
Thompson, Lewis M., 295.
Tiernan, Daniel F., 71.
Tiffany & Co., 198.
Tilden, Samuel J., 205.
Tileston, 197.
Times Building, 123.
Tivoli Garden, 191.
Tompkins Square, 184, 189.
Trainor's, 118.
Trevelyan, 225.
Trinity Church, 99.
Troy Line, 172.
Tryon, Gov., 218, 221, 257.
Tucker, Thos., 219.
Tuckerman, 296.
Turtle Bay, 271.
Tweed, 2, 13, 194.
Twist, Oliver, 295.
Tyng Church, 321.

U

Ulmann, Albert, 214.
Union Ferry Co., 158.
Union League Club, 198.
Union Place, 201.
Union Square, 3, 117, 194, 195, 229.
Union Square Hotel, 201, 308.
Union Square Savings Bank, 195.
Urchs, Wm. J., 184.
University, New York, 256.

V

Valentine House, 248.
Valley Forge, 229.
Van Cortlandt, Augustus, 259.
Van Cortlandt, Pierre, 257.
Van Cortlandt, Philip, 257, 258.
Van Cortlandt Lake, 259.
Van Cortlandt Mills, 259.
Van Cortlandt Mansion, 256, 257.
Vanderbilt, 172.
Vanderbilt, Mrs. W. K., 159.
Van Rensselaers, 191.
Van Rensselaer, Lady, 183.
Varian, Richard, 223.
Varian Homestead, Isaac, 248.
Varick Street, 203, 225.
Vault Hill, 259.
Vauxhall Gardens, 67, 267.
Virginia, 217.
Virginia Sharpshooters, 226.

Vermilie, Elizabeth B., 323.
Verplanck, 296.
Volunteer Companies, 221.

W

Wall Street, 99, 103.
Wallkill, 180.
Wallabout Creek, 158.
Wallace, Sir James, 227.
Wallack's Theatre, 197.
Walsh, Sandy, 291.
Ward, Artemus, 11.
Washington, George, 166, 214, 218, 221, 223, 229, 230, 245, 258.
Washington's Farewell, 230.
Washington Heights, 42, 275.
Washington Headquarters, 217.
Washington Market, 180.
Washington Memorials, 214.
Water Street, 219.
Waverly Place, 197, 337.
Webb, Gen. A. S., 206.
Webb, Jas. W., 150.
Weeks, John A., 209.
Westchester Guides, 245.
Wetmore, Prosper M., 150.
Whipple, 296.
Whigs, 218.
White, Stanford, 205.
White Plains, 226.
Whitehall, 230.
Whitehall Street, 46.
Whitridge, Frederick, 154.
Willa, F., 353.
William Street, 95.
Williams, Capt. A. S., 118, 187.
Williams, Tiebout, 209.
Williamsbridge Reservoir, 248.
Willis, ——, 272.
Wilson, Jas. G., 287.
Woolworth Building, 305.

Y

Yaeger Camp, 255.
Yorkville, 275.

Z

Zabriskie, Geo. A., 83, 141.
Zborowski, Martin, 242.
Zborowski Mansion, 242, 243.
Zuyder Zee, 46.

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